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—Original Painting by VIRGIL

# Royalty May Buy Australian Pearl

£10,000 SUPER JEWEL FROM NOR-WEST COAST

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, in London.

An Australian pearl may find a place among the rare gems that make up the Royal regalia of England, one of the most beautiful and costly in the world.

This glorious pearl is likely to bring the Australian pearl industry into the limelight again if it finds a Royal purchaser.

TAKEN from the depths off the West Australian coast the 103-grain pearl was flown to England to the Australian Pearl Company in Hatton Garden, London's unromantic, shabby side-street where groups of prosaic men, congregated at the corners or in the little tea-shops, deal in some of the world's most precious stones.

Looking very mysterious, the director of the company told me that a prospective buyer already had the pearl on approval.

"I can't tell you whom," he said. "I'm forbidden to disclose the name—but you can say we hope it will go to a member of the Royal Family."

"It is what is known as a 'button pearl,' slightly flattened on one side, and is almost the diameter of a shilling.

"It is worth at least £10,000 . . . or 5000 times its weight in gold."

## Pearls at Derby

ITS rosy, lustrous beauty almost takes one's breath away, and it is easy to imagine it as a fitting addition to the Royal jewels of England.

A pearl of equal size, Carter's told me, would be worth even more than £10,000 if it came from the blue-green depths of the Persian Gulf, where the beds have a world-wide reputation.

But this Australian find will do much to turn the experts' attention to that part of the world.



QUEEN ELIZABETH and Queen Mary with some of the magnificent pearls they wear on State occasions. They wear less spectacular strings constantly. INSET, in circle: The Duchess of Kent, with her two children. The Duchess is rarely seen without pearls, even with an informal suit such as she is wearing in this picture.

INSET ABOVE, slantwise: The 103-grain pearl from the West Australian coast that may go to a member of the Royal Family. Its size is shown compared with a shilling and a postage stamp.

This particular gem has reached London just at the moment when pearls are particularly fashionable.

This is borne out by the fact that all the Royal ladies, with the exception of the Princess Royal, wore pearls at the Derby.

The Queen, Queen Mary, the Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester each wore big pearl earrings, and several of the attendant ladies wore fine strings at their throats.

Pink pearls, whose rosy depths reflect the sky at dawn, are most sought after; rich, creamy tints come next, and pure white are third favorites. A perfectly-matched string of any of these varieties takes a lifetime and an almost bottomless purse to collect.

## Our Local Industry

PEARLS from the western coast of Australia have graced many lovely ladies in the past.

Russian Archduchesses and French beauties of pre-war days decked their

## VICE-REGAL PEARLS

Lord HUNTINGFIELD, Administrator of the Commonwealth, wears some fine pearl studs.

Lady Huntingfield's jewel box is noted for her fine emeralds, heirlooms of the Huntingfield family.

Lady Wakehurst, wife of the Governor of New South Wales, wears two strings of pearls—a single strand that was a wedding gift from her mother, and a 103-grain drop pearl with a diamond clasp belonging to Lord Wakehurst's family.

This was given to Lady Wakehurst by His Excellency's mother when she left for Australia.



KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, the famous Norwegian singer now touring Australia; wearing a pearl necklace and pearl earrings. These are part of a collection of more than six hundred pearls owned by the singer.

dry-shelling with an old juba at Baldwin Creek.

These great finds belong to the past rather than the present, and Japanese now control much of the pearl activity on the north-west coast of Australia.

Yet in years gone by the industry in Broome and Darwin was dominated by white pearlers.

Twenty years ago and for a couple of decades before that Broome was a gay and wealthy town with pearl-shell selling in London for as high as £250 a ton, and single stone pearls for £500, and even £800.

Now luxurious bungalows and Oriental stores are in many cases empty, and there is a comparatively small fleet of luggers.

Perhaps this latest find may restore some of the former glory to the industry.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Australian Archivist

MR. G. H. PITTS has been in charge of the South Australian Archives since the department was founded in 1919. He has a thorough knowledge of the three hundred thousand pieces in the collection and has answered inquiries concerning them from all over the world.

One of Mr. Pitt's most valuable discoveries was the finding of the Proclamation of South Australia which he unearthed among old papers in a Government office.



Record Breaker

MRS. BETTY KIRBY-GREEN who in April accompanied Flying-Officer Clouston on his record breaking flight to South Africa and back, is arranging a round-the-world flight in August in an attempt to break Wiley Post's record.

She will go via Moscow, Irkutsk, the Bering Sea, Alaska, and New York, and from there back to London. She expects to cover the distance in five days.



Success Overseas

MR. MURRAY MATHESON is a young Australian who has achieved success in the London theatrical world. Since his arrival in England he has had many interesting parts. The photo shows him as the stable boy in Leslie and Strell Stokes' play, 'Oscar Wilde,' which created a furore on the Continent after being banned in London.

Recently Mr. Matheson signed a contract to play lead at the Playhouse Theatre, Newcastle, England.



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ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—Tube 1/2 oz., Jar 2/6—It delicately protects and



# Whom Will Princess Elizabeth Marry?

## Paris romantics pick the next Prince Consort

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE in Paris.

Will a foreign prince or a British nobleman be the future Prince Consort of England?

The visit of the King and Queen to France has focused the attention of the Republic on our Royal family, and the question is being asked: Whom will Princess Elizabeth marry?

Although she is only 12 and just emerging from the nursery, Princess Elizabeth's position as heir presumptive to the Throne makes the choice of a future consort a matter not only of great world-wide interest, but of high political importance.

PARIS is already selecting the next Prince Consort, and a smart Parisian women's magazine, "Marie Claire," went so far as to compile a list of suitors.

Princess's life is not its own. As a future Queen of England the marriage of Princess Elizabeth becomes a question of State.

The fact that the Constitution requires the consort to be of Protestant faith and not in the direct line to the crown's throne narrows the choice among royalties, but the fact that it does not demand he must be of royal blood opens up many interesting conjectures.

But whatever the choice by public opinion or newspaper chatter, there is little doubt that Princess Elizabeth will have the final say—for it is already noted she is growing into a very charming young lady, with a mind and a will of her own.

Meanwhile, quite unaware of the fact that her future is the subject of much romantic conjecture, the young Queen enjoys life with the simplicity of any little girl just entering her teens.

The Royal House of Denmark has two young princes whose names continue to crop up when the Princess's future is discussed.

Eighteen-year-old Prince George, son of the present King of Denmark, is a tall youth with a most charming smile and shock of fair hair. He speaks English fluently and is at present at school in Copenhagen preparing for either a military or naval career.

At this point he is as yet undecided, but it is thought he will follow in the footsteps of his father. Prince Axel and the navy will be his ultimate choice.



PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK. Europe's Prince Charming, is eighteen, tall, fair and interested in the navy as a career.

The other Danish prince is tall, fair-haired Prince Gorm.

Son of Prince Harald of Denmark and nephew of tall King Christian X, he is nineteen years old and lives with his parents at Copenhagen, a rather quiet, simple life.

Very athletic, he is a good footballer and keen horseman.

He will go to either the University or a military academy next year.

Another Scandinavian Prince, youngest son of Sweden's Crown Prince, the 23-year-old Prince Carl John, is considered very eligible.

Prince Carl speaks English equally as well as his native tongue, for his mother, the late Princess Margaret of Connaught, was English.

Amusing and rather seriously inclined, Prince Carl is interested in archaeology, and is at present studying in Paris.

### Former Neighbor

He is a keen motorist, and shares with Princess Elizabeth a great fondness for horses and riding.

Among Princess Elizabeth's own particular friends there is the Honorable Wentworth Hubert Charles Beaumont, who is 15 years old.

He is the eldest son and heir of Viscount Alendale, next-door neighbor of the King and Queen when, as Duke and Duchess of York, they lived at 149 Piccadilly.

Lady Alendale and Queen Elizabeth are close friends, and the children have played together since they were babies.

Another of the Princess's young friends is Lord Ogilvy.

He is always invited to parties at the Palace, and joins Princess Elizabeth and Margaret Rose at dancing class when he is on holiday from Eton.

Lord Ogilvy is the heir of the Earl of Airlie. He is a fair-haired, manly youngster, good at games.

Lady Patricia Ramsay, younger daughter of the Duke of Connaught, has a son, John, who is going to Cambridge next autumn.

He is 18 years old, and is great friends with the Princess.

At each of the Royal weddings at which she has been bridesmaid he was in attendance.

Others of the English and Scottish nobility mentioned in these summaries are the Earl of Dalkeith, the Earl of Macduff, the Marquess of Harrington, and, head of the famous Percy family, the Duke of Northumberland.

Europe's Young Royalty



A CHARMING study of the Queen and the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.



PRINCE CARL OF SWEDEN, is half English, his mother being Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Connaught.



PRINCE GORM OF DENMARK, nephew of King Christian, lives quietly with his parents at Copenhagen.

EARL OF MACDUFF is twenty-four and a second lieutenant in the Scots Greys. Son of Prince Arthur of Connaught, he is a distant kinsman of Princess Elizabeth.

years old and a son of Prince Arthur of Connaught.

The Duchess of Fife, niece of the late George V, is his mother.

Fair-haired and blue-eyed, the earl is a second lieutenant in the Royal Scots Greys.

Then there is the Marquis of Harrington, nineteen-year-old William John Robert. As eldest son and heir

of the Duke of Devonshire he is also "among those mentioned."

His father, who recently succeeded to the title, was Under-Secretary of State for the Dominions.

All these are of course conjectures. Princess Elizabeth, when the time comes, will decide for herself. As Royalty, however, her choice is limited. Although the tradition that Royalty should marry only Royalty has been broken down, the King himself marrying into the English nobility in preference to foreign Royalty—the choice is still narrow.

There are only a few select families from which a husband for Princess Elizabeth could come.

In this respect commoners are better off than Royalty—who may marry for love, but only within a limited circle.

The last Prince Consort was Albert the Good, husband of Queen Victoria, a marriage of State that was also a romance.

**NEW**

## No-Friction Toothpaste

INCLUDING LANTIGEN "D"  
prevents gingivitis  
and pyorrhoea. Heals spongy gums.

Kills germs as it whitens Teeth!

★ Cleanses by an entirely new method—without friction—including crevices where brush does not reach.

★ Wonderfully Ingredient "Lantigen" dissolves all dental film and stains without irritating enamel.

★ Includes LANTIGEN "D" in percent gingivitis and pyorrhoea, heal spongy gums, and dissolve bacterial eruptions in the mouth.

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Dentists everywhere are acclaiming "5-IN-ONE" the perfect toothpaste. It cleans by an entirely new method—decreasing surface tension—without friction—and dissolving film away. Keeps your mouth and teeth beautifully clean and fresh.

At all Chemists . . . 2/-

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories

5-in-One Dental Cream

# It's the Highly Paid Husbands

## Who Go Wrong

### Marriage Conciliator's Conclusions are Startling

One-third of the unhappy marriages brought before Australia's unique marriage conciliator, Brigadier-General Price-Weir, for settlement have been saved from disaster—and the divorce courts.

Brigadier-General Price-Weir has just completed his second year as Honorary Marriage Conciliator for South Australia. He has made his report to the Attorney-General.

He states he has negotiated with 71 couples, 30 more than the previous year, who had become estranged.

They mostly came to him of their own accord, preferring to do that than to consult a lawyer, the Law Society, or the Children's Welfare Department when they were considering instituting proceedings for separation.

He cites the following as the chief causes for estrangement:

#### Unemployment

In which case wives often nag at their husbands to try to get work with the result that husbands look for it at a distance, and the result is often a permanent estrangement.

#### Big Increase in Income

When a man finds himself financially

DOORWAY to Brigadier-General Price-Weir's office—inside here estranged couples are reunited.

# Along the Road

TO ANYWHERE

# Step out

WITH A LIGHTER  
HEART...KEEP FIT THE  
SCHUMANN'S WAY!

Stamina always tells on a long, long tramp. As miles follows miles you'll realize the advantage of good health, perfect fitness, and the physical endurance which can put the miles behind you without fatigue, or distress. That's the natural heritage of the Schumann's user...the vigour and vitality which comes with the daily drink of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts, nature's own remedy for nature's ailments.

**Schumann's Eliminates Poisons... and Keeps You FIT!**

Schumann's Salts contains the essential elements which the body needs to keep it functioning perfectly. You'll soon be made aware of any accumulations of poisons in your system. Nature sends out her S.O.S., warning you that all is not well internally. You know the danger signs. Headaches, dizziness, fatigue, loss of appetite, irritability, sleeplessness. These symptoms tell you that Nature needs some assistance. If you're wise you'll take heed of the warning, and start the morning drink of Schumann's in a long glass of warm water first thing every morning. That will give your system the help it needs. It cleans away accumulated waste matter, tones up the liver, cleans the blood stream and banishes uric acid. You'll thrill with the joy of new health and vigour, the pride of perfect fitness.

**Start NOW... Enjoy Perfect Health  
...the Schumann's Way!**

Don't wait for danger signals. Even if you think you're perfectly well, you can benefit from the daily drink of Schumann's. If you've any reason to think you're not quite up to the mark, Schumann's will restore your normal health and fitness, and keep you better than you've ever been before. Enjoy all that life has to offer. Keep your system functioning properly. Have a clean rich blood supply. And know the thrill of perfect health the simple, safe, sure Schumann's way.



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CONSTIPATION	PIMPLES
RHEUMATISM	BAD SKIN
LUMBAGO	FLATULENCE
NEURITIS	HEARTBURN
ARTHRITIS	HEADACHES
BACKACHE AND	SLUGGISH LIVER
ALL URIC ACID	GIDDINESS
CONDITIONS	

If you suffer from any of the ailments listed above and wish to obtain prompt relief put half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Salts in a long glass of warm water and drink first thing every morning.

All chemists and stores sell Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts at 1/6 and 2/9 a jar. Insist always on Schumann's — the original genuine Mineral Spring Salts.

# SCHUMANN'S SALTS



AN UNUSUAL PICTURE of the Marriage Conciliator, Brigadier-General Price-Weir. Despite his martial appearance, he brings a sympathetic and understanding mind to the problems of unhappy couples.

able to do so he wants to keep another woman as well as his wife.

In the latter case it would appear that he often chooses some woman far less worthy than his wife.

The appalling part of this is that an employer or a person in managerial capacity at that man's office will often know that an "affair" is going on between the man concerned and a typist or woman secretary in the same office, and the managerial authority does nothing to stop it.

Commenting on this to The Australian Women's Weekly General Price-Weir stated that if the girl reported the matter to the office authorities she would be frightened that both she and the man concerned would lose their jobs as would almost inevitably be the case.

General Price-Weir thought that if the managerial authority had the interests of his employer at heart he could nip in the bud any such affair in which a married man was concerned and thus save the jobs of the people concerned and also domestic harmony.

#### Men and Home Life

GENERAL PRICE-WEIR states that the best recipe for happy marriage is to keep two bears in the house. Not grizzly bears, but "bear" and "forbear."

There must be give and take, he says, and one party must understand that anything which is said in the heat of the moment is not that party's considered opinion, and that the offending party might repent the words said in anger.

"Sometimes," says the General, "it is worth while having a quarrel, for the sweetness of the making up. But, in any case, there should be toleration on both sides."

He also commented on the fact that some couples were temperamentally unsuited to each other, and that even if reconciliations were effected temporarily, old sores might break out, and the position would be worse than it was beforehand. Separation was then the only solution.

In his report, he also mentioned that there was a noticeable absence of persons who were in any way concerned with church life approaching him because of domestic estrangement.

People with plenty of interests seldom quarrelled, he says, and suggests that if both parties have interests outside their family life there is less likelihood of quarrelling which might lead to a desire for separation.

Talking of church interests, he told The Australian Women's Weekly that the question of church marriages in comparison with registry office mar-

#### How the Marriage Fixer Goes to Work:

I HAVE always interviewed husband and wife together, so that there has been no opportunity of their giving me false information.

"Interview them separately and you would find one party refuting information given by the other.

"Sometimes, where necessary, I have visited the homes of the estranged couple to gain some idea of their private life, but this has not often been necessary.

"Where younger persons are concerned, I have, however, often visited the parents of the parties and enlisted their help to make their children see reason."

Questioned as to whether many young couples came to be reconciled, Brigadier-General Price-Weir stated that the majority were middle-aged.

riages did not arise, as both were regarded with a similar amount of respect or sanctity.

Men were worse offenders than the women in the breaking up of families.

Gambling and drinking husbands often made homes unhappy, and the result was a contemplated break-up of marriages.

General Price-Weir emphasized that the number of people who approached him seeking his opinion on the subject of their proposed reconciliation was probably due to the complete freedom from publicity which attended to their problems.

It inspired people with confidence and even the circumstances of case remained a sacred trust with him.

He always makes private appointments with the persons concerned and all his work in connection with them is done privately.

General Price-Weir expresses a genuine surprise at the number of married men engaged in business houses who have indulged in affairs with typists or other girl employees, and that is probably the most outstanding feature of the report of his second year as conciliator.

# DRUCKEN DAVIE

Another fine  
story from "The Little  
Black Bag" series . . .

By . . . A. J.  
CRONIN

(Author of "The Citadel")

**T**HIS is not a festive story! It is, indeed, no story at all, but truth—the grim and merciless truth, beginning most inconsiderately with an attack of D.T.'s and ending—well, you shall see how it ends.

It is about a man whom Finlay always knew, a man by the name of Muir—David Muir—Master of Arts of St. Andrew's University—scholar, yet drunkard, failure, fool.

"Jeannie Lee wants ye, doctor."

"What for?"

"Drucken Davie, doctor."

"And who in the name of wonder a Drucken Davie?"

"Oh, he's—he's just Drucken Davie, doctor."

"And what's like the matter with Drucken Davie, then?"

"Oh, he's just drunk again, doctor."

Finlay gazed reflectively at the dirty little boy with the close-cropped and running nose, and ragged, soiled trousers, who had brought the message from the quayside slum, where Jeannie Lee let out her lodgings to the submerged of Levenford. Then he said gruffly—

"If he's just drunk he doesn't need me nothin'."

"But he's not just ordinary drunk," was the knowing answer. "Blind drunk or dead drunk, that's nothing on the way for Davie. But this one he's got the D.T.s as well."

So Finlay, with an ill grace, trudged down to Jeannie Lee's lodging-house, which, it might be understood, was not exactly an hotel, but to most infamy in that infamous set of quayside slums.

He remembered on the blistered door which bore above it a soiled sign—"Good Beds: Men Only"—and was at last admitted by a young lass in a shawl, who, despite the rules prohibiting her sex, seemed glad to see him and very much at ease.

"Jeannie Lee's had to go out," she announced, fixing Finlay with her big, cold eyes. "She says she'll no' be responsible for your fee. She says it'll be Davie Muir'll pay ye when it's better. She says the police—"

Finlay cut her short.

"Never mind what she says. Let me see your Davie and let me get at it here."

**A**LL right, all right. Keep your hair on. There's room—up there!"

It was a small room at the back of the house. Because of the back-to-back housing which existed in the congested quarter the room was as dark that Finlay had to stand still for a moment until his eyes adjusted themselves to the gloom.

Then he made out Davie Muir lying on a crumpled bed. Despite his disarray, his coat daubed with mud, his collar torn open at the back, his eyes staring with a sort of terror into infinity,

Around him lay the evidence of poverty, wretchedness, misery: a box table, an old burst trunk, some empty bottles, and a score of battered books.

The squalid confusion of the room, the painful extremity of the man, drew an exclamation from Finlay. "My Heavens!" he muttered grimly. "What a mess!"

The sound roused Davie from the sleep. He sprang into a sitting position, and burst into a torrent of speech.

His face purpled; the veins of his neck thickened until they stood like veins, his eyeballs bursting; he had a dreadful look of a soul tortured to the forgotten depths of hell. He died.



Illustrated by  
WYNNE W. DAVIES

There is no purpose in recording what he said. The painful rhetoric of imagination driven mad by alcohol, a farce forced from the sick, tormented mind. But as the spasm passed and he fell back on the bed, he quoted suddenly:

"Sedecim omittimus, nec spes est ulla salutis.  
Dunque inquit, virtus obruit unda meos."

The sudden contrast from besotted ranting, the manner in which the lines were spoken, arrested Finlay; shook him from his instinctive desire to be out of the fetid room as soon as he could jab an hypodermic of morphine into the sick man's arm. Instead, he stayed.

For quite an hour he remained with Davie Muir, watching him until he fell into troubled sleep, trying to pierce beneath the beard and grime which encrusted him, endeavoring to visualize, to re-create his youth.

Not that Davie looked old; not more than thirty-five was Finlay's estimate; his hair was still thick and dark, his brow fine, his features not yet blurred, but there lay upon him an ageless experience.

Before he left, Finlay tidied the room as best he could. He picked up a book, it was Aeneid; another, Paola and Francesca.

Finlay sighed. Then he shook himself free of fleas, listened for a moment to Davie's stertorous snoring, and stepped out of the room.

That night he questioned Cameron—discreetly, for Cameron would never be drawn if he scented gossip in the wind.

"So ye've seen Drucken Davie," Cameron ruminated, between puffs of his pipe. "Well! Well! There's a tale ye wouldn't credit if ye saw it in broad print."

A pause.

"Poor Davie Muir! To look at him now ye wouldn't believe he was

once the star prizeman of his year at St. Andrew's—ay, the cleverest man that ever came out of that old college. He knew Latin and Greek as I know broad Scots.

They prophesied a things for him from a professorship at Oxford to a seat, some said, on the wool-sack itself. And what is he now? A half-time contributor to the "Advertiser"! And at that he gets the kick on an average twice a month.

"Five years ago he came to Levenford as classics master at the Academy. And for a couple of years he held the post. But he lost it in the end. Then I did my best to give him a hand. I got him up at the Loch to the Policies to tutor young Overton.

"He won golden opinions, charmed them all for three months, and then came out on his neck in the space of twenty-four hours.

"Faugh! I cannot bear to think on it. I'm so heartick and sorry for the poor devil. I cannot be bothered telling you any more the now."

"Is it a long story, then?" Finlay inquired.

"No," said Cameron briefly. "It's a short story. Darned short. One solitary word. Drink! Good-night to ye, Finlay."

And, knocking out his pipe, Cameron went off to bed.

Next morning Finlay went to see Davie again, and on several mornings after that.

In the ordinary way he wouldn't have called—as yet he had not Cameron's altruism. Visits for which he would never see his fee did not, as a rule, entice his canny nature. But something drew him to Davie Muir, perhaps the helplessness, the rare pathetic charm of the man himself.

There was no doubt of Davie's charm. Scholarly, sensitive, persuasive, witty, he was the most delightful company in the world.

Little by little Finlay came under the influence of that rich, exciting mind.

Please turn to Page 16



## Romantic Short Story

By SUSAN B.  
ALLERTON

Illustrated By  
FISCHER

When he raised his head his very blue eyes were so indescribably merry that Violet laughed aloud.

**V**IOLET slammed the door of her sports roadster, kicked the self-starter, and swept down the country club avenue with a flourish which left verandah loafers chuckling.

A dear child, smiled a charter member. Reckless little fool, frowned a dowager. Born athlete, commented her older brother's friends. The younger men, the ones who danced with Violet, played golf with her, laughed and fell in love with her, said nothing for fear of saying too much.

Inside the car Violet was not her usually poised self. Engagement parties were unspeakable. Weddings were worse. It was splendid to have Marion and Phil happy, but that did not improve teas. People milled about. People said fatuous things, echoing yet in her ears.

Why don't we hear good news of you, dear child? Why not become Mrs. Happy Whoosie rather than the State's outstanding woman golfer? Aren't you tired of being the most popular debutante of—sepulchrally—year before last?

Down the road a danger signal swung over a crossing. Impatiently Violet stopped her roadster while freight cars rumbled past. Well, the old fars-budgets could wait for news of Violet's engagement, as far as Violet was concerned. Men were few, but to tie yourself down to one man was like swearing to eat an egg for breakfast all your life. Impossible. Couldn't be done—unless you went in for monotony.

The train halted on the crossing; then slowly, almost imperceptibly sped up again; but not, however, without leaving a passenger. A dishevelled young man swung off the rods while Violet watched. Painfully he straightened himself, dusted his clothes as best he could, pulled down his jacket over flat hips—and became aware of Violet stalled while the train puffed laboriously past.

# We Meet AGAIN

*A chance unconventional meeting, but one that remained forever in their memory*

"Well," said the young man affably, "fancy meeting you here!"

"Why not?" Violet smiled; he was so young, so casual, so handsome. "After all, fancy meeting you!"

With one foot on the running-board he admired as much of Violet's blonde allure as he could see over her car door.

"Judging from your looks," he observed, "I'm close to some big town. Girls like you don't grow anywhere else, more's the pity—or, more's the pity they don't! Might do something for their point of view."

"**M**Y point of view is perfectly orthodox," Violet answered, somewhat nettled.

"That's what I was afraid of," he groaned comically. "You have the look. I'm willing to bet you've never done anything except what was orthodox; anything that even slightly differs from what your exclusive circle approves."

"Certainly I have!" flared Violet. "Have you now," he drawled. "I don't suppose you'd be telling me?"

"Of course not," Violet assured him, turning the ignition key. "I wasn't born yesterday. I don't tell strangers everything. There goes your train. I have to get a move on, too."

He put both elbows on Violet's car door. Violet glanced from the bold herringbone weave of his brown tweed sleeve to his face, close to hers above it. A dirty face, but pleasant; short-black hair, straight eyebrows,

small nose, longish upper lip. His expression was stern.

"My girl," he said, "nowadays mere children know better than you. They don't pick up strange men. You have been indiscreet. You picked up a hobo on a country road. The police have hunted for me in every town I've passed through. You've come in time to help!"

"I won't do any such thing!" blazed Violet.

"Oh, yes you will," he said smoothly. "You will, because you realize it's sensible not to make a fuss. Later you may even be glad to have done a kindness. I'll ride on the running-board, as you see, while you drive. Avoid traffic centres; keep within speed limits; and, when you get to the other side of the old burg, slow down so I can go about my business."

"This old burg is Norton," snapped Violet, feeling apprehensive.

"Thanks," he acknowledged. "That's all I wanted to know. Let's go!"

For the first time in her life Violet did exactly as bidden by a man. Not even her brother, made her guardian before she came of age after the death of her parents in

an aeroplane crash, dared be so summary. Violet felt rebellious. The more she reflected, the more rebellious she felt. She slurred, with intended malice, around a bend in the road.

Swinging dangerously, the man clutched hard at the window frame. Violet waited for some reproach. Not a syllable. The man had nerve. What was more, he had the hand of a gentleman. Everything—voice, accent, even manner—suggested a cultivated background. It went to show how little you can tell about anyone.

**V**IOLET pulled up on an east-bound road. The man stepped down from the running-board, and on that level his eyes were even with her own. They were the merriest, most alive Irish eyes Violet had ever seen.

"You drive well, my girl," he chuckled, "but even the orthodox don't own creation. Some day somebody may contest your rights on a highway. Then you really will be in trouble." His smile faded. "I wish I could show you how truly I appreciate your kindness," he went on wistfully. "For the

moment it's impossible. I might—he hesitated, "—I might be able, however, to give you something to remember!" Before Violet could figure what he was thinking he was leaning over the car door; his arms were around her shoulders and his lips tracing the soft contours of her face. Such a flood of kisses that Violet knew how the parched earth feels in early autumn rains.

In a flash he was gone, leaving Violet looking into shadows swallowing up a dusty figure, jaunty despite travel on the nether side of things.

The nether side of things. Violet reminded herself. She had been ecstatically kissed by a man who rode the rods; a man wanted, according to his own confession, by the police. Undoubtedly he was a thief. He might be a murderer. What difference if his voice did jaw refined intonations?

No matter what he had stolen besides kisses, however, he was right about one thing. Violet admitted to herself that evening, while she warmed the tips of her fingers by the fire in the living-room of the apartment she shared with her brother Jim. Actually that man had given her something to remember.

Over his evening paper Jim spoke. "Matter, kid?"

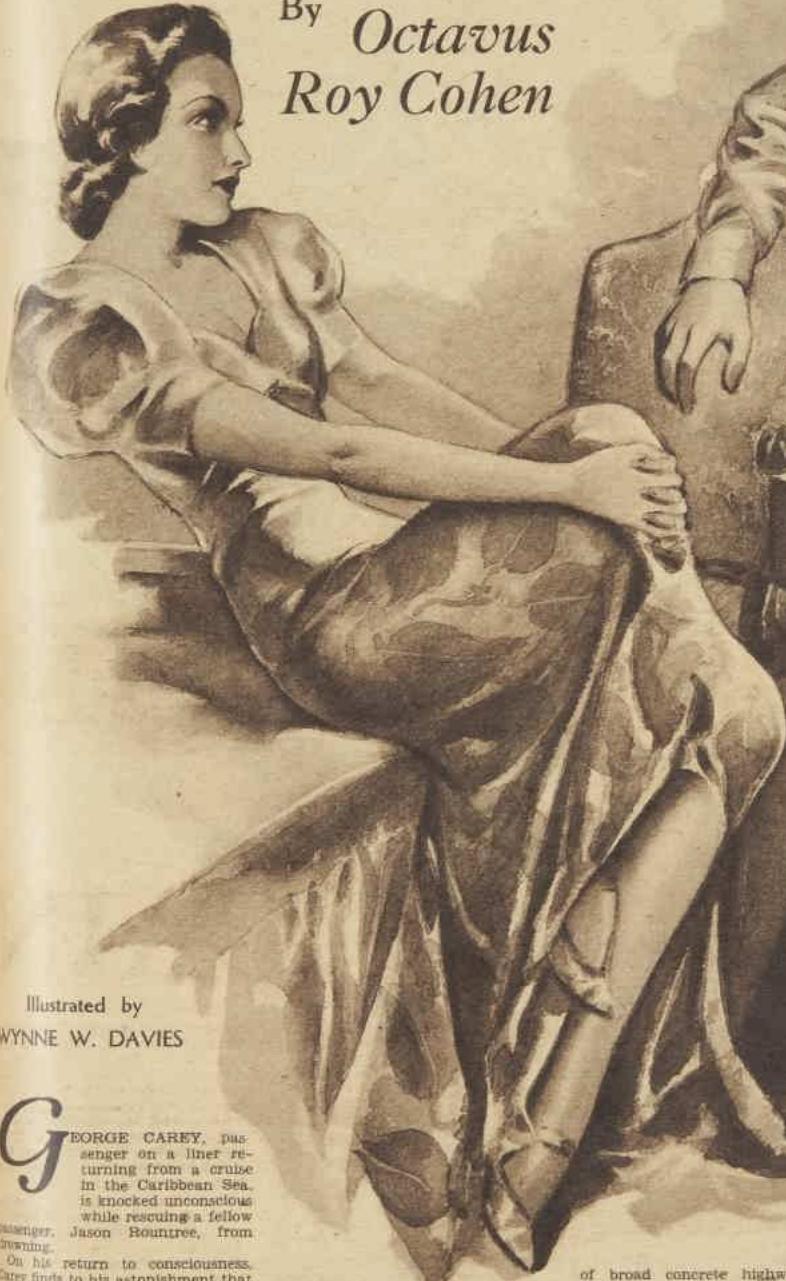
Tersely, "Nothing!" The blustery. Nobody in the world had ever had such blue eyes. The worst of it was she wouldn't look into them again.

Please turn to Page 36

Second Instalment of Our Grand New Serial

# I LOVE You AGAIN

By *Octavus Roy Cohen*



WYNNE W. DAVIES

Illustrated by

WYNNE W. DAVIES

**G**EORGE CAREY, passenger on a liner returning from a cruise in the Caribbean Sea, is knocked unconscious while rescuing a fellow passenger, drowning.

On his return to consciousness that he is known as Larry Wilson. Evidence in his stateroom reveals that he is a moderately wealthy man, has a wife named Kay, and is living in 200 miles he can remember nothing that happened later than 1928, when he was entrusted with his firm's small sum of £5000.

He confides in Rountree, who counsels him to keep his secret until he is sure of his past. Nearing New York Larry receives a cablegram from "Kay." It says "Duncan in desperate need of you. I shall meet you at the ship."

When the beautiful Kay meets her supposed husband, Jason (who has arrived to help probe the mystery of the missing years with Larry) explains his peculiar behaviour by saying that he is still suffering from the injury to his head.

CHARACTERS YOU WILL MEET IN THIS STORY

LARRY WILSON, alias George Carey, young business man; victim of memory lapse, heroically rescues from drowning.

JASON ROUNTREE, a retired boot-legger, passenger on cruise ship.

KAY WILSON, wife of Larry.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, SEN., Larry's wealthy partner and benefactor.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, JUN., suspected of killing

TED COURTNEY, friend of his wife.

RITA CAMPBELL, former Broadway star.

WARNER BLANE, business agent.

MICKEY HOGAN, detective employed by Larry to investigate his past.

NOW READ ON—

**L**ARRY looked through the window of the Pullman at freshly ploughed fields which were soon to yield bumper crops of cotton and of corn. He saw vast, sandy wastes, patches of piney woods, log cabins studding tiny clearings and inhabited by indolent negroes, more indolent hound dogs and thoroughly melancholy mules. He saw stretches

of broad concrete highway, trim little towns where the old South had been tinctured by aggressive modernity. He saw plantation houses far back from the railroad, half-hidden by great oak trees and made gay by flowers of early spring. He saw white splashes which were of dogwood.

For the first time within his memory, he was seeing the South. And he had lived in the South for the past eight years.

The trip down from New York had not been as much of an ordeal as he had feared. Kay had greeted him in their hotel suite the previous morning, radiant and attractive. Her eyes had maintained their vague questioning light, but her manner had been as gay and bantering as the verbal armor he himself had donned. They had breakfasted alone, and then Jason Rountree had barged in on them, pudgy and bright and eager. Then they had boarded the train, and this morning they were in the South. Jason had been with them for a while and then had disappeared into the smoker. Larry and

Kay were sitting shoulder to shoulder, and for a long time neither had spoken.

She said, gently but abruptly: "Just how badly were you hurt, Larry?"

"I don't know. My skull is pretty thick."

"Granted . . . But you haven't really been yourself since you landed."

"In what way have I been different?"

"Have you a headache now?"

"Slightly. Why?"

"Because I've got to talk to you. We'll be in Habersham in two hours, and things have been happening."

"What sort of things?"

"Things you've got to know. Oh! I'd shield you if I could. You've been hurt and I don't want to worry you." She took his hand. "I know you'll straighten everything out."

"Surely. I'm an expert at that. Now, let's have it."

"All right . . . Her fingers tightened, and he was acutely conscious of their warm pressure.

*She seated herself on the foot of the bed, holding one knee between two slender hands.*

Would it surprise you very much to hear that Ted Courtney has been killed?"

Larry's guard was up. Ted Courtney! The name meant less than nothing—but obviously it belonged to somebody whom Larry Wilson knew. Was it a friend, a mere acquaintance, a member of some neighbouring family? And why should the question be framed that way? As though he had some intimate knowledge of the circumstances surrounding Mr. Courtney's demise. He tried to answer as he imagined he would have answered had he known what she was talking about.

He said—hating the inanity of it: "Killed?"

She was more specific. She said: "Murdered."

His brain was whirling. He knew that he was on dangerous ground, that he must watch his step carefully. So he asked what seemed to be an obvious question:

"When?"

"The night you left Habersham."

"That's pretty bad . . .

"You don't seem surprised."

Please turn to Page 14

# SNOW MAGIC

*Romance of a man who discovered in time that loneliness can make the wisest of men commit follies.*

**M**ARK DAVIS was a lonely man, drifting round from hotel to hotel, travelling here or there as the fancy seized him, then settling—pitiful mockery of a home!—again, in an apartment with a couple to look after him.

Reserved and quiet, he told nobody his story, nor sought sympathy for his solitary condition, which many married men envied him. Occasionally, when such discussions came up, he would smile sideways, as though wiser than those whose benedict adventures made seem so wise indeed.

At the chalet in the snows it was the same, but for scenic differences, as other chalets, or hotels, in other places. People came and people went. Some were amusing, some tragic, and most were young. Mark was thirty-nine, and frequently felt ninety-nine. He was haunted by the baffling sense of having missed the best in life without knowing quite how it had been overlooked or mislaid. A sense of futility or frustration is not companionate on holidays with other folk squeezing every shred of emotion and relish from every hour of the day and night.

Nor was he aware, at the chalet, that several young people had analysed his life for him, invented a highly dramatic love affair, wrapped him round with the flimsy stuff of high romance, and laid traps to "meet" him. He was an absolute thrill, they said, and weren't young men silly compared to those distinguished, experienced, knowledgeable sophisticates who knew how to spend, and made head waiters do their bidding at a glance?

It was Rosalie Marsh who finally contrived to "meet" him, by innocently losing control over herself and skis on the long white slope high above the chalet and its crouching hills.

**A**FTER a month of the moving population in this little glittering spot on the Alps even Mark, with his reserves and his dialogue for idle chatter, was not sorry to clump up with Rosalie, who was a tonic to his mind with her fresh young face, laughing manner, chestnut curls, and animation.

The other young ones watched enviously. Trust Rosalie to nab him! Engaged three times in two years, and each time to someone bright, good-looking, with money to spend. Unengaged without tears on either side. A handshake at parting; kiss and don't tell; she was not the settling-down type—she wanted fun, and life, and laughter. Plenty of time to settle down when she was old—like poor Mum.

The affair with Mark progressed in the usual way, until to his secret astonishment and fear: he commenced to feel he could not face the day without her. Fear came through looking ahead into the dim, vague years, and seeing only loneliness, age, with nobody wanting him, and only paid servants to give him comfort and care. He felt old. Rosalie was reviving some of his youth. He was slim, a good dancer, and nobody but Mark, in this middle-aged madness, knew how weary he was in mind and body. The young ones seemed, indefatigable.

He made a laughing reference to this one night before the big log fire in the chalet ballroom, but was severely crushed by Rosalie. "You old and tired!" Her merry laugh rang out. "Mark, darling, don't be tame. Thirty-nine—old and



Illustrated By FISCHER

tered. Why, you're the youngest man in the place.

"Thirty-nine, my dear, after the hard life I've lived, with several severe illnesses thrown in, makes one older than most men at fifty."

"Hard life! I thought—forgive me, Mark—I thought you'd always been rich—or at least well-to-do!"—and she frowned.

"I was in the war," he grated out. A spasm twisted his mouth. "A boy—in that—But never mind. I came through. No, I've been poor, until ten years ago, when the legacy came too late—and he broke off as if he regretted having said so much.

A week of glorious, sparkling, heady sunlight and frost followed a storm, when the snow whirled in exciting thickness and piled up on the roofs. At night avalanches of the white softness fell with surprising

winter-sport weather he could recall; his mind alert and optimistic, enjoyed her companionship so well that his heart ran away with his wits. Reeling from the strange excitement of a kiss lasting long on a girl's mouth, he drew back and stammered out his wish to marry her. One part of him called caution but the other snatched at life—before too late. Rosalie did not think a surge of triumph elated her. "Oh, yes, darling," she breathed, in his willing arms again. And she loved him in that exalted moment. She believed she loved him.

Until some time later looking smilingly at her own flushed face, she jammed the back of one hand to her mouth and stared, horrified, at the white softness fell with surprising

*The moon was riding high above the white peace of the sleeping, blue-white world when she stood by Mark on the terrace.*

Nineteen, Rosalie, and he thirty-nine. She would talk a lot of stuff about marrying into one's own stage of life, and prophesy the future with a husband getting old and tired while the wife was young, ardent, and frivolous. Well, what of it? What good was marriage if one had to settle down and do without a maid, go nowhere, and wait on a silly young penniless architect, always too busy to have any fun?

A telegram came for Rosalie two days after she wrote and told her mother of the engagement—without naming the man to whom she was engaged. She would give her mother a surprise, everyone knew about Mark Davis and his legacy from a distinguished judge in Scotland. A man at the chalet laughed and said of course everyone knew Mark Davis—and a dazed fine chap he is, too! If a man said that of another man, he must be. So Mum would get the surprise of her life, and no longer feel sick with fear and shame when Rosalie broke another engagement, for this one would not be broken. Of course, Jim—but she was not openly engaged to him at all. It was "understood."

So she argued herself into a condition of stubborn defiance, and when the wire came armed herself against every possible argument and opposition. She had at last to tell Mark that her mother and a friend called Jim Ridgeway were coming to the chalet for the last fortnight of her stay there. Yes, she said, Mum often comes here to finish off my holiday with me. Mark wondered why his young fiancées seemed so near tears, so upset and nervy.

They walked, that last night they would have to themselves, out into

the snowy paths near the building, now lighted orange in the blue and silver dimness. A high moon hung tinsel on every silver and dusky frozen moisture. "This way, in Rosalie, who was somewhat maternal. "See those shadows, do they form the twisted tree? Yes, yes, there's a pool there, and tiny in clearing where the fairies dance—they say. Snow sprites or something. It does look beautiful, doesn't it? Eerie! Other-worldly. They also say that to kiss on the clearing makes snow-magic, and never more shall two people part or be unhappy. Mark—kiss me then darling."

Romance, he said to himself, smiling at her nonsense.

I

INDULGENTLY he allowed her to have her way, but they were checked by vague figures disengaged themselves from the shadows with a squeal from one. "Oh, is that you, Rosalie? we've been making snow-magic." The figures became a man and a woman in evening clothes and heavy wraps. They scuttled away, laughing unconsciously. Rosalie was angry. "They've spoiled it all," she complained. "Let's go back and start."

For the life of him, Mark could not discover why he felt strangely relieved deep in his subconscious mind for not having to kiss her in the snow-magic area—but it was oddly beautiful—spot in an elegant way. Kiss there—no magic—no never more shall two people part or be unhappy. His mouth flickered to a hurt smile, saying nothing to do with the present.

Please turn to Page 20

By . . . E. CARNE

ing thuds to the fast freezing ground. Each window-pane held a hollowed white triangle, and the trees on the slopes stood still and brooding with their mantles weighty on their branches.

Skating, ski-ing, dancing at night, the air like wine and the Kosciusko hills incredibly white and lovely. Colored figures, like small dolls, sliding, falling, screaming and laughing, all over the runs and on the ice and round the chalet walls. Cars arriving with more guests who had heard of the fall and chased it up for novelty and sport. Capacity booking, meals relished after wild adventures in the chill with the heat of one's body—emerging in steamy puffs.

Rosalie was in her element, and Mark, enjoying the best stretch of

stricken at her mirrored reflection Jim! She was officially engaged to Jim, and now she had promised to marry Mark Davis. She shuddered. Jim, so young, so silly, beside Mark and his sophisticated, marvellously easy manners and quite self-assurance? Jim, on the verge of an architect's career with only a few small contracts in hand, compared to Mark, who could take her everywhere and give her everything? Conflict commenced in her mind. If only she could have Jim's love-making and jolly friendship and Mark's protection and company, how perfect life would be. If only!

The pest of it was, she'd have to write to Mum, who was sure to make a fuss. Nineteen, darling, she would say in her quiet, wise way that made one feel so young and blundering.

# FASHION PORTFOLIO

July 23, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## BARE SHOULDERS...

• BURGUNDY velvet for a moulded gown and fine gold lame for a swathed brassiere top and front drape.

• DANCE frock done in black net—black ribbon velvet and "shocking"—pink roses are cleverly applied.

• MISTY orchid-blue taffeta is used for this bouffant gown with bandings of fuchsia velvet ribbon for accent.



# EXCLUSIVE: Unique Pre-view of Spring Hats



Flaring veil and flowers. Dunce's cap. Spotted veil. Coolie model with embroidery. Saucy Little Saucer Brim. For a Wicked Witch.



Flowery nonsense. An aspiring feather. Beret with feather. Sunshine top. No nonsense, Jane! Roman charm. Robbed an ostrich. New sports model.



An exotic crown. All in white. Another saucer. Tiny toque. Shaded hyacinths. Tied-on bonnet.



Panama. Cartwheel with flowers. Tyre brim and veil. New Gob idea. Coarse straw cartwheel. Smaller peasant straw.



Lacy straw. Tiny crown. Old style revived. Demure and girlish. Black and white. New black panama.



Fussy-trimmed crown. Clever raffia work. Without benefit of crown. Coarse fisher-net crown. Rolled brim. Peaked crown. Stencil design for hair.



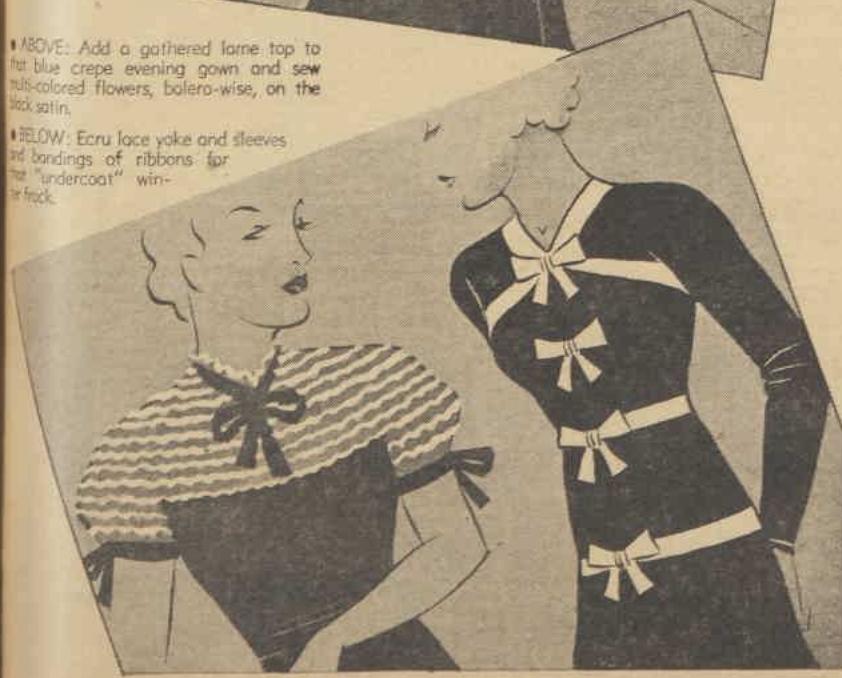
Whimsical toque. With a fanciful crown. Coarse straw Cossack. Modern Merry Widow. Silly black shovel. Applique of ivy leaves.

# SPRING IDEAS for WINTER FROCKS . . .



ABOVE: Add a gathered lace top to that blue crepe evening gown and sew multi-colored flowers, bolero-wise, on the dark satin.

• BELOW: Ecru lace yoke and sleeves and bandings of ribbons for that "undercoat" winter frock.



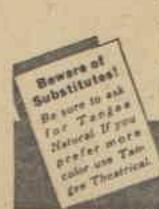
CONSIDER your winter frocks. Of course they are looking a bit jaded after a season of wear, but it's astonishing what a few well-planned alterations and additions can do for them. Petrov, our fashion artist, has sketched here some useful ideas for rejuvenating tired winter dresses to give them that spring look . . .

• LEFT: Sleeves and skirt of a costume with a new jacket of embroidered pique. • RIGHT: Gathered panels of tan crepe on a blue dress give the new fullness.



Whether you're blonde, brunette or red-head Tangee will always accent the youthful color of your lips, because Tangee contains a magic Color-Change Principle. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the exact shade most flattering to you. Tangee's special cream base protects lips, keeps them soft, smooth and appealing and Tangee doesn't rub off.

#### MAGIC COLOR-CHANGE IN FACE POWDER AND ROUGE



Your skin looks younger, fresher, with Tangee Face Powder. It clings for hours and ends that "powdery" look. Tangee Rouge, Cream or Compact, gives your cheeks a natural blush-rose. Matches Tangee Lipstick perfectly.

**TANGEE**  
Lips that painted look

SOLE AUSTRALIAN AGENTS, TURNLEYS, MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY.

# An Editorial

JULY 23, 1938.

## CRICKET WIDOWS

IT isn't cricket. Wherever English is spoken, that phrase is understood. It isn't fair. It isn't the straight, simple, honest thing.

Or that's how it used to be. In those days, children dear, cricket was a game. Like all good games, it helped keep people pleasant, good-tempered, friendly.

But the cricket Board of Control has changed all that. Cricket is now a grim, menacing affair—a very goose-step of a game.

*It is run by Dictators. It is regimented and brass-hatted. It is full of "Forbiddens" and "Keep Outs"—and Hates.*

*Its No. 1 Hate is—Wives!*

The Church, the Law, the State—all wise people everywhere—say to a husband and wife, "Keep together. Don't be parted any longer than you can help."

Plain people regard this as good advice. In their plain and simple way they also regard private lives as private. They look on their home life as their own. They class any interference with it by outsiders as an unwarrantable and impertinent intrusion.

But what are private lives to the cricket dictators?

Hear them. "We forbid you to take your wives to England while the matches are on . . . Yes, Mr. Bradman, the tour is over, but your wife mustn't go to England to meet you and travel home with you . . . You mustn't . . . You mustn't . . ."

In the face of overwhelming public indignation, the Board reluctantly consented to reconsider this last ukase.

Next time the Tests are held in Australia, the Board may forbid players to go home while the Tests are on. Or they may banish their wives for that time.

They may even go one step further and issue the edict, "No married men shall be allowed to play Test cricket. Bachelors only shall be selected."

Oh, these Comic Opera Dictators! How strange a game have they made of cricket!

—THE EDITOR.



# POINTS OF VIEW

## SCHOOL LEAVING AGE

THOSE who advertise school leaving age for boys and girls of fourteen are doing a grave injustice to those of sixteen or seventeen.

What sort of efficiency is expected from those who have just left school?

Victoria has set the ball rolling by raising the school leaving age. Let us hope other States will follow suit.

**Mrs. A. Irving, Llewellyn St., Merewether, Newcastle, N.S.W.**

## UNTRAINED POLITICIANS

TO-DAY as never before the world demands men and women trained for their jobs, otherwise it is impossible to obtain lucrative employment.

Yet we have the curious spectacle of men of all walks in life, with no specific training in statesmanship, concealed enough to offer themselves for the colossal task of directing the destiny of a nation.

Isn't it time we insisted on asking candidates for Parliamentary honours to produce proof of their ability for the job?

**H. B. White, Plant St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.**

## PRODUCERS OR CONSUMERS?

DURING the recent discussions on the rise in butter prices, the terms "producer" and "consumer" have been much in evidence.

Do any of the speakers stop to think how much the producer is also a consumer of material and goods manufactured by the city worker?

Farm machinery, tools, building materials, clothing, in fact, everything the producer uses, are in the process of manufacture, providing a living for thousands.

These speakers should realize that the city cannot live without the country, and vice versa, and both sides must get a fair deal, for we are all consumers of someone else's produce.

**Mrs. Stewardson, Campbelltown, N.S.W.**

## Poor Don Bradman!

I THINK that the public is very inconsistent in its attitude towards Don Bradman.

When he makes a big score, he is a national hero, but just let him get out for a few and it is another tale—"Bradman's Test Failure" or something similar.

Nobody ever seems to consider how tired and nerve-racked a player may become, concentrating on a small ball and dashing between wickets. Give Don a fair chance.

**Miss M. C. Floyd, Clevedon Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.**

## LYRIC OF LIFE

### IRREVOCABLE

I can escape from the house where I live,  
From my friends, and the people I know;  
City or town, I can turn them down,  
And just pack up my bags and go.

I can escape from the things I don't want,  
From chairs and carpets, curtains and shelf.  
From pleasure, too, or the work I do,  
But I can't escape from myself.

**P. DUNCAN-BROWN.**

## READERS' OPINIONS ON TO-DAY'S TOPICS

## ART APPRECIATION

THE guide lecturer at the Melbourne National Art Gallery, Miss Stephanie Taylor, has suggested that a course in art appreciation be given a place in the University curriculum.

This is an excellent idea, but could not such a course be extended to members of the public as well? Surprisingly few people know anything about art, and our great pictures receive scant attention.

A few lectures would give the public a better understanding of the works in our galleries, and surely this is what they are for—to be appreciated.

**Miss Eva Grant, Foley St., Kew E4, Vic.**



**MADAME LEBRUN**, (left), wife of the French President, who will be hostess to the Queen during her State visit to France. The picture was taken in America. Alongside the first lady of France is the first mother of America, Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of President Roosevelt. (See story column 4.)

## INSURANCE FOR MOTHERS

I HOPE the National Health Scheme will be amended to embrace the wives of male contributors. Surely their health is all-important to a country needing population so badly!

It is also stated that medical attention will be provided before and after confinement. As a woman must contribute for four years before marriage to qualify even as a voluntary subscriber, that clause is an unnecessary one for, at least, the next six years.

The Government should certainly study the married women more, as they can afford doctors' fees less than their single sisters.

**Mrs. A. C. Bennett, Railway Terrace, Woodville Park, S.A.**

## Preserve the Classics!

LISTENING to the radio lately, I noticed that more and more dance bands are putting well-known classics to swing music.

I am not against swing music in itself, but I do think that if the moderns want their swing music orchestral leaders should use modern compositions and not "murder" the classics.

**G. Scanlan, Lytton Rd., East Brisbane SE1.**

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



# Madame Lebrun Will be Hostess to the Queen

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE,  
Our Special Correspondent in London.

When Madame Lebrun, wife of the French President, entertains the Queen during her State visit with the King to France for the unveiling of the Villers Bretonneux Memorial, the first lady of France will find that she has much in common with the Scottish girl who is Queen of England.

BOTH are charming hostesses, and lovers of home life. Both are essentially simple in their tastes, and genuine helpmeets to their husbands.

Before her marriage, Madame Lebrun was Miss Marguerite Nivoit.

Her family, like that of her husband, came from the Eastern frontiers of France—a village in the Ardennes forests.

Despite her high office as wife of the President of the French Republic, Madame Lebrun retains the charming simplicity of her days spent in her village home. Like the Lady of Giau, who is now Queen of England, she has a way of putting people at their ease. Her smile is infectious and her eyes twinkle merrily, showing her to be possessed of a lively sense of humor.

M. Nivoit, her father, was an engineer, and it is strange how this profession has been the keynote of the Lebruns and their relations.

Before his entry into politics M. Lebrun was a civil engineer, and their son Jean Lebrun has had a distinguished career as an electrical engineer.

Their daughter, Marie, married an engineer.

## Devoted Mother

**MADAME LEBRUN** has had many tributes paid to her charm and dignity, allied to vivaciousness, while her fine qualities have made her in public life a brilliant Palace hostess, and in private life a devoted mother and wife with a universality of tastes and accomplishments.

Of medium height, in the late fifties, "Madame la Presidente" looks much younger than many another woman of her age and responsibilities.

Although country-bred, she has, like many other Frenchwomen, completely absorbed the life of a great city, and throughout her husband's career in business and politics she has played an important part.

No more gracious lady could have occupied the Elysee Palace at this important time, to act as hostess to the Queen of England.

Madame Lebrun speaks fluent English; her husband is more proficient in German; and her sense of hospitality combined with an unaffected manner will not fail to make the visit of Britain's "First Lady" comfortable and delightful.

Madame Lebrun, for all her abilities in discharging public duties, is, like Queen Elizabeth, a womanly soul, a mother who has known the joy of children and grandchildren.

## Loves the Country

**SHE** can play tennis, she drives her own car, is musical and witty in conversation, dresses with a neat quiet elegance, and is a good cook and housewife.

When the President takes a holiday to his native village of Mercy-le-Haut, in Lorraine, Madame Lebrun becomes again a simple countrywoman.

With her husband she ploughs their little home, a small house built at the bottom of an orchard which belongs to the family farm, cultivated while the President is in office in Paris by his brother Gabriel.

She is never more happy than when she can wander in this country-side accompanied by the granddaughter she loves so much, Anne-Marie. Madame Lebrun makes no secret of her love for children.

"I wish I had had more than two of my own," she said once. "Children make a home and are a joy and happiness to their parents when their lives near the end of the normal span."

# L. W. Lower and His Brave New World



## A peep into the future brings him back to earth

"Modern invention may yet bring about the realisation of H. G. Wells' dream of a new Utopian world," says a distinguished English scientist.

I'm glad to hear it. I also have had my visions.

I SHALL lie back in bed and press a button marked "Egg Fried," another button marked "Toast," also "Bacon and Coffee."

These will all be supplied from a central station, and will shoot up through the floor on a tray.

I shall switch on my television set to Editor. He will be in his bath, "Hello, Boss!"

"Good morning, Lower."

There's a spot there just at the end of your neck that you haven't noticed."

To know. It's chewing-gum, around it? Feel like doing any now-day?"

"Oh, I might drop in some time this afternoon."

"Thanks awfully, old chap!"

"Tut! Tut! Anything to oblige a friend."

Having finished my breakfast, I press another button which hurls the remains straight to the municipal incinerator.

Slight pressure on a lever at the side of the bed starts the whole thing in motion, and as the walls automatically slide back the bed and myself glide smoothly up the street and towards the office, together with countless other beds.

Coming to the intersection where the traffic cop is seated in his easy-chair, it is a simple matter to press another button on my bed and the

By  
L. W. LOWER  
Australia's Foremost  
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

traffic cop sinks, chair and all, beneath the road level, a lid slides over him, and you glide smoothly by.

That's all simple. Some of the more complicated gadgets will be in the office itself.

Callers will seat themselves in a psycho-analytical chair which automatically finds out whether the caller wants to borrow money, sell something, or invite you to lunch.

As a matter of fact things will be up sooner that rich men will take up navy as a hobby, and will be seen setting off happily with a pick and shovel for a quiet week-end in some exclusive quarry.

When you see them all done up in grey flannel shirts, blucher boots and bowytangs, it will be safe to suppose that they are off for a holiday personally conducted by the Water and Sewerage Board.

There will be no taxes. The Wages Tax might be diverted to a Government R.P. office, but this will be purely voluntary.

A member may rise in the House at question time and say, "Mr. Speaker, I have a letter here from one of my constituents which states that while the winner of the Caulfield Cup was quoted at twelve to one over the air it is quoted at eight to one in the 'Government Gazette.' I ask that the Minister concerned look into this matter."

### More Leisure Wanted

WEP has just darted into the office with a suggestion that automatic invisibility might be a great social boon in time to come. When bares and creditors loom on the horizon, the swift gulping of a special tablet will render the potential victim invisible.

I have partly achieved this already, as half the time I don't know where I stand. Still, it would be very handy at times. In trams, for instance, when the conductor comes around.

The only trouble about WEP's notion is that you'd have to go to places where you weren't supposed to go, just to show that you weren't there. It sounds a bit complicated, I know, but you'd soon get used to it.

A perfectly simple thing which would fulfil a long-felt need is dogskin slippers.

As things are now, when I want my slippers in the morning, one will be under the bed and the other in the bathroom. This entails a lot of groping and cursing and tramping about in the bare feet in the morning.

With dog-skin slippers I could simply whistle and say, "Here, boy!" and they would both gallop up to my bedside and fawn on me. Of course, they'd have to be fawn slippers.

Another good idea would be a loud-speaking notebook which would bellow at the top of its voice at certain hours. "DON'T FORGET TO SEE THE MAN ABOUT THE LEAK IN THE GAS STOVE! YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE YOUR WIFE TO THE PICTURES TO-NIGHT! LOOK IN YOUR POCKET TO SEE IF YOU'VE GOT YOUR LATCH-KEY!"

On second thoughts, I don't think it is such a good idea.

The main idea of a perfect world is to have leisure to cultivate the higher things of life and get away from the sordid trivialities which now so closely bind us to the mundane. (That's not bad!).

I'm not sure that all this perfection would do me much good.

I travelled in a taxi-cab the other

L. W. Lower crosses a busy city intersection under his famous stay-in-bed-and-press-the-button scheme.

night. The driver opened the door, waited me into the back seat, put a rug over my knees and asked me where I wanted to go. When I told him he said, "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," and touched his cap with his finger. I was stunned.

"Aw, shut up, and get going. Have you dusted the seats this month?"

You wouldn't get that in any of these beautiful new worlds. And I think I'd miss it.

I must be old-fashioned.

## TRUST YOUR DENTIST -he says KOLYNOS



KOLYNOS — the proved

antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste.

Being highly concentrated,

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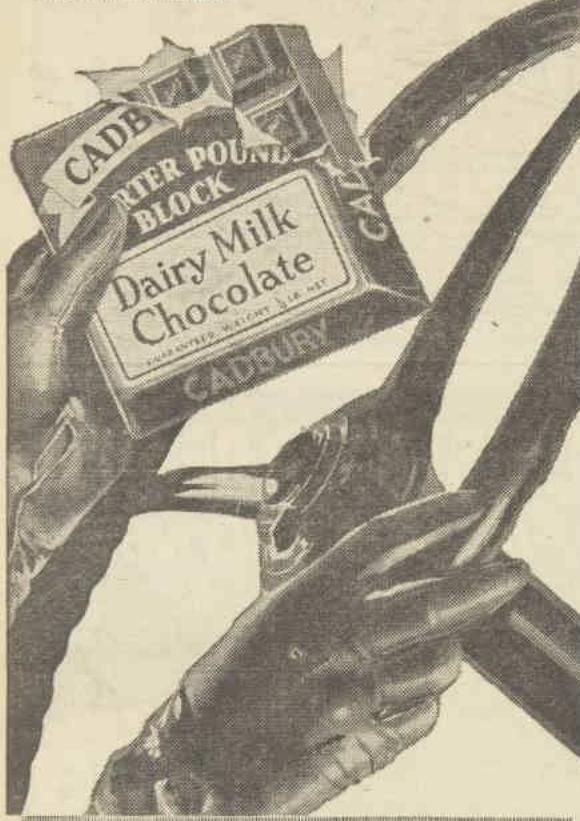


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## BEECHAM'S 'Worth a Box' PILLS



## I Love You Again

Continued from Page 7

"Of course I am."

She was gazing at him intently. Then she said, almost sharply. "You haven't inquired about Duncan."

There was a name he had heard. She had wireless that Duncan needed him. Obviously there was some connection between Duncan and this man Ted Courtney, who had been murdered. Once again—gleefully—his sense of humor came to his rescue. He recalled Jason Rountree's apprehension that he might have a son named Duncan.

"What has Duncan to do with it?"

"You're the only person who can answer that, dear."

"Why me?"

"Because Duncan says you were with him at the time we know it happened."

"When did it happen?"

"At exactly six-twenty the afternoon you left. William heard the shot and saw a man racing away in a car from in front of the house."

"Didn't he recognize the man?"

"No. That's the bad part of it. He can't say definitely that it was Duncan, but he also refuses to say that it was not."

"But why should Duncan . . .?"

"What is the matter with you, Larry? I don't understand you at all."

"I'm not very sure of myself, either, Kay." He pressed his right hand against the band of adhesive on his forehead. "It's all a bit hazy. I never was very smart, and the effort of thinking . . ."

"But you've got to think, dear. Duncan is depending on you. You're his only alibi. Can't you understand?"

"No," he said. "I'm afraid I can't. You see, you know a lot of things that I don't know. And you're asking questions instead of giving facts. Suppose you tell me right from the beginning."

"Ted Courtney was shot at six-twenty the day you left. Naturally, everybody remembers the threats Duncan had made against him, and so they think . . ."

"Where do I come in?" She made a gesture of annoyance. "I can't understand you, Larry. Has Duncan lied, and are you trying to shield him? Or what is it?"

"I'd like to know," he said slowly, "what it is that Duncan says."

"He says that he picked you up in his car at about five-fifteen. That he wanted to talk to you—to get your advice on the affair between Ted and Rita. He claims that he drove with you into the country and that you and he sat in the car and talked over the affair until you almost missed your plane. If that's true, he obviously couldn't have killed Ted, no matter how much he might have wanted to. That's what the district attorney wants to find out. They'll take your word for it. But if you act this way . . . if you refuse to clear Duncan . . ."

"But I haven't refused."

"There's something funny about it, something I don't understand and don't like." Her voice broke. "Oh, sweetheart—why don't you talk to me? If Duncan has been lying—let it when to talk it over with me . . . even if you intend to lie to save him?"

H E groped for the right words. "Do you think that would be fair . . .?"

"But if he wasn't with you, then he must have killed Ted." She made a helpless gesture. "That would be awful . . . because if that's the case he has lied. He's been using you as a shield. The very jury that might have been lenient, in the first place would resent the deception. And obviously, he wasn't with you or you'd say so."

"Please . . . You mustn't jump at conclusions."

"But you don't see. Or you won't. Oh! Larry, why don't you tell me the whole truth? Maybe, between us, we can decide what's best to do."

He shook his head.

"You want to help me and Duncan, don't you?"

"You don't have to ask that."

"There's one way you can do it—and whether you understand or not you'll have to take my word for it that you're really helping."

"You're talking in riddles."

"That's because I have to." She sighed. "You're making the rules, Larry. There's apparently nothing for me to do but agree."

"Good girl! Now listen! There are a few things I've got to check up on before I can say a word to anybody: things which I can't explain now—not even to you. And during that time I'll need protection—"

"Protection?" she echoed, startled.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to be dramatic. I mean I'll need protection from people—from questioning. You've got to tell everybody that I'm ill; that the blow on the head was really serious. Talk to the doctor yourself. Get him to tell our friends that I'm suffering from shock and that I've got to be let alone for a while. That'll give me time to work out the best method of really helping Duncan."

"There's nothing I can say except, 'Yes.' His voice was gentle. "Thanks, Kay. I knew you would."

She turned away, and they sat in silence for several minutes. Then he rose and said: "Mind if I drift into the smoker?"

"Certainly not." "I just want to think things over . . ."

"That's quite all right, Larry."

As he walked down the aisle of the car he felt her eyes upon him; hurt grey eyes, reflecting an unhappiness which was deeply personal. He found Jason alone in the smoking compartment. Mr. Rountree said: "What's the matter? You look like you had just seen a ghost."

"I did." Larry lighted a cigarette. His voice was brittle. "We've got to work fast, Jason."

Swiftly and graphically he outlined his conversation with Kay. Jason listened tensely.

"Geel!" he ejaculated when Larry had finished. "That's tough. But keep stalling. The minute we get to Habersham I'll start asking questions. Who ever this lad Courtney was—and Duncan—and Rita—the whole town must be discussing them. I'll circulate around, talk to everybody, and report the results to you."

"I've got to do something. I could say I was with him."

"Hold it." Jason spoke tensely. "You sit tight and do nothing."

"Because you're dealing with murder. If you start inventing things, you'll find yourself in real trouble."

"I don't understand."

"All right. Think this over." Jason Rountree's face was no longer cherubic. Instead it was hard and stern. "Suppose you clear this chap Duncan? I'm asking you this: How do you know that you didn't kill Ted Courtney yourself?"

LARRY WILSON had been gazing through the window of the pullman intently, hoping that some bit of this—some scene, some vista—might strike a responsive chord in his consciousness. But he was not destined to be successful. The place was strange and grimly forbidding; it seemed impossible that he had lived here for eight years; that he had labored with apparent diligence and success to the point where he had attained a definite position—and a most attractive wife. The sight of Habersham frightened him. He saw automobiles congesting a cross street near the railroad station and glimpsed their drivers, wondering whether he knew any of them, shrinking away from the virtual impossibility of the adjustment he was facing. He heard Kay's voice:

"Glad to be home?"

"Very." She gestured towards the decay. "Why don't you start something with the Chamber of Commerce?"

"About what?"

"Making the approach beautiful."

"It never is—around railroad yards." He paused for a moment and then spoke without daring to meet her eyes. "I have asked Jason to stay with us."

"I was afraid of that . . ."

"What do you mean: Afraid?"

"Don't you think he'll have been just as happy at an hotel?"

"I don't really. He's awfully interesting."

"I like him too, Larry." He saw her shrug and caught the tense line of her lips. "It seems a little strange, that's all." Her hand touched his. "But you're the boss, dear. You always have been."

"You surprise me." He tried to make his voice sound gay. "I had always fancied that I did what you wanted."

"Men always think that. Particularly young husbands."

They seated themselves in a big grey sedan, and as the car swung from a long main street and wound along the base of a high hill, with never a hundred yards of straight way, Larry began to understand why he might have selected this as a place of residence.

Please turn to Page 38

Sonny's  
**COLD IS  
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FIRST, rub Vicks  
VapoRub briskly on  
the throat and chest.

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briskly on the back,  
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THEN—to strengthen and lengthen  
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**Long-Lasting Double Action**

Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

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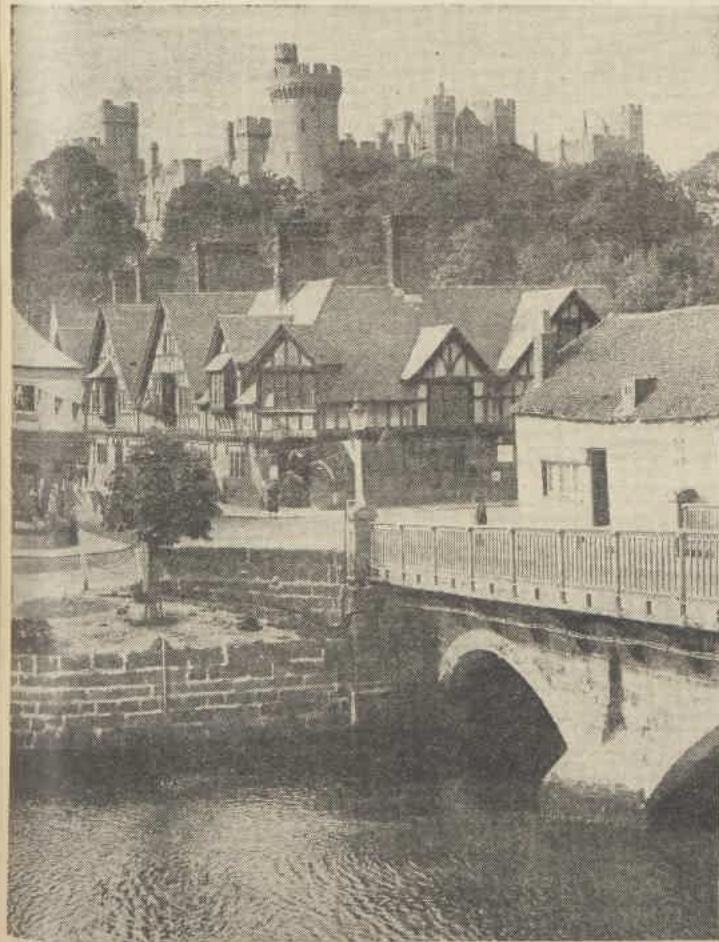
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# The Duke, His Lady, His Castle and His Baby



• ALL THE WORLD loves a baby, and here is one of England's newest and best-known. She is the five-weeks-old daughter of the youthful Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. Her father is premier Earl and Duke of England, and to him fell the task of organising the Coronation celebrations last year.

—Air Mail photo.



\* BEAUTIFUL ARUNDEL CASTLE, the 800-years-old home of the Norfolks. The new nursery has been decorated in dove-blue. Arundel townsfolk had hoped for a boy—now comfort themselves by recalling that the present Duke was preceded by his sister, Lady Rachel Howard.



\* PROUD YOUNG PARENTS, the Duke of Norfolk and his Lady. At their marriage on January 27, 1937, there were 2000 guests. The Duchess was formerly the Hon. Lavinia Strutt. The Duke's family ranks next to the blood royal.

# How to Lose Fat A Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

Do Just One Simple Thing  
and Fat Just Melts Away

NO starvation or dieting; no going without foods or drinks. Instead, eat what you want with never a rebelling, upset stomach. Yet ugly fat quickly goes. You can easily lose from four to seven pounds a week. See the ugly fat replaced by a beautiful slim figure—and feel stronger, better and more energetic than you ever have in your life before—



## What You Do

There is just one simple thing to do. Give your system the minerals and herb conditioners contained in BONKORA, obtainable at any chemist shop. Take two teaspoonsful preferably in a glass of orange juice, before meals three times daily, a pleasant and inexpensive drink. Then eat whatever you want and watch the fat harmlessly and healthfully disappear.

## 7 to 10 Pounds Lost in 7 Days

At the end of one week you'll see the scales drop seven to ten pounds—according to how much overweight you are—from what you were the day you started. Your health, too, will be much better. You'll have more strength and energy, your complexion will be improved, nerves will be far calmer, your stomach won't be upset, and friends will comment about how much younger and better you look. You'll soon avoid the constant embarrassment of being fat and ugly. And you'll do it without going on a starvation diet.

BONKORA supplies the system with minerals, stimulates a normal functioning of the body. BONKORA also clears the system of accumulated poisons most over-weight people have.

Start to-day. The BONKORA way is the safe way for men and women to take off fat. Test it for two weeks. BONKORA is absolutely harmless, safe and effective. It definitely does not contain thyroid—consisting only of natural and mineral ingredients. You can secure BONKORA at any chemist shop. Insist on the genuine BONKORA and refuse all inferior substitutes or imitations.

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**WAKE UP YOUR  
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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile from your bowels daily. If this bile is not "up and off" you feel tired, listless, dull. It just decays in the bowels. Wins him up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel tired, listless and weary and the world looks blue. Let me tell you, it's only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't do the trick. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazingly in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. You'll hardly refuse anything else. 1/3

## Drucken Davie

Continued from Page 5

FOR an hour on end he would sit listening, talking, laughing—forgetful of the deaf-ridden, squallid room, and the spectral poverty which sat therein.

He came to like Davie Muir, to admire him, and then to love him.

And so it happened one afternoon when Davie was almost fully recovered and able to stagger shakily to his legs that Finlay braced himself to take the plunge.

"Davie," he blurted out, "why don't you keep off the drink? For good I mean. I'll do everything I can to help you."

Davie stared at him sideways, then gave a short laugh.

With the first touch of bitterness he had displayed to Finlay he declared:

"The Hyslop treatment, eh? You drop something in my tea when I'm not looking. Tasteless. Odorless. And I'm cured the morn's morning. It's a marvellous suggestion. It's only for its novelty!"

Finlay colored.

"I was just thinking—"

"It's no good thinking, Finlay, lad," interposed Davie in a softer voice. "And it's no good doing either. Don't you think I've tried before? I've had a dozen doctors—Edinburgh, London, ay, in Berlin too."

"I've been in sanatoria till I'm sick of them. I'm the uncrowned king of inebriate homes. I've tried everything. But it's no use, Finlay."

"The thing's ingrained in me. It is me. I'm rotten with the rotten thing. I am the rotten thing. Rotten, I tell you."

His voice rose as he went on.

"I'm a drunkard, an habitual, confirmed drunkard."

"The minute I'm able to leave this house I'll go round to Marney's pub. There's my howff, you understand. I've got my corner there. They know me."

"I entertain the boys. When I'm half-tight I tell them bawdy stories from the French. When I'm whole tight I convulse them with Greek epigrams. They think it's Chinese—but what's the odds, they like me there, and I like them."

"When I'm drunk, ye understand. At any rate, that's where I'll go the minute you leave me. I'll sit there and booze every penny I've got. I'll sponge on my riveter pals. Pat Marney'll give me tick till the 'Advertiser' pays me for my copy. Then I'll start all over again."

"Drink, drink, drink! With luck I'll last six months till I get another go of D.T.'s. When the D.T.'s arrive I'm laid up for a month. My rest cure, you see. It sets me right for the next six months' drinking."

A heavy silence fell. Then Finlay said:

"If that's the way of it then, Davie, I suppose there's nothing more to be said or done." And without further speech he went out of the room.

It happened, of course, exactly as Davie had predicted. The hospitable doors of Marney's pub swung open an hour later, and Davie Muir walked in.

"Hello, Davie, where you been?" demanded the genial Pat from behind the bar.

"A FORTNIGHTS shooting, Pat," Davie answered airily. "Just a fortnight's shooting with a friend."

Kate Marney, Pat's wife, who stood in the doorway which led from the bar into the private quarters of the Marney Household beyond, shook like a blancmange at the joke.

"Ah, it isn't the saison for bohds, now, at all, at all."

"Snakes were the fauna we were after," Davie answered, dryly. "Bright green snakes, Mrs. Marney. Terrible difficult to spot them when they wriggle up the walls. A half and a pint, Pat. Quick!"

The evening wore on. The yard emptied. All the "boys" rolled in, riveters, plate-layers, fitters, laborers alike, and all glad, dead glad, to see "our Davie" back.

The coterie was re-established. The gentleman and the rabble. The drink percolated softly, generously through Davie's starved tissues. He glowed. He exuded himself.

He quoted them from Homer—"Gods, the old oracle returns again," while they sat aghast, set them guffawing over his version, unexaggerated, of Uncle Toby and the clock; and at closing time went home, fumbling his way upstairs, and fell dead drunk upon his bed.

Next morning was fine. He rose

late and went down to Marney's for a stiffener.

Along Quayside a brisk breeze held, the sky was a rare bright blue; the sun shone warmly. Some gulls hovered against the bridge, poised and beautiful. It was a day to move the heart.

As he strolled round the corner of the quay Davie heard someone call him. It was Kate Marney, all dressed up. With pride in her voice she declared:

"Would you pass me like that now, Mr. Muir, and me out walkin' wid my daughter Rose home from school beside me?"

"Sorry, Mrs. Marney," Davie said thickly.

The light hurt his eyes. He felt intolerably ill, dying for a drink.

He vaguely remembered hearing of Pat's daughter, his only daughter, Rose, who had been sent well away from the pub to a convent school.

He turned to look at her. He did look at her, a long, strained look. His gaze absorbed her clear young beauty. Then his eyes fell abjectly—horribly.

"Lovely morning for a walk," he muttered. "Fresh! Beautifully sunny! Sorry! Got to keep an appointment."

He went to raise his hat. But he had forgotten to put it on. He flushed, walked swiftly away, making straight for the pub.

"Half and a pint, Pat."

HE drank the chaser slowly with his eyes upon the uppers of his burst shoes, listening to Pat, who was full of the return of his daughter.

"Turned seventeen, she is, Davie, my boy, but innocent as a chile. Didn't ye see her as ye come by? Fairly, she's lovelier nor a flower."

"She is lovely," Davie repeated in a low voice. "Lovelier than a rose."

And as though to himself he murmured the line—"Hitler all dewy from her convert fetchet—"

Pat heard all right. With his hand on the beer-pull, he beamed.

"And very appropriate them words is, too. Much appreciated by her dad. Same again, my boy? Have it on the house for the occasion."

"Later, Pat. Later. Not just now."

He walked out, trying to think. He crossed the road, took up his stand on the opposite pavement. In an hour's time Rose and her mother returned. She saw him, gave him a fleeting smile of recognition, then she was gone. His heart resumed its beating.

"Curse it!" he groaned into himself. "Why am I not dead?"

He went home to his lodgings. It had happened to him. At last. He was in love. She was sweet, innocent, lovely, and seventeen.

He was thirty-four and a drunkard. He sat for a long time. Thinking, thinking. The filth and squalor of his room infuriated him. He rose up, kicking over his chair.

Suddenly he cried out in a frenzy of determination.

"Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't I? I can do it if I want to. I've never wanted to before! But now I do—I do!"

He seized his hat and ran almost to Arden House. He burst into Finlay's surgery.

"Finlay," he exclaimed, pale and breathless. "I'm going to do it. I'm cutting out the drink. For good this time. You understand. Will you help me, as you said?"

Levenford, of course, smiled up at her when Davie appeared in a suit of Finlay's, all spruced up and shaved.

Levenford was highly amused when he changed his lodgings from the squalid quay-side room to a decent apartment in Church Street.

Levenford had a finger on its nose when, at Finlay's importuning, Jackson, of the "Advertiser," gave Davie a regular full-time job on the staff at thirty shillings a week.

Levenford knew, you see, that all this wouldn't last. Levenford waited.

It seemed, however, as if Levenford might wait in vain. Davie led the quietest existence possible, doing his work by day, remaining in his room at night.

Few guessed that his composure was merely outward. Within Davie Muir drained the cup of suffering to the bitter, bitter dregs.

He knew the agony of maddening sleepless nights. When the craving had him by the throat he would weep from very impotence. But he held grimly on, clinging to his hope, his inspiration.

## ★ WOMEN WHO WEAR (or ought to wear) GLASSES

Continued from Page 5

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Levenford, of course, smiled up at her when Davie appeared in a suit of Finlay's, all spruced up and shaved.

Levenford was highly amused when he changed his lodgings from the squalid quay-side room to a decent apartment in Church Street.

Levenford had a finger on its nose when, at Finlay's importuning, Jackson, of the "Advertiser," gave Davie a regular full-time job on the staff at thirty shillings a week.

Levenford knew, you see, that all this wouldn't last. Levenford waited.

It seemed, however, as if Levenford might wait in vain. Davie led the quietest existence possible, doing his work by day, remaining in his room at night.

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# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



MASSEUR: It's going to rain, sir; I can feel it in your bones.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Darling, couldn't you stand a little closer to the razor when you shave?"



"Well, Nurse, and how do we find our patient to-day?"



PASSENGER: Can't you go any faster?  
CAR DRIVER: If you don't like it, you can get out and walk.  
PASSENGER: I'm not in that much of a hurry.

## Day-long Freshness



## BRAINWAVES

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

ONLY a month and my wife will be back again."

"Where is she?"  
"At home, but she goes away the day after to-morrow."

"I THOUGHT I'd surprise my husband, so I took cooking lessons while he was abroad."

"What did he say when he came back?"

"Nothing. He just went abroad again."

"WILLIE, how dare you kick your little brother in the stomach!"

"It's his own fault—he turned round."

DOCTOR: Well, Mrs. Higgs, did your husband carry out my instructions—six pills in a spoonful of brandy?

Mrs. Higgs: Yes, doctor; he takes each one separately in a tablespoon.

MRS. GAYBOY had friends to tea, among them a professor's wife, who prided herself on her correct use of English.

"I wish I knew where George was," remarked the hostess, referring to her husband.

The professor's wife drew herself up. "I presume, my dear," she said primly, "that you mean you wish you knew where he is."

"Oh, no, I don't," replied Mrs. Gayboy sweetly. "I know where he is. He's upstairs in bed with a black eye and a fearful headache. I want to know where he was."

I THOUGHT your son wanted to beat his motor-cycle record!"

"He has. In 1937 he was in hospital eight times."

"IS this the pugilist who was run into by a motorist?" asked the house surgeon.

"No; he's the motorist who ran into the pugilist."

OLD LADY: Where did those large rocks come from?

Tired Guide: They were brought down by the glaciers.

"But where are the glaciers?"

"They've gone back after more rocks."

A LADY motorist was charged with leaving her car unattended outside a large store.

"But I only slipped in to buy a colander," she told the magistrate.

"I'm sorry, madam," was the reply.

"But I'm afraid your alibi will not hold water. Fined two pounds."

FATHER: You should always let bygones be bygones.

Herbert: Then why do I have to learn history, daddy?

WEIRD and peculiar noises were issuing from the bathroom.

"Darling," called the wife, "you promised you wouldn't sing in your bath any more."

"But I'm not, my dear," came the voice from inside. "It's the cat trying to get out."

## GOOD-BYE TO FOOT TROUBLE

Comfort Regained By  
The Nightly Use Of

## Zam-Buk

WHY is she so happy? Simply because she knows that her foot troubles are now ended. No more aching, pain, or soreness, for Zam-Buk keeps her feet easy and comfortable all day long. And there's no reason why you, too, should not enjoy the benefits of happy, care-free feet.

Every night just bathe your feet in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

### Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed, blisters and chafing are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Start now with Zam-Buk—there is nothing like it for the feet.

1/6 or 3/6 tin. All chemists and stores.



"Constant standing and stair climbing necessary to housework made my ankles swell and my feet ache and burn. Massaging with Zam-Buk had the desired lubricating effect and provided most comfortable and refreshing for the feet."—Miss B. K. Carpendale.

"I can keep going all day now and walk miles without feeling any foot aches or weariness, thanks to Zam-Buk, which has a nice feel of the skin, swelling and irritation. Zam-Buk is wonderful."—Miss E. O. Donnell.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

**WRIGHT'S**  
Coal Tar Soap

## IT DID THE TRICK

Upstairs Mrs. Cole lay listless and ill. Downstairs a rather worried family held conference. "She's never been like this before," said Father. "She seems to have lost all interest in life," said Brother Bill. "The Doctor says she's organically sound, but she just doesn't want to get better," said Elder Sister.

"Look here," said youngest brother, "why don't we try Wincarnis! Look what it did for me after that nervous breakdown, last term."

"Good idea," said Father. And that night he brought home a bottle of this wonderful tonic.

From the first glass Mother started showing a greater interest in things, and before a week had elapsed she was busy around the house, her old self once more.

Wincarnis works wonders in all cases of anaemia, debility, insomnia, and all complaints caused by weakened nervous and physical resistance.

Rich wine, beef essence and extract of malt, carefully blended by experts, restore lost energy, strengthen weakened resistance after illness, and build up muscle and tissue.

Twenty thousand recommendations from medical men testify to the health-giving qualities of Wincarnis, and recommend it as an excellent tonic.

Buy a bottle to-day—but remember that Wincarnis has no cheap substitute.



AND Finlay stood by him, helping him as a doctor, as a friend, helping him by every means within his power. It looked, in fact, as though Davie would at last win through.

Summer came, a soft, early summer, which still held the freshness of spring as though loath to let it go. And in the fine light evenings Davie, feeling stronger and safer now, would stroll away from the town towards the road that led to the Winton Hills.

It was a pleasant walk, reaching through Garshake Wood towards the open moor beyond.

But it was not the beauty of the spot which drew Davie there. He came because it was Rose Marney's favorite walk. His intention was not to intercept her.

He was still far too diffident, too humble, full of the consciousness of his own defects.

He wanted merely to see her in the distance as a man upon earth might vision the beauty of a star.

His love for her was spiritual, idealized. Her far-off presence sang to him—a song of innocence.

But one evening, as was inevitable, they met.

It took place on the edge of the moorland.

The sun was setting in a great pool of light. The faint bleating of sheep came from the lower slopes of the Winton Hills.

As he approached his heart beat painfully, deliriously. He felt that she would never recollect him, but it was not so.

She smiled, her smile of complete candor, and she stopped.

They spoke, looked at the view together. Then he accompanied her down the road.

It was all perfectly innocent and natural. He had no embarrassment now. He exerted himself to be interesting, amusing, gay.

He made her laugh at all sorts of inordinate nonsense.

With a sudden uplift of joy he saw that she was enjoying herself immensely. Then at the foot of the road he halted.

"I'll let you go on now," he said. "That's to say, if you don't mind."

She stared at him in surprise.

"But aren't you coming into town, too?"

He would have given his head to have walked home through the town with her. But he was wiser than she.

## Drunken Davie

Continued from Page 16

drunken dog! You think you'd come round me daughter like you do your women in Quay Street. You that sat swilling me drink! You sponging, drunken waster. To think you'd dare touch my daughter!"

And he set about Davie with his blackthorn like a man possessed.

Davie had no chance under that furious attack. He took a dozen violent blows on his head and shoulders before he was knocked senseless into the gutter.

He was unconscious for a long time, but came round at last, to find half a dozen of his friends supporting him.

Marney had gone, and everybody was howling execrations after him.

"The rotten Irish pig, to hit a man like that!"

"Poor Davie, he's all knocked out."

"Get some more water somebody, quick."

But one of the crowd had a better idea.

"Here, Davie, take this."

And before he knew how a gill bottle was at Davie's lips and a guash of neat spirit was in his mouth.

Instinctively he drank, drank thirstily. He was wounded, hurt, trembling. He drank again. The whisky flowed into him like divine, long-forgotten fire. He emptied the bottle.

"That's better," said a voice. "That's done you good, Davie. Come away and take a seat in the Fitter's Bar."

It was just across the road, the Fitter's Bar. They led him in there with great solicitude. Another drink was forced on him there. He couldn't resist. The whisky was in him now; it had him for its own.

He began to drink of his own accord. He drank wildly, feverishly, madly. All his injured pride rose up, choking him, stifling him.

To think that Marney had struck him—he—David Muir, graduate with honors of St. Andrew's! He would show Marney, and show him soon.

At six o'clock he left the Fitter's Bar, accompanied by some others, and made straight for Marney's pub.

He burst in. Swaying drunkenly upon his feet, he addressed himself obscenely to Pat behind the bar.

"YOU!" he shouted. "You filthy specimen of a genus long hiberna. You unclean porcine, hell that the very Hebrews despise. And for what did you strike me? Simple because I, David Muir, did you bawdy female brat the honor of speaking to her."

He let out a loud, besotted laugh. But half-turning to better observe the effect of his words, he stopped laughing all at once.

Rose stood at the open doorway leading to the Marney house. She stood framing the doorway, pale and frightened.

Horror and disgust were in her eyes. She had heard every word he said.

He looked at her stupidly, his oscillating gently upon his feet. There she was, his lovely Rose, in song of innocence. And he had called her a bawdy brat.

His face went the color of clay. He let out a wild cry of mingled agony and despair. Then his head dropped. He spun round and blindly staggered from the room.

For three whole days nothing was heard of Davie Muir. But on the afternoon of the third day at high tide in the River Leven some children found something bobbing gently against the steps of Quayside opposite the lodging-house.

It was the drowned body of Davie Muir.

"Scilicet occidimus, nec spem et ulla salutis—"

To Finlay and Jackson, of the "Advertiser," fell the melancholy duty of going through Davie's effects.

There was nothing of value or importance. But in his room in High Street they found some verse written in Greek.

Finlay knew little of this language, yet he knew enough to see that they were odes written to Rose.

He concealed them quickly from Jackson's intrusive eyes.

As they came down the stairs Jackson said to Finlay:

"I suppose, when all is said and done, the poor devil really drowned himself in a fit of delirium tremens."

Finlay was silent for a moment, then he shook his head sadly.

"No, not that, Jackson. It was delirium—not of the head—but of the heart. If you must give it a name—call it—delirium cardiac."

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## GIRLIGAGS



"MANY a fellow puts his money on a horse's nose, while his wife's nose goes shiny."

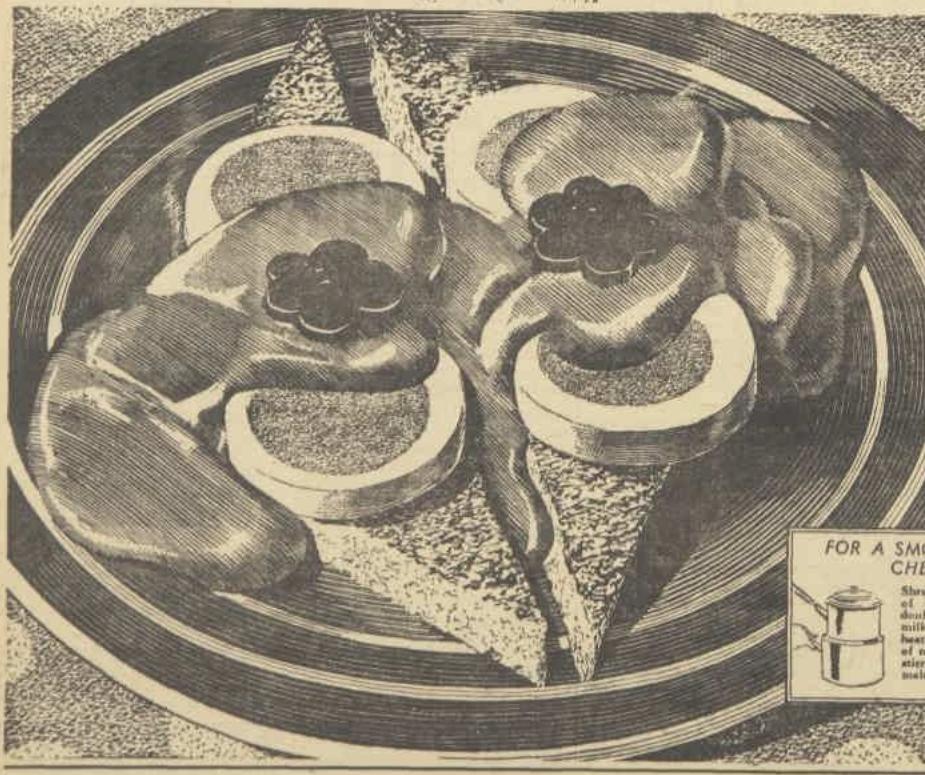
Rose Marney had been seen keeping company on a lonely country road with Davie Muir, libertine and drunkard.

The scandal reached Pat Marney on the following day.

His fat, good-natured face congealed with horror and rage. Without a word he grabbed his stick and set out to find Davie. They met, that Saturday afternoon, full in the middle of the crowded High Street.

"You dog," shouted Marney. "You

more please ... it's made with KRAFT CHEDDAR



Eggs and toast and golden Kraft Cheddar sauce ... here's a dish that's easy to fix and tastes delicious any chilly breakfast time or luncheon. With this mellow flavoured Kraft Cheddar you can add more flavour, and more food value, to dozens of every day meals! Remember, every packet of Kraft you buy is rich in proteins, energy units, vitamin A ... and above all, the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which build strong bones, sound teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese.

Kraft Cheddar is sold at all food stores in 2, 4 and 8 oz. packets. Pasteurised for purity. Foil wrapped for freshness.



The World's Finest  
Cheeses are made by KRAFT

## CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

## PLEA FOR BEAUTY

Is our regard for beauty and morality being neglected for schemes for material prosperity?

Rome developed comfort and luxury, but literature and art declined and ideals vanished. Wealth could not save Rome because the Roman spirit was dead.

Emerson said: "Let us not forget the adoption of the test; What is it good for? would abolish the rose and exalt in triumph the cabbage."

May we be spared the day when materialistic glutony shall leave us no room for appreciation of the beauty of the things of the spirit.

Hi for this letter to Winifred Johnson, 88 Wycombe Rd., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

## DRESS ALLOWANCE

WHAT is a fair and proper sum for a wife to receive for her dress allowance?

On this question depends much of the happiness of one's marriage.

It is neither right nor fair for a wife to have to ask for every penny she needs. Surely ten per cent. of her husband's income is a fair proportion?

Mrs. H. Brentnall, 237 St. George's Terrace, Perth.

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CONVENTION'S SLAVES

SO many of us are quite content to absorb other people's ideas and conform our lives to their pattern.

Why should we be slaves to convention? If our ideas are good, we should have the courage to try them out.

So many of us allow our minds to become a lumber-house, where other people dump their ideas.

L. Smith, Lawes Sliding, Qld.

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## SIGN OF WEAKNESS

It is better to give than to receive," runs the old saw, but is good use a sign of strength in one's character, or of weakness?

The obliging person is always imposed upon by his fellows, and does not seem able to refuse a favor.

The ability to deny in Justice to one's self does not savor of selfishness, but of courage. Good nature shows weakness rather than strength.

Sylvia Roberts, 74 Poath Road, Hawthorn, Vic.

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## DEAR DEPARTED

JUST a word for the grandmothers of yesterday—those dear women who did not mind growing old with the years; whose figures were ample; whose grey hairs and wrinkles were many.

Where have they gone? Sacrificed at the altar of artificial youth!

The grandmother of to-day is young—soft-skinned, hair cut, permed, and dyed. She looks youthful, but no longer comforting.

To-day she is merely another woman afraid that time will overtake her. Keep her as she was. The world needs her to-day!

Miss V. Rose, 131 Grafton Street, Warwick, Qld.

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## FATHER AS NURSE

I OFTEN wonder why it is that so little credit is given to the father in the upbringing of a child. People seem to imagine that a man is out of his element in this sphere.

On the contrary, it is my belief that it is only the convention of a mother caring for the babies that has given rise to this idea.

If a man is called upon to do so, he fulfills his duty just as well as a woman.

A friend of mine brought up his child from the age of three months to six years. And it was the healthiest, happiest child possible.

Do readers think that a man is as good a nurse as a woman?

J. P. Church, King's Park Rd., West Perth.

## So They Say

## Do Women Really Want to Be Men's Equals?

I AGREE with the sentiments expressed by Mrs. Quinlivan (2/7/38), when she says that few women in their hearts really want equal status with men.

The gay young things of to-day miss much of the chivalry and protective care accorded women by the men of yesterday.

Does any woman, however "modern" and independent, feel really safe, taking a lonely journey at night?

Mrs. J. Marshall, Mirrabooka, Muckadilla, W. Line, Qld.

## What Is It?

I AGREE with Mrs. Quinlivan that women do not in their heart of hearts want equality with men. What they want is their own way.

I know many business women who have no qualms whatever about filling a position which once a man held. That, they say, is equality.

Yet there are not many of them who take it well when they are left standing in the tram or when a man companion does not offer to pay their fare.

Is that equality—or is it just good, old-fashioned feminine inconsistency?

Mrs. B. Harrington, Payneham Rd., St. Peters, S.A.

## Essential in Business

MRS. QUINLIVAN asks what woman wants equality with man.

Equality doesn't matter much to the average married woman with her home and children to care for and a husband who looks after her every need.

But it does matter to the business woman who must make her own way in the world.

Mrs. Quinlivan says while women remain afraid of "mice and thunderstorms" they will never be men's equals. This is a frivolous argument, and besides I do not think women entertain such fears to any great extent.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 28 Cobden Street, Belmore, N.S.W.

## Confession of Weakness

MRS. QUINLIVAN says that women should be quite content to be regarded as man's inferiora. I think she will find few to agree with her.

Such an attitude betokens weakness of character and relegates women to the background in life, a state inconsistent with their present-day achievements. Consider Kirsten Flagstad, Jean Batten, Amy Molinoff—to name only a few. Are these women inferior, artistically, physically, or mentally, to any man?

No, they are not, nor are many thousands of others.

If there are some of the female sex who like to be treated condescendingly by "the lord and master," then let them do so, but it would be foolish of them to presume that they are representative of Madame 1938.

Miss J. Beale, 36 Tennent Parade, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

## Dependent Creatures

DESPITE all the fuss made about equality, most women really don't want to be on the same footing as men.

They all cherish the little courtesies



Prefer to be on same footing

accorded them as members of the weaker sex.

In nature woman is a dependent creature, and is happiest in her own home, being cared for by a considerate husband.

I think most women will agree with me.

Mrs. E. Edwards, Garfield St., Launceston, Tas.

## This Casual Use of Christian Names

K. G. PORTER (2/7/38) is of the opinion that Australians are too prone to use Christian names.

I fail to see the harm in this practice, and I do not think it should make anyone feel inferior. Rather it should create a more friendly atmosphere.

As for it being rude, Australians do not consider it so. They are easy going.

Mrs. M. Devine, c/o. G.P.O., Melbourne.

## Disrespectful Habit

I WOULD like to congratulate K. G. Porter for her very sensible letter regarding the casual use of Christian names.

I agree that it is a very ill-mannered practice.

It is all right, of course, among young people who know each other well, but I do object to being called by my Christian name on a first introduction.

It shows a lack of respect, and as K. G. Porter said, "It makes one feel foolish."

Miss Athel M. Kook, Woodlands, Darlington Point, N.S.W.

## Creates Friendliness

IF people are friends, or even acquaintances of long standing, there is nothing undignified in the use of Christian names. In fact, it creates an atmosphere of warmth and good fellowship.

A friend who had been living among strangers for some time returned to her home town and she told me that it was positively exhilarating to be

## "Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth . . ."

WHAT a pity it is that people do not express their gratitude more freely! Such expressions would warm the hearts of yearning parents who have sacrificed their own comfort for the sake of their children's future.

A father who, by struggling, has placed all his children in good positions said to me, "If only they would put their arm around my shoulder and say, 'Dad, we are grateful!' I would be quite satisfied. I want no further thanks. But they take everything for granted."

Miss Gladys Anney, c/o Mr. R. D. Douglas, Ann Street, Valley, Brisbane.

called by her Christian name again. So there is something in favor of the habit.

J. G. Paynton, Garden Street, Hawthorn E3, Vic.

## The Golden Mean

I THINK that K. G. Porter is partially right when she criticises the practice of Australians in indiscriminately using Christian names.

When I first joined the staff of a big firm I was amazed to find men to whom I had never spoken—not necessarily my superiors in the office—calling me by my Christian name, while I would never have dreamt of addressing them as anything but Mr.

On the other hand there are other types of persons who, after ten years, will still continue to address their friends formally.

This is an age of freedom and strained courtesy of that description has something of that ghastly characteristic, "gentility."

In the use of Christian names, as in everything else, the ideal is the golden mean.

Ruth Sullivan, Hamilton St., Launceston, Tas.

## Behind the Times

K. G. PORTER is behind the times if she thinks that Australians are too casual in their use of Christian names.

I think it is a friendly way of addressing people, and cannot see how it would make one feel inferior.

Miss Eva Grant, 64 Foley St., Kew E4, Vic.

## Solitude Not Always Unhappy State

"PRECIOUS solitude," Miss Bell

(2/7/38) has been romanticised and over-estimated by poets and novelists since the beginning of time.

It is always the cry of those who do not know what it is. Those who



Precious solitude

have solitude mostly say that it is the unhappiest state in the world, for, whether we like it or not, we are social in our instincts.

Of course, I agree that rushing about can be overdone. Meditation is good for one, but too much of it becomes self-concentration and self-flattery.

I like the words of one honest poet who said:

"Oh, solitude, where are the charms, Which sages have found in thy face?"

Better dwell in the midst of alarms, Than reign in this horrible place."

Mina Fortune, King William St., Adelaide.

## Privacy Welcomed

MISS M. BELL is right. Solitude is precious. The average woman, however, has little or no time alone. Her day is one long series of interruptions.

Many women I know would welcome an evening with a book, but there are so many things to contend with.

Most homes have a radio going at night, or the husband wants to go to the local picture show.

There is time to be given to the children, home-work to be supervised, and, if the family is growing up, the wife must be ready to entertain young people.

Yes, Miss Bell, married women at least would welcome a little privacy.

Mrs. Winifred Macleod, 59 Victoria Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

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**T**HERE had been

no snow magic for him and — for her, twenty years ago. Twenty years! She had been much younger than Rosalie was now—and three times as wonderful. Now he was old, and she—she was old as well. So life proceeded, and left men and women lost in the bewilderment of their lost loves and dead romances.

When people saw Mrs. Marsh for the first time, they invariably said how beautiful she must have been when a girl. Then, in surprise, they would say: "She's still beautiful, and really quite young." A few threads of silver in her chestnut hair showed the march of time, and some indefinable quality of wisdom round her mouth, which smiled without giving away any of its secrets. In her eyes, too, a veiled look lurked, so that people wondered what had hurt her, and why.

Rosalie seldom regarded her

mother's appearance, unless to beg her, impatiently, to put on less plain clothes. Of what use was it to own a smart little hat and frock shop in the expensive city block without looking the part of its exclusive owner? "Why don't you go gay?" Rosalie would persist. Or: "Why don't you give parties and have a good time?" And the eternal: "Why don't you smarten yourself up more, Mum, and look like something modern? You could knock years off your age in looks, if you wanted to. When I get old—"

"Mutton dressed up as lamb, my pet," exaggerated the age of the mutton. A woman past thirty-five —to be discreet—when dressing like a fashion-plate miss of twenty, is not only absurd and unsightly, but pathetic." Slim, poised, with good

Continued from Page 8

teeth and smoothly-arranged coiffure. Clare surveyed her tumble-headed daughter with wise toleration. "When you get old—I wonder? You have first to grow up, Rosalie."

People who knew much of Clare Marsh's story said how lucky she was to have had her soundly-reared husband die before the law courts had to take a hand. Marrying, though, at eighteen, what could one expect, and Rosalie arriving while her mother was still in her teens. And the father, a charming rascal, irresponsible, carefree, a philanderer and spendthrift, only a few months older.

**H**OW lucky Clare had been, really, if one chose to look at it that way. Most women had to go on . . . and on . . . suffering in shame, humiliation, disappointment, and final public disgrace . . . but Clare had been widowed.

Yes, she thought, when whispers of those comments came her way—widowed at twenty-four with a small girl to raise, train, care for, love, and keep healthy and clad. With rent to pay and something to find that meant financial security—of a sort. Sewing, sewing, sewing . . . tears falling far too often on the child's curly head or the fabric the mother stitched until dizzy with weariness, ready to scream and run from the sound of the sewing machine and the exasperating orders of dissatisfied clients. Debts to pay—debts made by the dead man. Something to do next that meant schooling Rosalie properly, frocking her, giving her her chance in life. A risk when taking that expensive little shop in town and hiring dressmakers! Six months of terror with debts piling up. Several years of recovery. Expenses again demanding greater efforts. Rosalie was to have a home into which her friends could come. Another risk, more dressmakers, more debts, more anxiety—but now Lizette was well-known to an exclusive clientele who could depend utterly on that nice Mrs. Marsh selecting just the colors and styles to subdue their worst points and accentuate their good ones.



A GREAT DRAMATIC ACTRESS . . .  
A STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL GIRL . . .

# Bette Davis

tells how she discovered the World's best Beauty care—

"It was Hollywood that first taught me how simple skin care can be. Nearly all the stars use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It simply is the best way in the world to keep skin smooth, soft and clear."

BETTE DAVIS  
A Warner Bros. Star  
in "Trotel"

## Lux Toilet Soap SUPERCREAMED

(SKIN-CREAM-IN-THE-SOAP)  
keeps skin soft  
and smooth

Ordinary toilet soaps leave your skin dry and parched, but Lux Toilet Soap protects natural skin oils because it is Supercreamed. This is an exclusive process of actually blending precious skin cream into every tablet—your cream as you wash. Try the soothing supercreamed lather of Lux Toilet Soap and notice how soft and supple your skin becomes . . . how glowingly lovely.



Girls! Hollywood can teach you to be as glamorous, as radiantly lovely as the screen stars! Nothing elaborate . . . nothing expensive . . . simply regular use of Lux Toilet Soap! This is the beauty care of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars . . . the reason why their skins stay fresh and clear and youthfully lovely always. Know the fascination of a beautiful complexion . . . use Lux Toilet Soap regularly!

### MAKE THIS TEST—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

Take a bar of Lux Toilet Soap and test it against the soap you are using now or any other. Notice the unmistakably smoother, creamier feel of the supercreamed lather compared with ordinary lather. That's the actual cream you can feel. Notice, too, how much more richly and plentifully Lux Toilet Soap lathers on the instant it comes in contact with water.

A LEVER PRODUCT



6-290-15

### FOR VIM & VIGOUR IN OLD AGE



## Betty's "Racey" Narratives

### Lucky Kid Breaks an Unlucky Sequence of Second Placings

By BETTY GEE

A woman next to me in the stands kept telling her friends she'd had the good tip about Unlucky Kid at Canterbury races on Saturday; so persistently you'd have thought she was trying to bait me.

Perhaps she'd read it in my last letter that unless it won the Canterbury race it would be rechristened Unlucky Kid, and it sort of stuck in her vocal chords.

FUNNY how some horses like Unlucky Kid—there I go doing it myself—keep running seconds. She went to Melbourne to run second in February. Came back for another at Tamworth in May, and still another at Victoria Park in June, and then forth she went to Brisbane to get a close second at Doomben.

But such runs have to break sometimes, and as it turned out when Fate picked Saturday for the day it was at last the best price she had shown for a long time.

But it wasn't Lucky Kid who broke the unlucky sequence. It was Darby Munro.

But this carries me ahead of my

story. Fancy laying odds on a Hurdleracer! But that's what they did on Verloc at Canterbury, and, of course, he landed their wagers, but I wasn't there to risk squandering my money on such a fragile proposition.

Then in the second race, I had just raced up to a bookmaker for an even pound on Royal Prince, and the next moment HE was odds on.

Perfectly ridiculous, of course, but he won.

Thereafter it became a succession of short odds and civility from the bookmakers.

But the multitude appreciate that, Small profits and quick returns. The Turf has attracted a race of small tradesmen.

For example, the next race was even money Kuttabul and 5 to 4 against Powder Puff.

But I was fortunate enough to hear

He's really a roan, but as pink as an apricot. He can run, too, but not quite fast enough for my £5 to £1.



GREY DERBY should appeal to women punters, says Betty. He is not grey, but an apricot shade, and will win a race soon.

Mr. Will Booth, the trainer, tell Mr. Bert Jolley that Powder Puff was a cert while the price was 2 to 1, and naturally I beat the books to their short-odds spurt.

There were a grey horse and a pink horse in the Flying Handicap, Arabia and Grey Derby, and while I was cogitating between the two I spotted Grey Derby in the distance, and immediately he became my choice.

He's really a roan, but as pink as an apricot. He can run, too, but not quite fast enough for my £5 to £1.

#### Cid Atones

Let Slip beat him half a length. But I think I'll follow him up.

I made some nasty remarks about Cid in a letter a few weeks ago. Some of us even inferred he ought to be at home on his owner's farm.

But I humbly apologise.

The more so, because I had £4/10/0 to £1 about him on Saturday. Only because Darby Munro was the jockey.

It was only because Darby was in the saddle Cid won, too. He wanted to quit. Darby wouldn't let him.

But I came an awful flop on Paul Jones in the First Park Stakes. Mr. Dan Lewis said he couldn't lose.

So I went my £2 at 4 to 1, and in a moment there was such a scramble to follow my lead that he touched 2 to 1.

He raced with the favorite Cleopatra for a half-mile, and then the lady dropped him cold, and won easily. Paul didn't even get a place.

But, of course, when Darby was given as Lucky Kid's pilot, I indulged myself with £9 to £2 in the next race.

It didn't look so bright when she early trailed in the rear. It was worse when with four furlongs to go she was still herding the whole field.

And it became tragic when two furlongs from home she was still last. I became thoroughly agitated. But in a moment Darby accelerated and the race was over. She won running away.

#### Search Failed Me

I had the big tip about Search for the last race. "A champion from the country," Mr. Romano declared, "and couldn't lose."

I had £7 to £2, and once again the crowd followed my lead, and in a moment Search was 2 to 1.

But you can take it from me, Search won't set any city course afire again. If it was a "him," I'd suggest "back to the land, young man." Search ran third. Braedens won the race at 10 to 1.

Very difficultly, because of his lack of success, the Head Waiter suggests Lockray for the Three-year-old at Victoria Park Wednesday. He says Lockray is the best horse from the country we've seen in years.

But my own big tip from the syndicate is Fugitive. He's been racing over hurdles, but will be all the better for that, and Victoria Park is his champion course. He's in the V.P. Handicap, Wednesday.

I've had a whisper from the Florist's Girl for Coronation in the Novice.

The racing this week is funny. Saturday is another pony course, Kensington, and at time of writing they haven't even taken entries for the races.

Perhaps it's post-entry, like the picnic and pub meetings. But I've been told to wait for Miss Command there.

# Bon Marche

"BARKLY" Sewing Machine  
for Grace, Dependability, and Value!



On Easy Terms:  
**10/-**  
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**2/6**  
Weekly

The "Barkly" will eventually pay for itself because you will save pounds and pounds on Dress-maker's Bills, etc.

The Bon Marche "Barkly" Sewing Machine is reliable, dependable, and practical! It will stand up to endless use. The machine itself is the latest and is fitted with the newest improvements. With the "Barkly" you get a set of attachments for hemming, felling, tucking, ruffling, etc. And our demonstrator will show you how to use each one. Cabinets light or dark oak. Cash Price **£18/18**

(Trade-in your old machine as part payment or part deposit)

The "Barkly" is available in See the Art Moderne cabinet polished walnut model with bookshelf £19/19/- £22/10/-

Bon Marche, Ltd., 1 Broadway, Sydney

## A NEW CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT for the whole family

5 P.M.—Auntie Goodie and Bimbo entertain the Tiny Tots in song and story.

5.15 P.M.—The Radio Postman strolls down Queen Street delivering his birthday calls.

5.20 P.M.—(Monday and Thursday): The Dog-Lovers' Club invites the kiddies to join its ranks.

5.30 P.M.—Krazy Kollege has a new master and four new pupils.

5.40 P.M.—Bobby Briton, a thrilling serial written by Jack Davy, and featuring radio favorites.

5.50 P.M.—Old Goldie, the Goblin. Exciting adventures in the Magic Rocket Ship.

6 P.M.—Charles Cousins presents "The Radio News-paper of the Air."

## 2GB CALLING ALL CHILDREN

### Radio Stars of the Future

Every child can be a radio personality on STATION KID. It's operated by the kiddies themselves, who perform as announcers, artists, and personalities. Auditions are held every Saturday afternoon at 2GB, and you are invited to attend and qualify as a radio personality.

STATION KID can surely be claimed the children's radio station of the air.

### STATION KID

is on  
the  
AIR

Every  
Wednesday and  
Saturday

at

**5.20** p.m.

2GB, The Nation's Station



There's no "magic" in attaining skin beauty. It's there all the time... though neglect or wrong treatment may have clouded it over. Dry or normal skins are immediately enriched by Vimard Vardia. It nourishes the skin tissues, vitalizes lifeless cells and forms a perfect powder base.

Give your skin a chance to reveal its natural beauty... to emerge in all its glowing loveliness and glamour. The daily application of Vimard Vardia banishes every skin-fault and leaves your complexion youthful.

Vimard Astringent Lotion, 3/- & 5/-  
Vimard Hand Lotion ... 3/-  
Vimard Tissue Cream ... 3/6 & 5/-  
Vimard Emolia, 3/- & 5/-



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FOR DRY OR NORMAL SKINS

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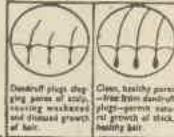
# Drives Out Itching Dandruff



## Stops Falling Hair.

Dandruff is a germ, hidden in the hair root. These little white scaly flakes are, but a symptom. If neglected, the germ plugs up pores, the hair starves, weakens, falls out. The value of *Crystolis Rapid* lies in a unique power of penetrating deep down into the hair roots, where its special action dissolves and expels the invisible parasitic dandruff germs—and leaves the whole scalp cleansed and invigorated.

Secondly—it stimulates the hair follicles to active, normal natural functions. So there's a daily massage with *Crystolis Rapid* not only roots dandruff (and with it, the trouble of falling hair)—but many fine & noticeable re-growth of hair. Many prominent people are using this remarkably effective treatment. Get a bottle to-day, 2/11 and 4/11. All chemists, stores, hairdressers. Guaranteed.



"Hair was dry, brittle and falling out. After half the treatment—itching dandruff gone, and a new growth of hair."

H.R.A.

**CRYSTOLIS RAPID**

Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Profession as World's most Effective Scalp Treatment, and Aid to Hair Growth.

"HI! LOOK HOW MUCH  
WHITER PERSIL WASHES  
THESE SHEETS"

**PERSIL**  
THE AMAZING  
OXYGEN  
WASHER

You may be satisfied  
now... but until you  
use PERSIL your  
washing can't be  
really white

However much washing experience you have had, you will get a surprise when you see your first Persil boil. Persil's oxygen-charged suds shift grime and stains thoroughly—make clothes perfectly clean, and so perfectly white.

MOST of the young men were occupied, and promised, so she was forced, reluctantly, in order to be partnered, to endure Jim Ridgeway's unhappy comradehip. They danced and skated and skated almost in silence. Sometimes sharp tiffs arose, and often they would part in mutual anger—and some dismay for the harsh things said. Rosalie would not give in: "If a girl loves one man and marries another, it's bad for all three. Isn't it kinder to be honest NOW, rather than marry you unwillingly and bust everything up in five years' time—or five days or five weeks? Don't be so childish, Jim."

So Jim, seething inwardly with pain and frustration, tried not to be "childish," while Rosalie alternately fussed over Mark by the fireside until she tired of sitting still, and rushed out to forgive Jim for something not committed, and spend the hours with him in violent exercise.

"He's not young, you know," said Jim one evening. "He's not old, either, but he'll be old twenty years before you will, my girl. You can't stand one day now of being unaccompanied, so what will you do at thirty—thirty-five—when he's inclined only for the hearthside and such quiet things?"

"Don't be tedious," she cried—while a fear stabbed into her. She ran away from the frightening feeling by dancing wildly with whom-ever asked her—and she did not miss one dance. In the doorway stood

Mark and Clare, watching on. He used a stick and felt again an old twinge in the long-ago injured leg whose weakness had made his ankle give way. "How young she is," he said, and sighed without knowing it.

Clare took a cigarette from his case. "Yes, how young—as I was, over twenty years ago. Mark—do you think she notices we know each other? Not! Youth notices very little concerning its—elders. Shall we sit by the fire? I'm tired. This is a glorious rest for me and I must use every moment of it. And you are tired, too."

Peace, he thought, before a glowing fire, with Clare in one armchair and he in another. Cigarettes, memories, the sweet-sad thought of how the passing years must rob them all, and the loving flames flickering into tiny cinema pictures of the scenes lived over in mind.

Silence, then: "I've not recovered from the shock of seeing you again, Clare. After all those years. You haven't changed much."

"Oh, my dear, that's kind of you, but I have. You have, too."

"Much, Clare?" he asked quickly.

"Not much, essentially. You're still grave and quiet, tall and reserved—all those things about you are the same. But the years make a difference and it's no use denying it. Why deceive ourselves?" Isn't that lying, when the truth is much wiser and kinder?"

"Kinder?" he queried.

"It's a comfort, Mark, not to have to fight to keep young. The effort isn't worth the cost."

"You think me fighting to keep young by... becoming attached to Rosalie?" He was profoundly awkward and deeply moved, nor could he diagnose those disturbing symptoms. In acute unease, with a feeling as if he had suddenly plunged into emotional depths that were drowning him, he fought his surface self into order. His cigarette case appeared again: "You've suffered, Clare, and with far more courage than I. With far more burdens, too." She did not deny it; her story, in brief, had been given him some days before. He spoke again, in tones so quiet that the ash in the hearth made almost as much sound. Music came from the other end of the building; it ran behind their thoughts and words like a poignant accompaniment:—"and what was the quarrel over? Remember? No, nor do I."

"REMORSE for me," she told him with her throat cramped, "because I hurt you so. Blindly and wilfully and proudly, and pride is the enemy of love. Oh, Mark, the waste—the desolation! The awfulness of it. Might Have Been. And here is Rosalie, fighting away from her Jim in just the same way." Clare's voice lifted; it held an entreaty: "Why won't they listen, Mark? Do you love her? Do you? DO you?"

Time, the snows, the distant music all melted into a blur of thought and sound that meant nothing. Do I? he asked himself, and knew the answer, to his shame, and to his dismay. "No," he answered. "No, Clare, how could I? I wanted... her youth, perhaps, to keep mine from vanishing too soon. She's your girl, so I love her in another way and always will. Since you came I love her as a father, almost. Since you came... since you came..." He almost groaned aloud. What a mess! What follies loneliness can make the wisest of men commit.

Both were silent in the awkward wretchedness of much to say that honor and circumstance bid remain unsaid. And the man, with a sharp shock, knew now the whole of the truth. He had long ago been in love with a splendid young creature called Clare; he had again fallen in love with a splendid young creature very much like Clare. Now he loved the woman grown from that immature Clare, and she was the mother of Rosalie.

Without thinking, so lost was he in his speculations, Mark said quietly: "I believe, Clare, I've carried you round in my heart so long and so hungrily that it was inevitable to be attracted by your daughter. She is very much as you were, long ago. You... I've never ceased loving you, Clare. And that explains my loneliness."

White faced, she lifted her head: "Yes, and mine—for similar reasons: I have two loves, Mark, you and her. If you can't marry her honestly, must I make her hate me for taking the man she is in

## Snow Magic

Continued from Page 20

love with? I can't do that to her. The young suffer too much and too horribly. I know."

"May I kiss you, dear, just once . . . ?" He felt his face chilling. The feeling crept all over him as she thrust his blindly searching hands back from her own and stood sharply on her feet. She laughed softly as if at an intolerable irony beyond her power to understand. "Better not, Mark, better not . . ."

Neither saw a frightened girl release the heavy curtain on which she had been clinging. For ten startled, revealing, and dramatically tense minutes. She found Jim blundered out the story, stared at him with frantic eyes, and whispered, "She's been lonely. Jim. She's been lonely and I never even knew. I'm ashamed. I've grown up. She said I haven't yet, but I have now. You were right. She was right. And you and I, as he and she were, are at a crisis . . . She swayed towards him and fell sobbing into his ready arms. "If you can forgive . . . will you have me back? Those darlings! I love them both. We must go and tell them NOW."

### A

PAUSE, a kiss, a scrubbing at her eyes with a handkerchief—Jim's handkerchief—and she was ready to face the pair in the little firelit alcove. "—and now to break another engagement," she said bleakly. But Jim would have none of that. "Not another," he said. "A cancellation, that's all. You've unbreaking one with me; remember, and this one will remain unbroken. See."

She stopped dead halfway down the hall and whispered the tale of the clearing and the strange old tree where people said there was snow magic. Kiss . . . and never more be separated and never more unhappy. "—I'm GLAD I didn't make him risk that spell with me, Jim . . ." and she whispered again. Then they hurried down the corridor to where two silent, unhappy people sat staring into the heart of a fire.

"Put on your thickest wraps," Rosalie ordered after she had joined them with Jim. She threw one arm round his back and drew him to her side. "Go on, you two. We've just got engaged again and please don't make a fuss because we know EVERYTHING. We want these chairs. You two are going out into the cold, cold world . . . so get your wraps."

"What . . . for?" stammered Clare.

"Why?" asked the bewildered older man.

Rosalie gave him a little push. "You and Mum have a date with a bewitched glade, in case you don't know it. Jim and I have found our snow magic and you've got to find yours—and you're not taking any chances on losing each other again, so get your wraps and hurry. The magic wanes with the moon."

Clare hesitated and glanced out of doors; the moon was riding high above the white peace of the sleeping blue-white world when she stood by Mark on the terrace.

(Copyright.)

## If Your Ears Ring with Head Noises.

If you have catarrhal deafness or head noises, go to your nearest chemist or store and get a 4/- bottle of Paraffin (double-strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has catarrhal deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial. Get Paraffin to-day.\*\*\*

## New Way to Hold Loose FALSE TEETH Firmly in Place

Do false teeth annoy and bother by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh? Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This new, tasteless powder holds teeth firm and comfortable. No gumby, gooey, pasty taste. Makes breath pleasant. Get FASTEETH today at any chemist (2 shillings). Refuse substitutes.

A PRIZE of £1/- is awarded for the best Real Life story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

## Driven Into Tree by Pack of Howling Dingoes

### ... Midnight Terror

Perched in the branches of a tree at midnight with a pack of howling dingoes below... terrifying suspense awaiting daylight and hoping to be found... then a shot and rescue by her husband.

That was the experience of Mrs. H. Corby, of Bungendore, N.S.W., and in recounting it she wins this week's prize of a guinea for Real Life Stories.

DINGOES howled around our lonely "outpost" home on Talbingo (writes Mrs. Corby), but, assured that they would not attack human beings, they did not worry me till one dreadful night.

My husband had gone to mend a fence some miles away, and knowing the direction from which he would return I rode out to meet him.

While passing a low branch I reached up for a switch and Warrigal, always a rogue, shot from under me and galloped away. I went on, thinking to double-bank my husband's horse when I met him, but soon realised that I was hopelessly lost.

I found a spring and decided that it was desirable that I should remain in the vicinity until found. Consequently I made up a set of bracken and made up my mind to act as bravely as possible in the unpleasant circumstances.

This I succeeded in doing until about midnight, when the howl of a dingo made my scalp creep.

It was answered by another, and another, till the bush re-echoed with their howls.

A dingo pack was gathering, but whether they were after me or not water I could not tell. The fact was they were coming.

In blind terror I raced down the gully, heedless of torn flesh, till a rock not twenty yards away I saw an outsize dingo outlined against the moon.

Then in some mysterious way, I found myself in the branch of a tree looking down on dozens of lurking forms... silent, terrifying things, with gleaming eyes.

The events that followed were never clear to my mind. There was confusion, shots, a fight, jogging through the night on the front of my husband's saddle—then blessed warmth and security.



### SURE RELIEF

Most people have experienced the annoyance and pain of stiff neck. Don't suffer again. At the first symptom use Sloans. It penetrates instantly without rubbing—eases congestion—leaves no trace of pain. Sloans is a concentrated medicament containing active ingredients only. Get a bottle to-day—keep it handy.

1/- at all Chemists.  
**SLOANS**  
LINIMENT  
KILLS PAIN

# Real Life Stories



### Barney's Crime

BARNEY was an Irish wolfhound—a beautiful, intelligent animal who adored children.

At a neighbor's home was a six-months-old baby, and Barney would lie for hours on the lawn beside the pram. Often he would peer solemnly at the sleeping infant, give a deep, contented sigh and stretch out once more on guard.

One afternoon I heard baby giggling happily to herself, and peeping over the fence I saw Barney standing beside the pram "smiling" at her.

A few minutes later he came in to me, his jaws covered with blood and such a look of abject shame about him that I was amazed. I called him sternly.

He came, stood before me, refused to meet my eyes, and hung his head.

A terrible fear gripped me. I ran to the fence and looked at the pram. It was empty!

A blood-stained cloth lay beside it on the lawn—and one tiny pink bootee.

I tore into the neighbor's place, fear in my heart.

The baby's mother was coming out the door, the precious infant safe in her arms, all cosily wrapped up for an outing.

When I could speak, I explained my anguish, and together we went to the "scene" of the "tragedy."

"Well, for goodness sake!" said the baby's mother. "Barney has stolen the rabbits I intended taking to my sister. I left them near the pram when I took baby inside."

5/- to Miss H. C. Lennox, Calcutta P.O., Gippsland, Vic.

### False Alarm

I WAS busily tapping at my typewriter when the office telephone rang—an urgent call.

The message was an alarming one. The undertaker was at my home waiting to measure mother for her coffin. How this could be I did not know, for mother had left for business with my sister that morning.

Pulling myself together, I phoned my mother's office. She was all right. A mistake had occurred.

This is what had happened: My sister and I were in the same office, and the secretary had received a telephone message that a member's mother had died. The name of this member being somewhat similar to our own he had mistaken the name, and sent the undertaker to our place.

5/- to Miss Mary Turnbull, Brighton Avenue, Newcastle, N.S.W.

### Brave Front

IT had been an uneventful trip from England, but in the Indian Ocean a few days out from Cape Town we ran into a fog.

The passengers were suffering from "jitters" when at the midday meal there was a full blast from the siren.

"That's the signal for the lifeboats," somebody shouted, and there was a general rush for the deck.

Seated at my table was an elderly woman. She placed her hand in mine and we sat and watched the scramble and excitement until an officer explained that there was no need for alarm, and reprimanded those who had lost their heads.

When her relatives returned the old lady upbraided them. "But for this young lady I would have been alone!" she said.

Then, turning to me, she thanked me and whispered, "But tell me, dear, why didn't you run with the rest?"

I smiled. "I was glued to the seat with fright!" I admitted.

"So was I," said the old lady, "but we won't tell anyone!"

5/- to Helena James, Pine Street, Manly, N.S.W.

### Madman's Visit

WHILE my cousin and I were dozing in our sleep-out, I suddenly developed a queer feeling that somebody was watching me.

Then, to my horror, I saw a pair of hands slowly moving towards my neck, and felt a hot breath on my face.

I turned around to see where my cousin was, but she had wriggled down under the bedclothes, too frightened to scream.

Every second the man's hands were getting closer and his breathing faster. Then I screamed and the stranger ran.

Dad came out to see what was wrong, but I couldn't speak from fright. My cousin explained, and Dad set off to investigate.

The only clue he found was a man's shoe, size 8, with a rubber heel and sole.

Next day a detective told us not to worry—that the man was quite harmless. He is now in a mental home.

5/- to Miss Marie Jeans, 10 Came Street, Malvern, Vic.

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply in a letter of about 300 words the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned, whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie.

Only authentic incidents are eligible.

### Clairvoyant's Prophecy

WHEN on night duty in a large Melbourne hospital I made one of a party of nurses to visit a clairvoyant.

I was told that I was engaged in nursing, and that if I were looking after a case of dipsomania I should give it up immediately as danger threatened me.

The woman's "occult powers" impressed me, but I was not at all worried, as the patient I was then "specialising" was a frail little old lady not at all likely to develop D.T.'s.

At dinner that evening I was asked if I would like that night off duty instead of one previously arranged. I agreed, and on awakening next morning heard that the nurse who had taken my place was in the theatre undergoing an operation for injuries from which she did not recover.

She had gone upstairs and was standing near the landing, when an alcoholic patient ran amok and knocked her over the landing, fracturing her spine.

I now have a wholesome regard for clairvoyants and their prophecies. 5/- to Miss A. Rose, 19 George St., Stepney, S.A.

### Hugged by Monkey

WHEN I first went out to meet my husband, who was manager of a rubber plantation in the Federated Malay States, I motored out with him to the little town of Klang, where, at the Rest House, I was introduced to an old friend of my husband's and his wife.

After chatting for a while, she said, "Oh, do come and see my 'baby,'" and we walked along the veranda. There I saw a cot, and sitting on the frame was a monkey. Each of his arms measured about two and a half feet, and he stood nearly three feet high.

As we approached, the monkey gave a piercing cry, and springing at me threw both his long hairy arms round my neck. My husband rushed to my rescue, and, grabbing the monkey, removed its arms and set me free.

Later, when I had recovered, our friend assured us that the monkey was quite tame. She had brought it up from babyhood, hence the "baby." 5/- to Mrs. F. D. Forbes, Mowbray Terrace, East Brisbane.

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Give the children Saunders' Malt Extract after every meal. It promotes unbounded energy and vitality.



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Courses include cultivation of charm and personality, social etiquette, deportment, dress sense, make-up, correction of figure and voice faults, and the development of all the graces of lovely womanhood.

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## Girl's Happy East-West Romance



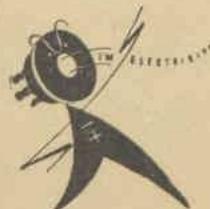
BETTY McDONALD, Sydney girl, and her husband, Mr. Nobushiro Katayama, snapped at their home in Tokio after a year of marriage.

RIGHT: The young couple at the time of their marriage.



Congratulations! You're a real little business woman!

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NOTE:  
The Sydney County Council has opened completely equipped Showrooms at 208 Burwood Road, Burwood. All facilities are available for the payment of accounts, the arrangement of transfers and the purchase of all electrical equipment. An interesting display of modern electrical equipment will be maintained and DEMONSTRATIONS OF ELECTRIC COOKERY will be a special feature.



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Queen Victoria Building, George Street, Sydney

She bought her electric range from the Sydney County Council. NO DEPOSIT . . . just a few shillings a month! The storage water heater was a BONUS! Sold to her for fourpence a week—and reduced by £6/10/- in price—because she did not delay her purchase.

If you are a customer of the Sydney County Council, the same SPECIAL OFFER is open to you. YOU can buy an approved Electric Range for as little as 2/5 per week. (There is no deposit and five year terms.) If you buy NOW . . . you can have the range AND the water heater for 3/2 per week and this includes all electric wiring and plumbing costs.

Don't miss this splendid opportunity. CALL to-day at the Electricity Showroom, Queen Victoria Building, and make your application.

## Sydney Bride Who Lives in Tokio

The East-West marriage of Mr. Nobushiro Katayama, Japanese musician, and Betty McDonald, beautiful Sydney girl, is still a romance—and they have been married over a year.

They are proving the unsoundness of Kipling's words about the east and west not meeting. To-day east and west not only meet but marry and apparently live happily ever after.

THE couple live in the foreign quarter of Tokio, and have many European as well as Japanese friends. They work hard, and are very happy, and there are no irate parents to placate.

Mr. Katayama, sen., and his family heartily approve of the match, so does Mrs. T. H. McDonald, mother of the bride.

Betty McDonald Katayama lived in Mosman prior to her marriage, and Nobushiro lived in Tokio. East met West in Sydney, where Mr. Katayama was studying music. Mr. Katayama also spent some time in Melbourne.

"They are ideally happy," says Mrs. McDonald. "Betty writes home that she is so happy and life is so perfect it is all like a beautiful dream. Betty's younger sister Margaret will visit them in Tokio some time next year.

"Her husband's parents have accepted their Occidental daughter-in-law and she finds affection and understanding in the house of her father-in-law."

Mr. Shige Katayama, the father, obtained his education at Oxford and is a wealthy banker in Tokio. The match was not approved without deep consideration on his part, as well as on the part of Betty's parents.

Mr. Katayama, sen., wrote: "I have been very cautious to give my consent, lest young people might have been tempted by their passionate love. At last I was persuaded to give my consent, after I was satisfied that all is well. I believe that my son is very happy in finding his better half not among the daughters at home, but beyond the sea."

### Charmed With People

BETTY writes most enthusiastic letters home of her life in Japan.

Dainty little Japanese servants in the traditional Japanese kimono do all the housework, and although theirs is a modern home with American furniture and furnishings it overlooks a Japanese shrine.

Not having any housework to do, and not wishing to while away her time in idle gossip, Mrs. Katayama is giving English lessons to Japanese students while her husband teaches music.

In this way she hopes to master the Japanese language, which she is learning very slowly.

Mrs. McDonald is looking forward to visiting her daughter in Tokio. She is charmed with the Japanese people. "Anyone who visits Japan cannot but be impressed with their culture," she says. Mrs. McDonald spent several

months in Japan prior to her daughter's marriage.

"When an Occidental is invited to a Japanese home he is at once conscious of his loud voice and his rude Western manners.

"The Japanese are so beautifully polite. I found myself instinctively lowering my voice, which I am sure gratified on their sensitive ears.

"Betty and Nobushiro are living in the International Settlement, where they have a great many friends. They are also accepted in the homes of his father's friends. Here in their own home they invite their friends and dance to American music and live a social life very similar to that of any young couple in Australia or elsewhere."

It's a joy  
to cook in a  
stove kept just  
like new with  
**MONKEY  
BRAND'S**  
smooth scratchless  
cleaning



# THE MOVIE WORLD

July 23, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One



## MOVIEDOM GOSSIP

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER,  
from New York and Hollywood

### Deanna—Opera Singer?

ONE thousand pounds a broadcast has been offered to Deanna Durbin, but she has turned it down. She is concentrating on her pictures and her studies, and above all wants to save her voice.

She wants to make her debut in the Metropolitan Opera House on her twenty-first birthday.

Deanna has been excused from attendance in the studio classroom, and is now studying privately with her own tutor.

### Contract for an Uncle

THESE is a movie contract awaiting Colin Tapley's uncle, Nigel Brock, if he cares to leave his home in Sydney and come to Hollywood.

Visiting his nephew in Malaya, there Colin was shooting scenes for "Belle," Brock met director Clyde Bruck, who gave him a small part in the film.

Paramount officials spotted Brock when the film, shot in Malaya, was at the studio and promptly called to Sydney and offered him a contract.

### Latest Laughton Film

FRANK LLOYD is so anxious for Charles Laughton to play Governor Bligh in his sequel to "Mutiny on the Bounty" that he is going to England to produce the film.

The difficult tax situation makes it impossible for Laughton to go to Hollywood, and Director Lloyd can be on one side in the role.

The new picture will deal with Wain's later career as a statesman.

### Costellos in Court

CHILDREN suing parents, or vice versa, has been the order of the day in Hollywood. Now it's Dolores Costello who's being sued by Maurice Costello, the famous matinee idol of a generation ago, for 200 dollars a month maintenance.

Appearing in court to defend herself, the lovely Dolores said she has been paying her father 100 dollars a month, as well as taking care of her sister Helen, who has been ill in a hospital for six months. Dolores says the hospital bills amount to 250 dollars a month; and, of course, she has her two children to support as well.

Costello and John Barrymore, Dolores' ex-husband and father of her children, used to be very close friends.

### Dramatic Role for Anita

ANITA LOUISE steps out of ingenue roles to play in the new Bette Davis film, "The Sisters." She will play the beautiful, but selfish, member of the sister trio, a part which calls for real acting.

Jane Bryan, who made her movie debut as Bette's sister in "Marked Woman," completes the trio.

### Fresh Glory for Freddie

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW passed his driving test with flying colors, and has been given one of the special restricted licences that California law provides for youngsters between fourteen and sixteen. They are not allowed to drive at night, and must always be accompanied by another licensed driver.

### JUDY CRACKS HARDY

JUDY GARLAND is in the hospital, seriously hurt as the result of an automobile accident. She has three broken ribs, a sprained back, and a slight puncture of one lung.

The little singing actress is keeping up her spirits in spite of the pain.

### New Cinderella Story

ELLEN DREW, playing lead opposite Ronald Colman in "If I Were King," proves again that Hollywood is the home of Cinderellas. From a Hollywood drug store where she was employed as a "soda-jerker," she suddenly found herself in a movie studio with a big contract.

It happened this way: Bill Demarest, a Broadway comedian, walked into the store one day and asked her for a plate of chocolate ice-cream, then told her she ought to be in the movies. Then he got her a movie test.

Colman himself arrived in America with only about \$12 in his pocket.

### Filming Best Seller

READERS of James Hilton's "We Are Not Alone" will be interested to learn that Miriam Hopkins is to portray the German dancer in the film version of the novel.

Warner Bros. bought the book for Paul Muni and Bette Davis, but since Miss Hopkins owed them a picture decided to give her the Davis role.

Muni is still scheduled for the male lead, but must first do "Phantom Crown" story of Maximilian and Carlotta.

### MISS TEMPLE TAKES A BOW

WITH SONG AND DANCE, but sans curls, Shirley has a more grown-up role in Fox's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." • 1. Phyllis Brooks, Randolph Scott, and Jack Haley. • 2. Shirley leads the band. • 3. Before the "mike." • 4. Phyllis Brooks in a maddening moment with Randolph. • 5. Down on the farm—Shirley and Helen Westley. • 6. The small star registers boredom. Gloria Stuart stands behind.

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# This Lovely Interloper

WINSOME NEWCOMER ARLEEN WHELAN MAKES HER FILM DEBUT IN "KIDNAPPED," AND DOES SURPRISING THINGS TO STEVENSON'S CLASSIC.

After seeing a rough-cut, the film starring Freddie Bartholomew and Warner Baxter, Darryl Zanuck, Fox producer, was so pleased with the work of Arleen Whelan as Jeannie MacDonald that he ordered £50,000 to be spent on building up her part.

Arleen, you may remember, is the twenty-year-old manicurist discovered by a Fox director a year ago. She has spent the past year tucked away in a dramatic school, and this is her first role in pictures.

Since the release of the film, "Kidnapped," she has been widely acclaimed as a first-rate actress, and has stolen the thunder from the male actors of the picture.

Having registered the fact that another newcomer has made good, try to remember just who "Jeannie MacDonald" was.

Then with a jolt we realize that Miss Whelan has achieved honor and glory for her work in a Stevenson story by depicting a character that never existed.

"Jeannie MacDonald" was created to provide a fitting debut for the budding starlet, and characters and situations of the book were juggled round to fit into a new romantic pattern.

The story of the book and of the



• PIQUANT study of Arleen Whelan, the surprise packet for springs on us in their screen version of "Kidnapped."



• Romantic scene with Warner Baxter, who plays Alan Breck in the picture. Freddie Bartholomew has the role of David Balfour, the boy who was kidnapped. Miss Whelan's next picture will be "Ellis Island," with Don Ameche.

screen play is set in Scotland of two centuries ago.

That is possibly the most important likeness between them.

As Stevenson wrote it, the plot revolves round David Balfour, eighteen-year-old orphan of resolute disposition and Whig persuasion, who joins forces with a swash-buckling Jacobite, Alan Breck.

The injection of feminine interest into the film has changed the character of the story.

Arleen Whelan plays a Scotch lassie, affianced to Breck's kinsman, James Stewart. Falling in love, however, with Alan (Warner Baxter), she persuades him to take her to Glasgow to her fiance, hoping to make him fall in love with her en route.

On the boat they meet up with David (Freddie Bartholomew), who has been kidnapped, and put to work in the galley.

Thus upon Jeannie's actions hinges the film story of the adventures of Alan and David. She is the mainspring which releases the action.

We might forgive Fox for the introduction of Jeannie MacDonald. Everyone enjoys a romance.

There is little fault to be found with the casting of Freddie Bartholomew as David, although he is a younger boy than Stevenson's eighteen-year-old character.

Some such real boy part is what Freddie has always needed to prove his worth as an actor.

But the casting of Warner Baxter as the dashing Highlander, Alan Breck, seems most inept.

This is a part that would fit Errol Flynn, or possibly Robert Donat, like the proverbial glove.

Baxter is a splendid actor in the right part, which is not Alan Breck of "Kidnapped."

There is nothing so pleasantly exhilarating as seeing a favorite classic brought to life on the screen provided it has been treated with reverence.

Recognising familiar situations and characters gives a fillip to entertainment.

After such respectful—and primitive—treatment of the classics as "Little Women," "David Copperfield," and, more recently, "Tom Sawyer," we had begun to hope that Hollywood had grown up in this respect.

It is specially disappointing in view of the fact that producers have announced that they will eschew music plays, vaudeville and stock romantic dramas for the future, to concentrate on imperial productions with biographical, historical, or spectacle features.

Tyrone Power is busy on "Spartacus," a story of the building of the famous canal, and will do "Stanley" in "Livingstone," with "Jesse James" to follow.

"Madame Curie" is the next picture for Irene Dunne. Charlie Boyer is busy right at the moment on "Aigle," a rousing outdoor drama.

Studios are rushing the rights to the classics and best sellers, and actors best suited to the characters are being sought with determination.

Cronin's "Citadel" is now under way, with Donat and Rosalind Russell, and the rights to "Kim," "Qui Vadis," and "The Old Curiosity Shop" have been snapped up.

Apparently, as the treatment of "Kidnapped" reveals, much of this activity is so much eyewash to trap the unwary.

Producers are still raising expectations by buying screen rights to favorite novels, only to remodel the stories until nothing is left of them except the title.

From  
**John B. Davies**  
New York



• Irene Dunne found the crazy comedy cycle wearing. Having finished her last comedy, "Joy of Living," for R.K.O., she is enjoying a spell from work before moving on to the M.G.M. lot for historical drama, a filming of the life of Madame Curie.

## All Work, No Play For the Stars

STAR shortage in Hollywood has some peculiar results. One is that the few non-rank stars . . . those who are earning real box-office money, and they're few . . . are being worked into breakdowns.

Little Miss Shirley Temple's extreme youth and vitality have saved her so far from joining the private mad squad, but plenty who have reached the advanced age of twenty-five or so have fallen, and more will fall.

The Ginger Rogers strike wasn't about money at all. Ginger only gets half as much as Fred Astaire, but she wouldn't keep her away from the studio on the day the cameras start rolling. She was sick.

She had only nine days off between "Stage Door" and "Having a Wonderful Time," barely a week's break between this and "Vivacious Lady," which was postponed considerably by the collapse of Jimmy Stewart!

As soon as "Vivacious Lady" finished they called her back for retakes of "Having a Wonderful Time."

Then they expected her to start work instantly on the Astaire film "Carefree."

Worried about her rapidly diminishing weight, she left the studio to have extra pounds taken off for the strenuous Astaire dance rehearsals, which take more out of a girl than a couple of Turkish baths a day.

So she asked for a few weeks' break from work—a nice long holiday.

When this was refused she just didn't turn up for work. The studio threatened her with suspension, served her with a legal notice to report, but finally came to terms.

The agreement is now that she is not to work after 8 p.m., has six weeks' rest after each dancing picture, four weeks off after other types of films.

Spencer Tracy, after a heavy run in pictures, had to undergo an operation, and production was delayed on "North-West Passage" to allow him some necessary rest. Mrs. Tracy took him away from it all, to Honolulu. Happy-go-lucky Robert Young, who takes everything uncomplainingly, finished "The Three Comrades," his most strenuous part in years, and then had twenty minutes off for a cup of black coffee before taking over on "The Toy Wife" set.

Usually a prominent night-clubber, he now spends his nights at home recuperating and preparing for a 6 a.m. riding each day.

GIVEN NO RESPITE BETWEEN PICTURE-MAKING, HOLLYWOOD FAVORITES ARE BEGINNING TO COLLAPSE UNDER THE STRAIN.

Loretta Young, one of Hollywood's hard workers, has uncomplainingly made a long line of glamor pictures for Fox, but collapsed after "Four Men and a Prayer." When the time for the making of "Three Blind Mice" came round she gathered her forces, and with a nurse in attendance started to work on the day scheduled.

Bette Davis raised a storm in the Warners' studio when she refused to play in "Comet Over Broadway."

She liked neither script nor story, but that was not entirely the trouble.

She had made five pictures in eighteen months for the studio, and was feeling badly in need of a holiday.

Her weight was below normal, and the making of an inferior picture was a prospect beyond endurance to her.

So she walked off the set.

Tyrone Power, now "tops" on the Fox lot, is having the busiest time of anybody. After a number of first-class pictures, "In Old Chicago," "Marie Antoinette," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," he is now expending quantities of energy on "Suez," Fox's triumphant entry into documentary drama.

Latest health note is that he is recovering from a severe attack of flu, and is generally in bad condition.

Irene Dunne found the crazy comedy cycle definitely enervating.

Fighting her fellow star brought her to a state of collapse after each picture. She is now enjoying a necessary spell.

Carole Lombard is another who has temporarily vanished from Hollywood and is lying low in some carefully concealed hideout.

Since "My Man Godfrey" she has made in quick succession some hilarious but exacting comedies, including "True Confession" and "Nothing Sacred." The pace has proved too much even for this ex-Hal Roach custard-pie thrower.



• Ginger Rogers, lovely R.K.O. star, went on strike until the studio granted her time off to rest between pictures.

# “They Called Me ‘Mr. Luise Rainer’”

SAYS CLIFFORD ODETS, PLAYWRIGHT HUSBAND OF WORLD-FAMOUS ACTRESS, EXPLAINING BREAKDOWN OF MARRIAGE.

HIDDEN behind anti-glare spectacles, and with his coat collar turned up as if he found the weather cold, Clifford Odets, who arrived in England on the Queen Mary, said: “They called me ‘Mr. Rainer.’ Well, I did jib at that. Why should I play second fiddle? I guess that’s the mechanical explanation for the breakdown of our marriage.”

That was how the 22-year-old, £300-a-week, democratic American playwright commented on the announced intention of his Viennese film star wife, Luise Rainer, to sue for divorce. They were married 18 months ago.

She says that he wanted her to give up her film career, that he resented being “Mr. Rainer,” that he objected to her wearing trousers.

Said Mr. Odets: “It is a pity. I’m exceedingly sorry our marriage is going to end like this. We had such hopes; we were sure that ours could never be just another Hollywood wedding.”

“But I guess I’ve a sense of being important for my own sake. I’m not unknown. I’ve done well.”

“As for trousers, if women wear them just for comfort’s sake I don’t mind, though I don’t admire them.”

But I wear the trousers in my own home, and that’s that.

“I think my wife is a great actress, but I didn’t tell her so. Maybe I should have done.”

“Our temperaments were too different; there must be some similarities for happy marriages.”

“Marriage between people with careers of their own might have worked once, but not to-day.”

Thus in mutual upbraiding ends the marriage of two of America’s most colorful people.

Luise Rainer has been only two years in pictures, but in that time has become one of the best-known, most-discussed, most-praised star discoveries of recent years.

## An Interview by Our London Representative

She has made five pictures only, three successes, two failures, and for two years running has won awards for the best acting.

Between her films Rainer found time to marry Clifford Odets, young flamboyant playwright regarded by many as the “white hope” of the American theatre.

He is well known as an actor. He first made his appearance in stock, and played with various companies for five years.

Since 1930 he has been appearing

• Clifford Odets, against whom Luise Rainer has instituted divorce proceedings, is foremost among the younger American playwrights. He is the author of the anti-Nazi play, “Till the Day I Die,” the banning of which caused such a furor in Sydney at the end of 1936, and which was also banned in Melbourne. His play, “Awake and Sing,” has also been produced in Australia.

in many important New York productions, and has found time to write a series of brilliant, provocative plays.

Odets, who, of course, despises capitalistic Hollywood, went there simply to make enough money to send back to one of his theatre enterprises in New York. He wrote only one picture, “The General Died at Dawn.”

But he met Rainer and they found they had a lot in common—politics, distaste for Hollywood, frankly admitted temperaments.

On January 8, 1937, they were married at Luise’s Brentwood home in a simple ceremony.

Each declared that theirs was not another Hollywood marriage, and that their careers would never interfere with their happiness. But now, after only eighteen months, they have come to the parting of the ways.

Odets is now in London for the production of his record-breaking play, “Golden Boy.”

Luise has returned to work again, and is starring in “The Great Waltz,” the first Hollywood film to be made by Julien Duvivier, famous French director of “Pepe le Moko” and “Carnet de Bal” fame.



• LUISE RAINER and Clifford Odets, taken just after their romantic courtship and marriage, at the beginning of last year. It took them just eighteen months to discover they were unsuited.

## Say it Today— “IPANA TOOTH PASTE FOR ME!”



IF you’re unhappy about your smile, if your teeth haven’t the sparkle and lustre that makes for attractiveness—make up your mind to do something about it. Remember, in this day and age your gums as well as your teeth need special care.

“Pink tooth brush” is usually the first signal of tender, ailing gums. When you see it—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let him decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be “gums robbed of work by our modern soft-food menus”—“gums that need more work for health”—and very often, “gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

So get Ipana—to-day! Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Do this regularly—try it for a month—and help wake your gums to a new firmness—your teeth to a new cleanliness and brightness. Help your dentist help your smile to a new and sparkling loveliness.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.



See what Ipana and Massage will do to improve your smile!

CHANGE TO  
**Ipana**  
AND GUM MASSAGE

# Paul Holt Tells You About Hollywood

SENSATIONAL NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES WILL REVEAL WHAT IS GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE FILM COLONY.

WHAT is happening in Hollywood to-day? Why is public interest in stars slumping, cinema attendance falling off? Why are the films, in general, so inferior?

These are some of the questions that have kept fingers wondering over the past year.

Our London office has arranged for a special series of articles to provide the answers. Paul Holt, ace film writer, is off to Hollywood to get the inside story.

This week he sums up the present Hollywood situation, and tells what he is going to look for when he gets there.



• CAROLE LOMBARD, shown with Director Irving Beecher, is the Key Girl to the Hollywood situation.

## By PAUL HOLT

Off to Hollywood in the morning. No pleasure trip, this, but a series of hard work. There is no time I've got to know if I am to keep this paper properly advised.

Hollywood is a hundred films short of schedule. They've had a cold, cold winter.

No frost ever touched a farmer as hard as the discontent of cinema owners has touched the movie barons these last few months.

That, with poor stories and stereotyped star groupings, and a big box office recession, has pulled down the early takings of American cinemas by 20 per cent. since last September. Backups have been wholesale.

## DISLOCATED ELBOW LED TO NEURITIS

Could Not Straighten Her Arm

Four months ago, this woman dislocated her left elbow. Although the elbow was properly set, she developed neuritis and could not straighten her arm. She was advised to take Krukenbach—with the happy result described in this letter—

"I had an accident four months ago, and my elbow was seriously dislocated. Fortunately, it was set right there and then, but afterwards, I could not straighten the arm to its full extent. It was I sawed, and the surgeon specialist told me I was inclined to be rheumatic. I was ordered to take Krukenbach Salts—soak dislocated in a glass of hot water when walking. Now I am getting along famously. The pain in my elbow is better, and, daily, I am able to extend the arm more easily."—(Mrs.) P.

Rheumatic conditions are the result of excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Krukenbach Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals. Other ingredients assist Nature to expel these dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

## TRY THIS FOR INDIGESTION

Take two tablets for a packet of TWIN ROSE and have a small teaspoonful in a glass of milk. Relief will be almost instantaneous. TWIN ROSE also gives wonderful relief from constipation. What ingredients? Calcium, the B-vitamins and alumina. Large packets of TWIN ROSE cost only 1/-."



• PAUL HOLT will review night club life in Hollywood. Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and Marlene Dietrich (above) are two ardent devotees.

have been standing around our owners, waiting for something to turn up.

Waiting and gossiping. And the interval for discussion has bred a tone of uneasiness among the workers in the only fairy-tale city left in the world.

They are used to unemployment, so long as it goes with glamor, but just about now a thought is creeping into neighborhood minds that the world supremacy of Hollywood, city of synthesis, doesn't have any more an automatic O.K.

They have an idea that burning the candle at both ends isn't so funny if you don't get double illumination.

Hollywood has swimming pools and professed men equally floodlit. I don't suppose the citizens like putting on a three-ring circus with overtime, if the customers won't pay any more.

I want to go to find out if the citizens realize that their big stories, their big stars, aren't drawing the crowds as they used to.

And that for two reasons.

One: Because their films are all so alike. Brilliant, efficient, with thrills, laughs and moonlight dropping onto the screens with the precision of a caterpillar wheel.

Two: Because they're so expensive to make, so expensive to hire.

I want to know what they think of the two recent revolutions they have had to put up with.

They had to stand for a violent campaign by their own independent cinema owners and by Britain's

### Box-Office Failures

THEIR own said that Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Mae West, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich and Edward Arnold (why they included him, poor soul, I don't know) were not worth the sum at the box office.

Britain's said that they would not be dictated to as to how they should hire the films they showed in their theatres.

The American exhibitors got for their pains as nice a snub as you could imagine. The producers promptly started hiring the blacklisted stars as fast as they could.

They gave Joan Crawford a new five-year contract, without options. They booked Marlene Dietrich to appear under the guidance of Frank ("Lady For a Day") Capra.

Mae West went off on her own,

breaking all box office records of the century on personal appearances throughout the country.

Miss Hepburn answered by tearing up her contract and putting herself in the market as a free-lance artist, at £30,000 a film, which is £10,000 more than she is accustomed to collect.

Miss Francis is retiring to marry a baron. Mr. Arnold, being a man, said nothing. Miss Garbo, being on holiday with Mr. Stokowski, probably doesn't know a thing about it.

But British exhibitors won a brilliant victory. They made the renters of films capitulate, abandon their system of arbitrary grading of films, agree to arbitration by the Board of Trade, which probably will never take place.

I want to see Carole Lombard. She is Key Girl of the present situation. Hollywood pines because the producers are at the end of a cycle—The Crazy Comedy Cycle.

Miss Lombard started it with "My Man Godfrey." She finished it with "Nothing Sacred," and made it worth £100,000 a year to her.

### Next "Cycle"

SHE knows and I know that it won't do any more. I'd like to ask her what she thinks will succeed it. If she says romantic films of the great outdoors I shall die quietly.

But she won't.

I want to meet Bing Crosby and Robert Taylor, to ask them how they like pretending to be tough, as though they weren't anyway.

To meet Fred Astaire, to ask him how he enjoyed making that film without Ginger Rogers. And to meet Miss Rogers, to ask her just that thing.

I want to see the safe society in action. The overtime exhibitors who go on after studio hours; the players to the Trocadero, the producers to the Colony Club, to be seen in the right company.

The players like to have their pictures taken, if possible, with a different partner each night. The producers like to boast about how much money they've lost at the tables.

I want to listen to them talk. Front Page News in Hollywood is like as not to revolve around such names as Rodgers, Cheever, Cowdin, Berman, Spitz, Mannix, Cohn, Selznick, Pasternak. These names matter. Not to you, to me. But to them, I want to hear some awe put into the words.

And I want to visit the great radio factories that have sprung up in the middle of the studio.

To know whether the great producers who made such names as Gable, Rogers, Loy, Crosby mind their properties being used freely for two purposes: (1) To advertise some product; (2) to keep people out of the cinemas at night, home listening to the radio.



• RADIO IS BECOMING a serious problem to Hollywood producers. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, shown here at the mike, spend much of their time giving broadcasts.

Hollywood is staging a big comeback. A hundred pictures behind, they're starting to work overtime to get a full set of films for the next season. I want to find out what they are.

What sort of films they think you'll like in September. What

new stars they have. Whether Marie Wilson will be another Jean Arthur, John Wayne a new Gable.

They're all so scared, they may be producing the greatest crop of films they ever managed. I'd like to find out.

I'd like to have a good time, too.



## "I never realized how attractive I could look

until I began using Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Face Powder"

To those women eager to make the most of their personal appearance, we wholeheartedly recommend Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Face Powder. Because of the exclusive process used in its preparation, Perfect Face Powder is so light and so fine in texture that it will cling hours longer than most other face powders. It has an exquisite fragrance, and is available in six delicately tinted shades that will blend perfectly with your own natural colouring. Just what every smart woman is looking for—a face powder whose refined, velvety texture and harmonizing tints will give a well-groomed appearance—without that powdery look.

You will realize your dream of a radiant complexion if you apply Perfect Face Powder over a foundation of

Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Vanishing Cream. It will lend a perfect finish to your powder and make-up, and preserve it for hours.

Write to Potter & Bicks, Ltd., Dept. E, G.P.O. Box 747-G, Sydney, for the Daggett & Ramsdell booklet on Complexion Beauty.



Perfect Cold Cream, 1/4 lb—Vaseline, from 1/-—Perfect Cleansing Cream, 2/-

Perfect Face Powder, 2/6—Perfect Vanishing Cream, from 2/-

Perfect Cleansing Oil, 4/-—Perfect Shampoo, 4/-—Perfect Hand Lotion, 4/-



## THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures]

We've just made a representative survey of three capital cities, putting to the public the question: "Where can you always find a good show in this city?"

The answers were almost uniformly the same:

In Sydney the overwhelming majority answered: "The St. James and Liberty!"

In Brisbane just short of 100% of the answers were: "The Metro and Cremorne!"

In Melbourne there was never any doubt about getting the answer: "At the Metro!"

Why does the public have such a decided preference for the theatres named? What makes them know that they'll always find a good show at the St. James and Liberty in Sydney, the Metro and Cremorne in Brisbane, and the Metro in Melbourne?

The secret is that each of these theatres shows Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures exclusively! From now ועד programme's end, these theatres use M-G-M entertainment and only M-G-M... short subjects, features and everything.

That's quite a record! And the point is this: many of those who voted these theatres as their favourites didn't know—and probably don't care—which Company makes the films they see, but they did know that the films to be seen at those theatres are the best entertainment—consistently, week in, week out, month after month—to be found anywhere!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures hold this enviable position because of the great production care they evidence. And also because in every M-G-M picture you'll find the world's most popular stars... entertainers who have earned their great popularity through the consistent excellence of their work!

Your for the best in entertainment,  
LEO, of M-G-M.

## Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician starts with a special German 3 minute inhalation that opens the blood and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 8 days or less. Mendaco is the only remedy packed in glass bottles. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you! \*\*\*

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## PRIVATE VIEWS

### ★ JEZEBEL

Bette Davis, Henry Fonda. (Warner Bros.)  
(Week's Best Release.)

BETTE DAVIS is one of the finest actresses on the screen, and one of the most fascinating women, when she wants to be.

In "Jezebel," she has an opportunity for character depiction equalled only by that given her in "Of Human Bondage"—and this time the character she plays, though it may be criticised on ethical grounds, certainly does not lack charm!

The story of "Jezebel" is an absorbing one. Set in the colorful South of the United States in the period just before the Civil War, it brings to life that strange, polished, faintly decadent civilisation imported to the new world by aristocratic emigres.

Bette Davis plays a girl of beauty and spirit, who chooses to live for her own emotional satisfaction rather than conform to any accepted standard.

Thus she is branded as "Jezebel" by the strait-laced, and regarded with awe by the timid.

Her character work is the feature of the picture, but the action never lags, with its elements of glamour, adventure, and powerful drama making a perfectly balanced production.—Embassy; showing.

### ★ LET GEORGE DO IT

Letty Craydon, George Wallace. (Cinesound.)

AUSTRALIAN film production leaped ahead with the polished production of a romantic melodrama in "The Broken Melody." It consolidates that advance in "Let George Do It," for here is, at last, a true Australian comedy—what we have been wanting for.

There have been other good comedies made here.

But there has always been a certain tendency to borrow comic themes and comic methods from overseas, even where the settings were typically Australian.

Not so here. This film is just the expression of George Wallace, and George Wallace is the Australian

### Shows Still Running

★★ Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Feature-length fairytale; drawn by Walt Disney—Plaza, 8th week.

★★ Test Pilot. Myrna Loy, Clark Gable; action drama.—St. James, 4th week.

★★ The Adventures of Marco Polo. Sigrid Gurie, Gary Cooper; romantic adventure.—Regent, 2nd week.

★★ The Divorce of Lady X. Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier; modern comedy.—Century, 2nd week.

★★ Everybody Sing. Judy Garland, Allan Jones; musical comedy.—State, 2nd week.

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★★ Everybody Sing. Judy Garland, Allan Jones; musical comedy.—State, 2nd week.

comic spirit—broad yet subtle, sardonic yet kindly, farcical yet whimsical.

George plays the part he has always loved to play, somewhat like an Australian Chaplin—the unimportant fellow who rises to great heights, falls with a thud, rises again, and, through it all, wins your heart by his wit and even more by his humanity.

With him in the merry comedy drama—for there are emotional elements in it—is Letty Craydon, a newcomer to most of us, yet a thoroughly qualified actress with a farce talent that supplements George's adequately.

Alec Kellaway, that quiet and most appealing comedian who made so much of his minor part in "The Broken Melody," has another chance here—and once again makes more of it than you could believe. He is one of Australia's definite film discoveries.

Joe Vail and Gwen Munro are other important players—Capitol; showing.

### ★ KATE PLUS TEN

Genevieve Tobin, Jack Hulbert. (Gaumont-British.)

EDGAR WALLACE, besides being thrilling, never failed to be amusing, and "Kate Plus Ten" is one of his most humorous stories, as well as an intriguing detective yarn.

Jack Hulbert reveals the same brilliant variety of comedy with a dramatic undertone that he displayed so well in "The Ghost Train." He is the debonair detective, the Man About Town who is about the country's business.

### OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

#### No stars—below average.

#### ★ One star—average entertainment

#### ★★ Two stars—above average

#### ★★★ Three stars—excellent

## SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



## Here's Hot News From All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood

JACKIE COOGAN is not having much success with his personal appearance tour, which started in San Francisco.

In the old days, fans would fall over themselves to see Coogan in person, but they don't seem particularly interested now that he's grown up.

The jokes Jackie is using in his act are mostly concerned with his financial squabble with his mother.

ALLAN JONES, who has been pushed in the background lately, will star next in "Honolulu" with Eleanor Powell.

Metro, his studio, has also discovered that he's a top-notch rider, and is toying with the idea of putting him into a big musical with a Western background.

WHEN Don Ameche married six years ago he couldn't afford a honeymoon trip, but he promised his wife that some day they would go to Europe.

Now Don has arranged for a six-weeks' vacation, booked two passages for Europe, made arrangements for a friend to care for their two boys, aged four and two years, and soon Mr. and Mrs. Ameche will embark on their long-delayed honeymoon jaunt.

SAILING ALONG

Jessie Matthews, Barry MacKay. (Gaumont-British.)

THIS is the best Jessie Matthews picture for some time. If it hasn't the genuine beauty of "Evergreen," it is entirely free from the artificial and tedious striving of "Sparkles."

It gets every effect it goes for, and these effects range from irresistible dance rhythm, through frothy romance, excitement, and scenic charm to broad comedy.

Barry MacKay is a heavy drag on any picture, he was the allegedly Oxford-bred alleged defective in "Sparkles," but Jack Whiting, the New York dancing star, is teamed with Jessie (her first dancing partner in any picture) and he keeps the tempo up to bubbling point.

Also, we have Roland Young, as polished as a comedian as ever, and as much a human being, and the clever and highly-trained Athene Seyler, whom you will remember as a stage star in Australia. Margaret Vyner is also there to display curves and clothes.—Mayfair; showing.

### THEATRE ROYAL

FAREWELL SEASON

of the supreme artist

MISS RUTH DRAPER  
ORIGINAL CHARACTER SKETCHES  
Booking Plans at Paling's, Balmain Rd.  
at Hilliers, next Theatre

# FARMER'S after-sale Specials

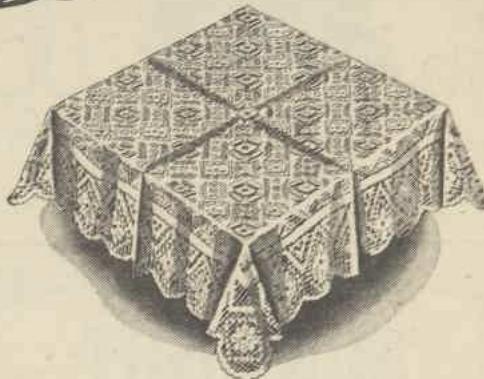
## COVERS HALF

Usually at 17/6 each

A rare bargain price now, for table covers of such very high quality. Fine antique fillet that never loses its charm. Use Farmer's easy lay-by to keep one for later. Size 54 x 54 inches. Half price at just

**8'9**

*Napery on the Ground Floor.*



Amazing bargains  
at Farmer's unexpected

## UNDIE SALE

**19/6 PYJAMAS.** Lustrous brocade satins that look worth twice their present price. Sleepy pink or green in sizes SW, W, and OS. Why not use the lay-by? **15'9**  
Almost half price now (while they last) at

**15'9**  
**29/6 NIGHTIES.** Sleek as a reed and infinitely appealing. Brocade satin with elaborate trimmings of lace and embroidered medallions. Soft pink or blue in sizes SW, W, and OS. Why not lay-by? **18'10**

**KABE SLIP.** A youthful charm makes it a good buy at half price. Brocade kabe with imported satin motif. Adjustable length style; strap or shaped shoulder. Pink or white in sizes SW, W, OS. Special **10'2**

**57/6 Three-piece kabe silk set.** SW, W, OS. Now 23/7  
**16'11 Wool nightie.** Pink, blue. SW, W, sizes. At 12/3  
*Undies on the Fourth Floor. Lay-by!*

### A new potato ricer

**WOMER 2/6.** They sift your boiled potato neatly, quickly, making the meal look more appetizing and more compact. **2/11**  
*Cuttery Carriage is Extra.*  
*Lower Ground Floor.*



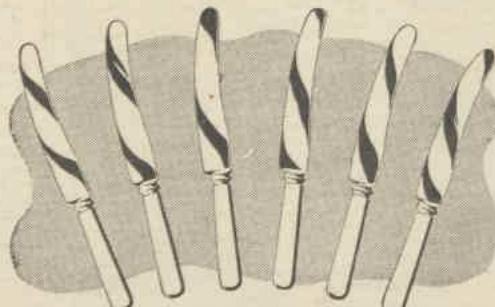
## WELTS CLEAR

After-sale sacrifices!

Farmer's dramatically clears "After-Sale" shoe stocks in one mighty selling. Here are two amazingly-reduced welts, both in rich shades of brown . . . most sizes available for each. Lay-by!

At left: 22/9 Brown kid. **16'.** Right: 29/6 Brown calf suede derby tie. Now at **18'.** gunnett court. Sale price, **18'.**

*Shoe Salon on the Third Floor.*



Each Knife **1'8** Us. 1/11, 2/2

## KNIFE SELLING

A sensational sacrifice of stainless steel table and dessert knives at a never-to-be-repeated price. You pay just 1/- each for knives with mirror-polished, shaped blades and grained xylo handles. With Farmer's quality to back-up their fine finish. Lay-by! Only 1/- in each 5/- deposit!

*Cuttery Section on Ground Floor. Cuttery Carriage is Extra.*

MAIL ORDERS to P.O. Box 497 AA, Sydney. 'Phone M 2405. Or call and shop in Farmer's delightfully warm and cosy store.

Chic to the fingertips. Peggy Sage brings sparkling new beauty to your hands. Try Nail Wax under your polish to protect the nails and keep them healthy. You'll love her glamorous Nail Lacquers, too, especially her eye-catching Pimento and Nasturtium.



## LESS THAN HALF

USUALLY 12/11. A trim-looking astrakhan cap is yours for far below half its usual price. Embracing a large range of individual styles. Black, navy, brown.

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**PYJAMAS**  
for boys and youth

**5'6**

USUAL 7/6. Strong British materials in fine stripe designs. Warm as toast for cosy bedtimes. Bradford collar. Outside breast pocket. Fit 5 to 15 years.

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USUAL 7/6. Satin suspender belt, firmly bonded throughout. Washes well; is suitable for the heavier figure. 26 to 28. At 1/11.

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*Ground Floor.*



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Pair Nickel-plated Scissors in  
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in. overall. 30/-  
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132d—Best Quality Nickel-plated Easy Draw CUTTING-  
OUT SCISSORS. Length overall  
8 in., 6 1/2 in., 7 in., 8 1/2 in.  
each.



## Dish washing and your hands

Somebody once said, "The wash-up dish is the graveyard of nice hands." It might have been true, but now our Charmosan liquid cream hand lotion is here to wash the wash-up dish. "Do you want your hand-spoiling days are over? Is your master and will keep hands that are smooth and shining, and fresh, smooth in spite of you?"

Keep a bottle of this marvellous lotion in the kitchen and as soon as the wash-up is finished dry your hands and rub them over with Charmosan hand lotion. Work it well into the hands and in the arms as they have been washed in the wash-up dish.

Our Charmosan cream hand lotion makes your hands no matter if you had to wash-up fifty times a day.

## Charmosan liquid cream hand lotion

Non-greasy. Large bottle, 1/2 lb. Small 1/4 lb. Sold by all chemists, drapers and stores.

## Blackheads

Aren't they awful. Don't put up with them. Manage them right out of your skin with Charmosan cold cream. Try it and you'll be happy.

## Charmosan cold cream

Large jars 2/6. Tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores.\*\*

## End irritating ECZEMA



If you suffer from Eczema, you can find instant relief from the itching, fiery irritation usually accompanying this condition, and in the majority of cases a complete cure, by the application of Rexona Ointment. Its gentle soothing medicaments and cold antiseptic action have the approval of the highest medical authority.

The regular use of Rexona Soap containing the same mild medicament is also recommended to keep your skin healthy.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

9d. per tablet

## FOR INDIGESTION AND ACID STOMACH

Take a packet of pure TWIN SODA. Take 1/2 oz. teaspoonful in 1/2 pint water, or 1 oz. tablet will be almost instantaneous relief. TWIN SODA also gives wonderful relief in heartburn, Bloating, Dyspepsia, and other alimentary ailments. All chemists. 1/6 a large packet, 2/-\*\*

# What Women Are Doing

### Children's Poems

MISS GWYNNE ALLEN-JONES, whose charming book of children's poems will be published in London shortly, has the distinction of having her work illustrated by Miss Hubie Johnstone, an English artist who has painted many miniatures of the King and Queen.

The poems were written by Miss Allen-Jones during her early schooldays, and her sister, Mrs. Denbigh Russell, thought them so delightful that she kept them, later submitting them to critics in London, with the result that they are to be published.

To maintain the youthful atmosphere and to set off the attractiveness of Miss Johnstone's water-colors, the verses will appear in round, childlike handwriting.

### Singer Wins Success Abroad

A MELBOURNE singer who is having great success abroad is Linda Parker. Last year she understudied the part of the Countess in the Glyndebourne production of "Pigaro" with John Brownlee. Her other appearances have included the part of Juno in the performances of "The Tempest" and she also sang "The Voice" in the performance of "Psyche" in Regent's Park.

As well as continual private engagements Miss Parker does a great deal of work with the British Broadcasting Corporation. She is well known over the air as one of the "Three Graces," who are a regular feature and for whose programme she is responsible.

### Although an Australian, Is an American Judge

ONE of the judges of the Los Angeles Circuit Court is an Australian woman, Miss May Lahey, born in West Australia. Now as Judge May Lahey her American accent is so perfect that she passes for an American, but at first she could not be understood on account of her Australian accent.

Before her election as judge Miss Lahey was a night court magistrate for many years. She is said to be a force in politics and very popular.

### Scholarship Winner Plans Work

THE second scholar to leave South Australia as the Florence Nightingale scholarship winner is Sister Lucy Lillywhite. She intends to do a course in hospital administration and training school methods at the Bedford College for Women in London, so that on her return to South Australia she will be able to act as tutor to other nurses in the State. She also hopes to organise a training school for junior nurses when she returns.

Another of Sister Lillywhite's plans is to visit some London hospitals to study their methods of organisation and treatment. She expects to be away from Australia for about twelve months.

### Has Won Many Trophies at Bowls

IT is most appropriate that Mrs. J. Fairlie, of Brisbane, should be president of the Queensland Ladies Bowling Association. She is a foundation member, having attended the first meeting in 1930. Mrs. Fairlie has been playing bowls for many years. In 1931 she was instrumental in forming the Annerley Ladies' Bowling Club, of which she was vice-president in 1931-33, and president in 1933-35. She has distinguished herself by winning a number of important trophies, including the Annerley singles championship and the club's gold star three times in succession, receiving a small star in the club's colors in enamel.

For a number of years she was honorary secretary of the Balmoral Ladies' Bowling Club, and won the club's challenge brooch eleven times in succession.

### NEW SCHOLARSHIP

MADAME ESPINOSA, who has come to Australia this year to conduct examinations on behalf of the British Ballet Organisation, will make arrangements for two talented Australian ballet dancers to go home on a scholarship.

Madame will act on the advice of her husband, the well-known ballet master, but she says if there is not sufficient talent the scholarship will have to be held over till next year.

Madame Espinosa, although born in Sydney, has not seen Australia for twenty years. Although she has written a great deal about dancing, she, herself, is a singer, not a dancer, and at a recent recital by members of the B.B.O. sang "Land of Hope and Glory."

### Will Nurse in Northern India

SISTER VIDA MACLEAN, R.R.C., who is so well known in Australia and New Zealand as a Truby King Mothercraft League adviser, has left these shores to work in Mysore, Northern India. Miss MacLean will be attached to the teaching staff at the Health Service, which is run largely on Truby King lines. She has an excellent record of administrative service in general military and midwifery hospitals, and holds special qualifications in pre-natal work.

### Writes Plays, Produces and Acts in Them

THE founder of the South Australian Writers and Artists' Club, Mrs. George Wilson, has just been elected honorary secretary for a second term of office. Mrs. Wilson, who writes under her maiden name of E. Muirhead Giles, is the author of numerous one-act plays which, as a member of the W.E.A. Little Theatre, she has often both acted in and produced.

### Has Had Interesting Jobs in London

PROVIDED they can do shorthand and typewriting it is easy enough for girls to get jobs in London, says Miss G. Hosking, bursar of Pintona Girls' School, Melbourne. On her twelve months' holiday she, herself, had many interesting jobs. Before she began work she studied typing from a dictaphone, because most dictation now is given through a dictaphone.

One of her secretarial positions was with a leading London florist, Moyses-Stevens, who employs about 200 in the workrooms alone. Her next position was with a public accountant and finally she worked for a man who sold bricks. This last she found most interesting, for she acquired a vast amount of knowledge about the different kinds, shapes, colors and textures of bricks, and even their nationality, as her employer dealt largely in a new kind of Dutch brick.

### Love of Plants and Gardens Led to Career

RECOGNISED as an artistic as well as practical landscape gardener, Miss E. M. Cornish is a picturesque and well-known figure in her rain-coat and gum-boots round the University and other big gardens in Adelaide. From a simple love of plants and gardening Miss Cornish has evolved her career. She did not study either gardening or botany, and yet she is responsible for some of the loveliest gardens in the city.

She is now working on the "Garden of Memory," which the Women's Centenary Council decided in 1936 to construct in commemoration of the pioneer women of the State.

### Busy Worker Specialises in Catering

CATERING for large crowds must be almost simple to Mrs. A. H. Berg of Brisbane, president of the Methodist Women's Auxiliary of the Home Mission Society, of which she was honorary secretary for ten years. Annual entertainments for which she has catered during that period include a week's Methodist Conference, the Anzac Day luncheon, a musical luncheon, a birthday social, and an all-day fete.

Mrs. Berg



Dorothy Coleman.

She is also honorary secretary of the house committee for the Archibald Hostel for young girls and boys.

For a number of years Mrs. Berg was a member of the sub-committee of the Windsor Elstreefod, and was the adjudicator's secretary. The Windsor branch of the Social Service League also claimed some of her time, and she used to take an active part in the Queensland Women's Electoral League.

♦ ♦ ♦

### Combined Career With Marriage

MARRIAGE did not mean the end

of the career of Mrs. W. W. Stuart, wife of the newly-appointed Chief Justice of Tonga Tabu, Friendly Islands. A graduate of Oxford, Mrs. Stuart qualified as a professor of History and Economics at Oxford, and at the Sorbonne, Paris.

Later she went to South Africa to act as hostess for her uncle, Sir Starr Jameson of Jameson's Riald fame, and then Prime Minister of Cape Colony. While there, Mrs. Stuart met her future husband and renounced a career in favor of marriage.

However, she found that being a wife and mother did not absorb all her time and accepted an appointment as lecturer in history, economics, and French to students of the University of South Africa.

Mrs. Stuart will pass through Sydney this week on the Nestor to rejoin her husband in Tonga Tabu. She intends to write a history and take a fresh census of the Islands, and will contribute articles to American journals on the archaeological discoveries on the Islands.

♦ ♦ ♦

### Is Organising Concert In Memory of Teacher

AS a way of expressing admiration for her teacher, the late Annie Williams, Miss Margaret Jewell is arranging a concert in her memory to take place at the Albert Street Conservatorium, Melbourne, on August 10. She has decided to devote the proceeds of this concert to the Conservatorium magazine, which was so dear to the heart of Annie Williams, and to which she contributed many articles.

Miss Jewell is proud of the fact that being a wife and mother did not absorb all her time and accepted an appointment as lecturer in history, economics, and French to students of the University of South Africa.

♦ ♦ ♦

### Secretary of Y.W.C.A. Has Many Interests

AS general secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in New Zealand, Miss Elsie Bennett is a member of the Institute for Education Research set up by the University of New Zealand, and a member of the local executive and dominates executive of the National Council of Women.

She is also on the main committee for the celebration of New Zealand's centenary in 1940, and a member of the special pageantry sub-committee.

Miss Bennett



—Julia Leslie.

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R.A.C. (Rheum-A-Cure) has been made for one purpose only—to bring relief to those suffering the agonies of Rheumatism, Rheumatoid-Arthritis, Lumbo-sciatica, Sciatica, Gout and all Rheumatic conditions.

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"Dear Sir—I was a physical wreck with the loss of good health unknown as far as I was concerned, yet a short treatment of your wonderful R.A.C. (Rheum-A-Cure) has done wonders for me. You can use my name as a help to others.—MISS DAVIES, Stanmore, N.S.W."

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## LOSING YOUR FIGURE?

### Sure Sign of Constipation

Doctors say that constipation ruins your figure and steals your beauty—quiets than anything!

What your system needs is "bulk". The foods you eat are all over-refined and lacking in "bulk", which exercises the intestines. You must get "bulk" back into your diet if you want to stop constipation from ruining your figure.

Give your system all the bulk it needs by eating two tablespoons of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning. With this non-sweet cereal passes easily through your system, spongeing the walls of your alimentary tract, and collecting all waste matter. Fight your constipation the natural way. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer in-day.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

Relieves Constipation the Natural Way.

# NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked-of Skin Rejuvenator

GIVES INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF TO OPEN BLISTERS, BLACKHEADS, LINES, WRINKLES, PIMPLES, and all SKIN DISCOLORATIONS arising from any cause whatever.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. PLASMIC TREATMENT is NOT an ASTRINGENT, NO INJURIOUS side effects.

Your complexion will look GLOSSY even after the FIRST TREATMENT, and will become SATIN SMOOTH, VELVET, PLUMP and LAVENDER.

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J. AFRIAT

Pacific House, 296-300 Pitt St., Sydney. Also obtainable at Washington, Boston, Fairhaven & Co., Ltd., and other leading chemists.



If you have any difficulty in obtaining AMAMI Shampoo please write to: Gen. Ripley & Co., Macdonell Hse., Pitt St., Sydney.

## ADENOIDS AND TONSILS

With breathing, stubborn coughs and colds, chronic anaemia, loss of appetite, underweight, irritability, are caused by adenoids and infected tonsils. The answer is to avoid painful operations. KANATOX kills disease germs and naturally—ullen tonsils subside. Get KANATOX. It's a complete, with special heavy dropper, from your nearest chemist.

DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX

**M**YSELF When Young," a book by famous women of to-day, is the result of collaboration. Some chapters are dull, but worthy, others dull and unworthy, and the two best parts are contributed by widely different women — Gabrielle Chanel, Paris dressmaker, and Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., England's famous Labor politician.

Gabrielle Chanel is the only contributor who firmly declines to be autobiographical — "To talk about one's self requires magnificent unconsciousness or great courage, and I have neither."

### Philosophy of a Seamstress

SO instead she sends a letter, the most refreshing oasis in a volume that might, in unkindness, be called a desert, and which, in generosity, can scarcely be deemed more than a rather stunted garden.

Women may be famous, they may be brilliant, they may have led madly

interesting lives, yet none of these things proves they can write.

Chanel's eight pages are revelations of what she calls "my lightness of spirit" not to be confused with "that horrible materialistic frivolity which drags around behind it the boredom of the world."

LIGHTNESS, she insists, is the essential feminine quality.

"Whether for their faults or their qualities, one should always hold fast to people. I have never been able to hold fast to things."

"To like bits of wood or stone or gold better than one likes life seems to me a dull sort of damnation . . .

"Why cling to objects when one can cling to love, to friendship, and to work?"

"I use work in the real sense of the word, for since people with nothing to do have taken over the term, if not the thing itself, a certain ambiguity now weighs down the word hitherto reserved for people who properly practised it.

"My work! says the dabbler in verse, laboriously carving up the commonplace into occult poetry. My work! says someone else who (strictly

confidentially) decorates houses. My work! says the millionaire, in the throes of art collecting . . .

Of her work, she writes:

"I was born with my profession at the end of my fingers and inside my head . . .

I think genius in dressmaking principally consists of inventing in the summer dresses for winter, and in the winter inventing dresses for summer.

"That is difficult enough, believe me, without dragging in aesthetics or the sublime.

"I know, of course, that there are dressmakers . . . who, to cut a few yards of material, drive into the depths of philosophy and art . . .

"I will never reach that depth; my incurable light touch, alas, will prevent. I cannot . . . compare to an eternal work of art, an ephemeral, amiable concoction whose chief virtue lies in its perishing quickly in order to be reborn in another form each season.

"Art, conceived as dressmaking, is a pretentious cloak I'll never wear—it wouldn't suit me."

Her creed:

"I firmly believe that the years spent in the fear of growing old make one twice as old . . . I believe that selfish and malicious women, even when very pretty, become, long before their time, extremely ugly old ladies. I believe that daily life isn't made up of great flights of frantic passion and distracted lyricism, but that daily life makes grand passions or kills them . . . I believe that pretty bad humors can wear down great love.

"I believe that to be pretty without thinking of it leads to becoming beautiful . . .

### DISCUSSING talents:

"The only sport in which I excel . . . is resting . . . it demands a certain



GABRIELLE CHANEL, Paris dressmaker, who contributes the pleasantest chapter to "Myself When Young." This picture is taken from one of the film fine camera portraits in the book.



ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., England's famous Labor politician, who contributes a fine chapter to "Myself When Young," a book by fifteen famous women to-day.

proper attendance at my birth, as was badly handled.

"Yet across the memories of a years there comes to me no sense of a suffering martyr, but of a woman greatly in love with life . . . living to the full of her very slender time and money."

Her father worked at the age of eight in a cotton mill. His poverty was ample.

"I have pulled myself out of a gutter, why can't they?" was his reply to every demand for sympathy or alimony with his own class. He did not vote labor until his daughter was old enough to persuade him.

OTHER contributors to this volume which was edited by the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, have odd notions of what might interest the reader.

Baroness von Hutton has one sense: "Who cares, I ask myself passionately, that my first memory is of seeing (wrapped in a blanket) my young father's arm?"

As the Baroness truly notes, "Who cares?"

Who cares, for instance, that Mrs. Jolie Bowen writes:

"For my fourth birthday I had a hoop, and bowling it near the river I lost it. Standing at the edge of the water I saw it float back to me, and gave me an extraordinary sense of pleasure."

Who cares, also, that Irene Fairbrugh stole her mother's locket?

EQUALLY dreary seem the sentiments about hunting and horses in the chapter by the Marchioness of Lichdon.

"From infants we were taught to think, speak, and dream of hunting and riding almost like a religion."

In that, the Marchioness has sympathy rather than our alienation.

There are many interesting bits in the book, but not enough for the four hundred odd pages.

"Myself When Young," a book by Famous Women of To-day, is edited by the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. Frederick Muller.



FIFTEEN famous women each contribute an autobiographical chapter on their youth to one volume. The result is like the curate's egg—good only in parts.

**M**YSELF When Young," a book by famous women of to-day, is the result of collaboration. Some chapters are dull, but worthy, others dull and unworthy, and the two best parts are contributed by widely different women — Gabrielle Chanel, Paris dressmaker, and Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., England's famous Labor politician.

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"My work! says the dabbler in verse, laboriously carving up the commonplace into occult poetry. My work! says someone else who (strictly



COME ON! TRY YOUR HAND!

Dear Dad! I'm going to choose the race track for a picnic. But then think of the titles you can write! Here are three examples: "Gee Gee Whiz!" "They hopped in for lunch!" "Gee whiz on Vegemite!" **IMPORTANT:** You need not include the word "Vegemite," or anything about it, in your title.

Of course, if you want to, you may.

best entries in their order of merit, having regard to aptness, brevity, witiness and originality. Preliminary selection of entries for final judging will be carried out by a carefully trained staff.

The final selection of the winning entries will be made by the Managing Director of the Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd. and the Advertising Director of the "Australian Women's Weekly" in the presence of the press. The judges' decisions shall be final, and no correspondence will be entered into.

**Quick Facts About Vegemite.** 1. Vegemite is a highly concentrated pure extract of yeast, containing valuable mineral salts and precious vitamins essential for building healthy bodies. It is one of the most potent known sources of Vitamin B . . . the essential vitamin which guards children and adults against infection.

2. Full nutritional values. Vegemite is of great value for children.

3. Highly concentrated. Vegemite vastly improves the flavour of

stocks, soups and all other savory dishes.

4. A touch of Vegemite is made in Australia by the Kraft-Walker

Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne.

The label is easy to remove from the open jar. If at first the label does not pull away smoothly just stand the jar in water for several minutes and you will be able to remove the label without any difficulty. Mark your envelope with your name and address. COMPETITION —and address: G.P.O. Box 420 XX, Sydney, N.S.W., or G.P.O. Box 195 R, Melbourne, G.I., Victoria.

I am enclosing my entry/ies with the required postage labels; as one envelope No. 2, together with a stamped envelope bearing my name and address. I agree to abide by the judges' decisions as final and legally binding.

NAME: . . . . . STATE: . . . . . AGE: . . . . . SEX: . . . . .

\* Age and sex to be given if entrant is under 18 years of age. Age is to be given if entrant is over 60 years of age.

### EASY TO ENTER. THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Post the entry with the required postage labels. The telegram arrival. You're the winner! The winner of £5000. Just think of all the things you can do with it! So get out your pencil now! Read these simple rules below and let us have your entry.

Just write your title clearly on a sheet of paper. Fill in the address form of this advertisement, or entry form (obtainable from your grocer or food store) with your name and address, etc., and pin it to your entry and enclose it with the requisite label, but you need send only one completed address form, and one stamped addressed envelope.

Any person may forward any number of entries, provided each attempt is accompanied by a label from a 2 oz. jar of Vegemite. Two or more 2-oz. jar labels are not acceptable. The label from a 4-oz. jar sufficient to send in two entries, and the label from a 5-oz. jar sufficient to send in four entries. All entries must be accompanied by a stamped envelope carrying your name and address, so that the list of prize-winners may be posted to you following the judging of the competition. You may send in as many entries as you like, each accompanied by the requisite label, but you need send only one completed address form, and one stamped addressed envelope.

This competition will close on 10th August, 1938, at 5 p.m., by which time all entries must reach Box 195 R, Melbourne, or Box 420 XX, Sydney, to be eligible for judging. The competition will be judged on 31st August, 1938, by the official adjudicators. Main prize winners will be notified by wire, and results will be posted to all competitors after judging.

The prizes will be awarded to the

best entries in the under 16 and over 16 classes who will be eligible for prizes in the open competition, but one entry cannot win more than one prize. Competitors sending in several entries, however, may win several prizes.

Employees of the Kraft Walker

Cheese Company Pty. Ltd., the "Australian Women's Weekly," and the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency are not permitted to enter.

**SEND THE LABEL — SEE CONDITION No. 2**

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"I can't even claim to have been misunderstood," she says.

"All my childhood was dominated by the fact of my mother's illness . . . Only much later did I learn that I was the cause . . . She couldn't afford

to buy the best things . . .

"In that, the Marchioness has

sympathy rather than our alienation.

There are many interesting bits in the book, but not enough for the four hundred odd pages.

"Myself When Young," a book by Famous Women of To-day, is edited by the Countess of Oxford and Asquith and

Frederick Muller.

# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, arrives in America,  
penniless. Demonstrating his magical tricks before  
GRUNTZ: Theatrical producer, he is made the star turn of  
Gruntz's new revue. At the same time he helps  
MARY: Dancer, out of work, to get a dancing job in the  
same revue. Also in the show is

## THE STORY SO FAR:

LILLI: Temperamental torch singer, who becomes attracted to Mandrake, and induces him to take her to supper.  
NORVELL: her boy-friend, who has the knife-throwing act in the revue, overhears her and, being furiously jealous, determines to prevent them from meeting. Outside the theatre he is just about to come to blows with Mandrake when Lothar appears, and Norvell moves off. NOW READ ON—





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### Good Enough To Eat!

\* Of course you really wouldn't eat a lipstick. But certainly you want one that's pure and good enough to eat!

MICHEL Lipstick passes every test for purity and quality. You know it's superior because it spreads evenly—because it gives a feeling of freshness to the lips—because its colors are clear. Michel chemists leave no stone unturned in testing and checking the quality of the ingredients that make this famous lipstick pure enough to eat.

8 ENTRANCING SHADES  
Blonds : Cherry : Vivid  
Coupine : Raspberry : Scarlet  
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

## 'RHEUMATISM IS IN MY BLOOD' DRIVE IT OUT THE CAUSE IS WEAK KIDNEYS

How often have you heard it said—"Rheumatism is in my blood"? It IS in your blood. It got there because your kidneys are weak and cannot filter the impurities and poisons—especially excess uric acid—out of your system, and the result is the formation of cruelly sharp uric acid crystals, which tear their way through the tender tissues, causing acute inflammation and, at times, unbearable pain.

Medical science agrees that rheumatism, backache, lumbago and all kindred troubles spring from one cause only—weak and sluggish kidneys—and that the only sure, safe, speedy and reliable method of obtaining relief is to restore the weakened kidneys to healthy action. De Witt's Pills give

### QUICK RELIEF—LASTING BENEFIT

In every case, no matter how long you have suffered.

The wonderful thing about the benefit they bring is not the benefit they bring is not



### AGED 67, AND WITHOUT AN ACHE NOW

Mr. G. Coleman, of 73, Oxford Street, Lansdowne, Masterton, writes:

"I used to be troubled with rheumatism and kidney trouble, but since taking De Witt's Pills I am a new man. I am 67 and without an ache or pain. I can safely recommend your pills to anyone, for they have done me such a lot of good."

## DEWITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/8, 5/- and 8/-. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

JIM turned a page. "What'd you do to-day?"  
"Let's see . . . I lunched with Elsie. Then this afternoon I went to Marion's engagement announcement party at the country club. I hate engagement teas," Violet burst out, almost as much as I hate weddings!"

"Pity you can't fall in love," Jim mused, folding his newspaper. He hunted for a pipe. "Trouble with you, kid, everything has come your way without effort. You're so confoundedly pretty men fall before you like ninepins."

"The one thing you haven't tried," said Jim, stuffing his pipe, "is work. If you'll take a course in the business school I'll give you a job when you graduate. My business is developing faster than I can handle it. I represent more and more New York insurance companies on local real estate investments, and my force is not adequate. How about it?"

"I'm so sick of things," Violet complained, overcome with the emptiness of a life without good-looking hobos. "Maybe you're right. I'll inquire about courses to-morrow."

Jim patted her shoulder. "Hot stuff, my girl. Think you'll be happier doing something besides parties and golf."

Jim was right—it was more fun to have an occupation than to butterfly one's way through life. The more Violet learned about business, the more she looked forward to holding a job in her brother's office. The parties she went to seemed less boring than before, even those which were frankly obligations. Functions like the Miller wedding, for instance.

"Can't duck it, kid," Jim advised. "You can't refuse to be a bridesmaid for one of your oldest friends. You'll have to walk down the aisle—"

"To the tune of a wedding march with a man I don't give a fig for," Violet broke in.

"You'll have to stand in the reception line afterwards," bantered Jim.

The day of the wedding arrived. Down the long reception line Violet spied Jim; but she was too busy shaking hands to notice the man behind him, whose dark head topped even her tall brother's.

## We Meet Again

Continued from Page 6

"I want to present Toby Scott," said Jim.

Toby Scott bent low over Violet's gloved hand. When he raised his head his very blue eyes were so indescribably merry that Violet laughed aloud.

"Fancy meeting you here!" she teased, turning swiftly to the next in line.

Could Toby Scott see how wildly her heart was beating? Did he notice the hot color rising in her cheeks? Was her bridesmaid's dress becoming? How long would it be before that dusty brute, now immaculately clean and definitely swank, would bow again before her?

Violet danced with everybody. Finally Toby Scott appeared. When he slipped his arm around her waist, when he guided her through the couples gliding over the polished floor, it was a totally new sensation. In formal afternoon dress he seemed impersonal, remote. Not in the least like a jaunty hobo rolling off a freight train.

"Did I frighten you awfully that day?" Toby inquired apologetically.

"Even people on police lists don't frighten me easily," Violet boasted, while inside a voice cried, "Liar, liar, scared to death now he won't like you as much as you like him."

"I don't often go in for brutality," Toby continued with an odd little lift to the chin. "I could have kicked myself afterwards."

Before she knew it a tactless fool cut in. Over the idiot's shoulder Violet watched Toby dance with all the other bridesmaids. With Phyllis Jackson—then he vanished in the throng. She was glad when Jim took her home.

"What'd you think of young Scott?" Jim asked.

"Oh," Violet murmured nonchalantly, "a decent sort."

"Good gosh!" Jim exclaimed. "He's a lot more than that. Dicky Scott's younger brother, for one thing. Most promising youngster I've had in the office for another. The girls at the wedding hot-footed it after him. Phyllis Jackson, particularly. S'marter, kid? You slipping?"

Maybe she was slipping, Violet thought, when days went by without a word from him.

"You about through your course, kid?" Jim asked one evening. "My secretary has to have an operation. If you're competent I'll give you a try-out while she's absent."

Work with Toby Scott? See him every day? Have a chance to get under his thick skin? Just would she!

Violet reported Monday in the trimmest blue dress a working girl ever wore. From the top of her head to the tips of her toes her appearance spelled efficiency. She worked so conscientiously she never heard Toby Scott when he stepped to her desk with papers.

"Fancy meeting you here!" he laughed.

THE keys on Violet's typewriter clattered.

"These papers are for filing," he announced; "then as if nothing important to Violet had happened went about his business.

For a fortnight ruefully Violet saw Toby coming, Toby going, but the amount of conversation they had wouldn't have made an hour's good radio continuity. Once she was forced to watch him eating lunch with Phyllis Jackson at a restaurant table. Phyllis nodded, Violet thought, triumphantly. The minx! The cat! The designing female!

The next time Toby came with papers Violet asked for help.

"Your brother's visiting another department," Toby informed her. "It's a good chance to learn the case in his private office." And Violet, docile as a lamb, followed him.

"You know," he said, when they had finished, "I've thought of you in dozens of ways, but never as a business woman."

"I hadn't suspected you'd thought me at all," she returned ironically.

"Probably not," he answered, sticking out his chin. "Girls like you—"

"Girls like me!" she wondered. "Girls like you seldom figure in a man's humdrum life."

Why wasn't she right for Toby Scott no matter what happened? She turned from the filing case towards him. "Really, I don't quite know what you mean."

He lounged against the door jamb, blue eyes awink. "Easy!" he laughed. "The first time I met you you had been to some shin-dig at

a country club. You were as tricky as a March opening; as alluring as

spring sunshine, but you scarcely looked the business woman."

"Are my looks so awfully against me?" she demanded with long pent-up feeling.

"The next time I saw you," he went on imperturbably, "was at a wedding. You were as radiant as the bride; as colorful as a rainbow; as lovely as dawn. You were as elusive as a beautiful dream, but scarcely the wife for a working man."

"Why not?" she cried, out of patience. "I'm a practical person. I'm frighteningly serious about everything important to a man."

He laughed, and his laughter stung. "You serious?" he chuckled. "Might as well expect seriousness from—"

She didn't wait for more.

"My turn," she announced icily. "I'm speaking absolutely seriously. You told me once you were wanted by the police. You work in my brother's office in a responsible position. For what reason were you running away? Why were the police after you?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "You wouldn't dare," he jeered.

"Dare?" she charged. "Dare?"

Quickly she walked across the room to the telephone on Jim's desk.

"Police department?"

"You are looking for a man six

feet two or three, athletic build,

black hair, blue eyes?"

"You'll find him in the Mohawk Building, Room 205!"

Abysmal silence. Violet felt faint. The telephone crashed to the floor from her inert fingers.

Toby Scott bent and quietly put it back on the desk. "Good for you," he said calmly. "I didn't think you'd have the nerve. According to your lights you've been absolutely orthodox."

"Toby," Violet moaned, "I'm sure I don't know why. It's because you've hurt me so, I suppose. Go now. Hurry. Get away before they come. I've been a wretch, but it's because I love you so, Toby, I swear!"

"You love me?" demanded Toby in a lifting voice. "And I've never believed in miracles! A wonderful girl like you love a humdrum man like me! Say it again, darling. Say it again and again!" That he might hear the better Toby took Violet in his arms. Violet forgot about the police. She forgot everything save Toby.

Behind their backs a door slammed. "Hi!" exclaimed Jim, "what's going on?"

"Toby's swinging around. It's all right, sir," he assured him. "Violet's turning me over to the police."

Jim laughed until laughter threatened to burst waistcoat buttons.

"Don't, Jim," pleaded Violet.

"Things are in a mess. The police want Toby, and I want him. I discovered Toby myself riding the rods. I gave him a lift. He had to get out of town in a hurry because the authorities were after him."

"I'll fix it," Jim promised. "I'll explain everything."

"What do you mean?" babbled Violet.

"You see," Jim said, "Toby wrote me he was busted and wanted a job.

I wired I'd give him the job but I

would not pay his way on. Right, Toby?"

"Yes, sir."

"Toby sent word he'd get here if he had to ride the rods. I figured he'd be a good man if he was that

much in earnest. I don't believe in

making things too easy for people,

though, so I wired the sheriffs of all the counties he would pass through

to be on the watch for a dangerous

character. That, Toby, you didn't know."

"No, sir."

"Well," grunted Jim, "now you do.

Look after him, kid, while I fix it

up at headquarters, will you?"

"Will it?" echoed Violet, when the door slammed behind her brother's broad back. "Ever and aye, all my life, and then some."

"All our lives you must say from now on," Toby grinned. "I'm not to be taken lightly, you understand. I'm speaking seriously. Just as seriously as you!"

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INvariably I PRESCRIBE REXONA SOAP TO KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR AND HEALTHY — IT NEVER FAILS

Don't despair over unsightly skin blemishes. Rexona Soap cleanses and purifies below the surface. Its healing medications get rid of every impurity and bring that loveliness to your skin that you have always desired. For the more serious skin trouble, Rexona Ointment in conjunction with Rexona Soap quickly restores the skin to perfect health.

AT YOUR CHEMIST'S OR STORE NOW!  
Rexona  
MEDICATED SOAP  
OINTMENT

SOAP—8d. per Tablet (City and Suburban)  
OINTMENT—1/8 per Tin. 100gms in  
extra large size, three times the quantity, £1.10

Grandma says—  
"Even when I was a girl HEARNE'S was the favourite remedy for Croup, Croup, Colds on the Chest, etc. Now I'm 76 and it seems more popular than ever. It is pleasant to take and so absolutely safe because it does not contain any dopey drugs." 2/6—4/-

Always insist on  
HEARNE'S  
BRONCHITIS CURE

## Piles Disappear

No Cutting or Salves Needed.

External treatments seldom help.

Nor does cutting remove the cause.

The cause is inside—bad circulation.

The blood is stagnant, the rectum

almost dead.

To quickly and safely rid yourself of piles you must free the circulatory system—send a fresh current through stagnant pools. Internal treatment is the one safe method. Ointments and cutting won't do it.

J. B. Leonhardt, M.D., a specialist, sees and treats some cases up to 7000 real internal remedy for piles. He prescribed his proprietary Vauhold, and tried it in 1,000 cases before he was satisfied. Now Vauhold is sold by chemists all over the world. It is a homeless tablet, easy to take, and the maker will gladly refund the purchase price if any dissatisfied customer.

## NASAL BALM

From Cold in the Head and Coughs brings quick soothng relief and clears the congested nasal passageway. Product of The Nasal Balm Company Pty. Ltd. NASAL BALM is a registered star on packaging. See you at chemists and stores. 1/8 tube at chemists and stores.

# Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

LIKE—

Phyllis Hayler's black frock, with a draped front panel of soft mauve and pink chiffon reaching to the hem and her black toque swathed in the same colors.

Tauber and His Wife

A FRIEND of mine who is just back from Melbourne tells that the cynosure of all eyes at Menzies was Mrs. Richard Tauber. She saw her lunching there one day in a pencil-striped suit, full-length sable coat and a nifty little black hat.

Richard and his lovely Diana were causing quite a lot of amusement with their by-play. Diana crumpling bread into tiny pellets and aiming them across the table straight into Richard's mouth. Well, she did find her mark occasionally!

There is an amusing story of Diana's about one of her last-minute purchases in London. It was a high-crowned black hat with a tree boldly standing up in front. Sad to relate it never reached Australia. Tauber gave it a glance and ordered it straight back whence it came; and back it went.

An engagement of interest in both Sydney and Tasmania is that of Jessie Clark, second daughter of the late Mr. John Clark and Mrs. G. Taylor of Firedock, to Mr. Leslie John Stirling, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Stirling, of New Town, Tasmania.

French Celebrations

MY friends among the French community in Sydney tell me that on their National Day July 14 everyone in France starts celebrating at the crack of dawn, with bands playing at every corner and people dancing in the streets until dark.

They did not follow these traditions quite so closely with their celebrations here last Thursday, but to start with a reception at the home of the Consul-General (Mons. Jean Tremoulet) at 11 o'clock in the morning and continue on until the end of the Alliance Francaise Ball at Hordern Brothers' night sounded strenuous enough to me.

Six of Sydney's young bachelors who will be hosts at a dance at the White City, Rushcutters Bay, this Friday, are John Bovil, Ray Curlewis, John Minter, Ham Morton, John Murray and Bill Richards.

Sydney Drama Society

ROSALIE WILSON is the versatile director of the Sydney Drama League, which will present four Australian plays at the Little Theatre, Phillip Street, this Saturday.

One of the plays will be Rosalie's dramatization of "A House Is Built," which is being produced by Rosalie Collins, and in which Rosalie Wilson will also take a part. In addition to writing and acting in this play Rosalie is producing the play, "At Dusk," written by Millicent Armstrong, of Gunning. Louis Esson, the Melbourne author of "Ananara," will be present to see his play acted, and the fourth play will be "Seeing Granny Off," which needs a large number of children in the cast, so all the parents are bringing their families to take part. Rosalie tells me, too, that for one of the scenes in "A House Is Built" they have been lent a genuine old-fashioned musical box, which belongs to Joan Stark.

Holiday Down South

SYDNEY is cold enough for most of us this winter, but a brave soul who has travelled farther south is Mrs. Neville Manning, of Bellevue Hill. Melbourne's winter holds no fears for her, and she is staying there as the guest of the Norton Grinwades at 8 Woorigoleen Road, Toorak.

Mrs. Matthew Robinson, who has been staying at 53 Macleay Street, is now the guest of Mrs. I. E. Keitt, at Darling Point.

Renewing Friendships

MRS. WALTER BUDDON has gone to Melbourne for a fortnight's holiday, and numerous friends are delighted to meet her again, for it is some years since she came to make her home in Sydney. She is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Harrison, of Essendon, where she is so well known. Mrs. Buddon was one of the Aberfeldie Ladies' Bowing Club's most popular members, and carried off many trophies when she was there.

## Valda Aveling's Concert

AT the conclusion of her concert at the Town Hall last Thursday Valda Aveling, the eighteen-year-old pianist, was surrounded by crowds of people from the audience all congratulating her on her performance.

Valda, it will be remembered, was "found" when she won an Australian Women's Weekly musical scholarship of £100 in 1935.

At the supper party given for Valda by the committee at the Forum Club after the concert, Lady Gordon announced that £500 had been raised by the concert.



RECENTLY RETURNED from a holiday at Bourdal is Miss Jean Simpson, the charming blonde daughter of Mrs. G. M. Simpson, of Croydon.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Danced at Romano's

PRETTY Jean Miller and Mick Grace, who announced their engagement last week, celebrated the occasion by dancing at Romano's on the Wednesday night. Jean looked lovely in a gown of frothy white lace trimmed with silver, a delightful contrast to the huge mound of red roses Mick had ordered for table decorations.

Also dancing were Robin Eakin, Jean Kennedy and Frank Beale with their host, Leo Cook. Robin was wearing a frock of black lacquered georgette scattered with huge gold and scarlet poppies, and Jean wore a draped frock of Marina-blue chiffon.

## FASHION WISDOM . . . By Colette

If she's an  
ethereal blonde—

Don't—



Don't give her a heavy oriental perfume suitable only to the striking vampish personality.

Do give her some sweet-smelling flower fragrance—cologne to put on her fair skin—lotion water for her handkerchief and hair—a delicate floral perfume for daytime—a tweedy outdoor scent for sports.

If your silhouette is slim and lithe—

Do—



Do gird simply in a double-breasted coat, fitted or loose, three-quarter or long.

Don't be overpowered in a loose, bulky coat of thick fabric.



It works on hair of any texture... on any wave... and takes but four minutes! It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your own hair—and save time and expense.

And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb and a little VELMOL. A Velmol damp-set keeps the hair fabulously fresh... keeps waves so firm and smart... yet never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes "perm" last a lot longer.

3 STEPS: Just run wet comb through hair. Brush through a little Velmol. Then simply arrange hair, as you wish, with fingers and comb.

Ask for VELMOL

2/- All Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers.

## REDUCE SAFELY

WITH FORD'S CORPORAL CAPSULES

A Kentishton lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 8 stone like." This is a scientifically correct treatment, endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercise. Three weeks' treatment, 5/-; six weeks, 10/-; at all chemists, or post free from MARY E. FORD, M.P.S. (Off. Utd.), Chemists, 247 King Street, Newtown. Tel. L1712.

## Giving children harsh laxatives is unkind... and harmful



### Here's a Special Child's Preparation—PLEASANT and MILD

When your youngster is out-of-sorts—obviously in need of a thorough intestinal cleansing—and still "ights" taking a laxative, don't set it down as stubbornness. Maybe you are guilty—of thoughtlessness. For when a child objects to such medicine, there's often good cause. The tarts may be offensive or the action harsh and unpleasant.

So is it ever fair, or even kind, to force such remedies on your youngster, thus taxing his upset condition still further?

Fortunately, there's no need to resort to such measures. You can get a real child's laxative, "California Syrup of Figs," made primarily for children—and thoroughly pleasant both in taste and action.

In flavour, "California Syrup of Figs"—"Califig"—is as delicious as pure fruit syrup. And, because of its gentle vegetable ingredients, is mild and agreeable in effect. Doctors recommend it. And in thousands of homes where it is used, "California Syrup of Figs" has proved an equally suitable laxative for others in the family—either young or old, especially for women—with whom it is important to avoid the shock of stronger, harsher drugs.

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/- times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say "California" and look for "Califig" on the package.

## 'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'

'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

THE air was balmy, the trees which lined the broad residential thoroughfare were gay with the fresh green of young leaves; houses of astounding beauty could be discerned behind velvet lawns, brought into sharp relief by jasmine and jonquils and azaleas and wistaria and roses... just the very earliest roses. Later there would be a mass of rose pink blanketing that hillside, and acres of honeysuckle to exude a spring fragrance well-nigh overpowering. Now he only saw the homes—and loved them. They were not of a type; in fact, he saw no two which were alike... and they stretched up and up on streets which wound aimlessly towards the crest of the mountain; some of them pretentious, all of them homely. Jason remarked: "I could go for this place in a big way."

"Habersham is a beautiful city," stated Larry, delighted to find some statement that he could make with confidence.

"I'm for it," declared Jason. "Or anyhow, I would be if I didn't have a toothache."

"Still bothering you?"

"And how."

Kay was solicitous. She said: "Larry, we'll have to send him down to Charley."

"Yes," answered Larry, wondering who Charley might be, "we certainly will."

"Now, listen, Mrs. Wilson—don't you worry your head about me. All I need is a dentist with a set of tools, a lot of novocaine, and a kind of 'It's no trouble."

"I know. But I like to find my own dentists. I walk in, and if I don't like his looks I walk right out."

"Whatever you wish."

The sedan stopped. Kay said: with a hint of surprise: "Well... aren't you going to get out?"

"Sure..." Larry caught himself sharply and took refuge in banter again.

"I was waiting for you to invite me to stay awhile."

"You're invited," she said, and opened the door, and Larry heard Jason Rountree say: "That's a beautiful home."

He looked up at the house, and endorsed Jason's verdict. Rural English in architectural style, it stood atop an elevated corner lot, and rose from a frame of shrubbery and flowers. It was a huge, sprawling affair, rich with windows and splendidly beautiful in its impression of strength and permanence and homeliness.

Larry took Kay's arm and walked

with her, trying to act as though it were familiar to him. The irony of it bit into him. This was his home. He had built it—or bought it. He was entering it with his wife. And he knew neither the home nor the woman who was its mistress.

From behind the house came an excited yelping. A Boston terrier skidded around a clump of gaily white spiraea bushes as though shot out of a gun. Ten feet away from the walk he made a flying leap and whacked against Larry's thigh. He then went into a series of wild gyrations and amazing contortions which was his manner of expressing delight that his master was at home again. Larry said: "Hello, pup," and to Kay: "He seems glad to see me."

**T**HE verandah was floored with tiles, and straight ahead there were pillars of heavy stone over which was an ivy-covered roof. To their right, where the verandah followed the length of the house, there was no roof, and Larry saw French windows which were open to the spring. He held open the screen door and followed Kay into the house.

They entered directly into a living-room: a huge room with a fireplace at one end; a room gay with spring flowers and quiet and restful in furnishings and drapes. To the right of the front door was what was obviously a music-room, bright with sunshine; behind it was a formal dining-room, and on the other side an archway opening on to a hall and the beginnings of a staircase.

Larry felt depressed and frightened. This was his place. He was supposed to act as though it were his. But he was experiencing the awkward formality which inevitably assails one on entering a strange and lovely home. He was glad when two negro women, one of them clad in the habiliments of a maid, appeared from the rear of the house. They both smiled affectionately at him and one of them said: "Hope you is feelin' good, Miah Wilson—an' you, too, Miss Wilson." They stood about, waiting for approval of their handiwork.

Kay enthused, "You've got the house looking beautiful. And where did you get the flowers?"

Ernestine puk 'em herownse', Miss Wilson."

Cashus shoved through a swinging door which evidently led from the kitchen. He was staggering under a load of luggage.

"Where at you crave to have these put, Miss Wilson?"

"Put Mr. Wilson's in his room, Cashus. And Mr. Rountree's things will go into the rear guest-room."

Larry drew a deep breath of relief. "Mr. Wilson's room," she had said. He caught a glance from Jason's eyes, and knew that Mr. Rountree was relieved, too. He had been terribly afraid—and he hadn't been able to ask questions.

And then he realised that he didn't know where his room was. He saw Cashus jamming upstairs with the luggage, and it occurred to him that if he followed the colored man he might discover where he was supposed to go. He said: "I think I'll go up for a few minutes..."

"Me, too," said Jason hastily.

**T**HEY started towards the stairway. Kay gazed after them, started to say something, changed her mind, and then addressed the two women servants.

"Any calls?"

"Yassum. But they was fo' Mistuh Wilson."

Jason whispered in Larry's ear. "Take it easy."

"Who were they?" inquired Larry. "Well, suh, Mistuh Campbell called."

"Oh, yes..."

"An' Mistuh Duncan—he's been callin' frequent."

"I see. Anybody else?"

"Yassuh: One gemmum says fo' you to call him right away as soon as you git rested."

"Who was that, Ernestine?"

"He didn't give no name, suh. He just say fo' you to call the distrik attorney's office."

\* \* \*

Jason slipped out of the house and walked briskly to Mountain Avenue. He stopped the first street car and inquired whether it went down town. The conductor gazed upon him with some amazement, said "Certainly," and accepted seven cents of Mr. Rountree's money. Twenty minutes later the little bald-headed man was inspecting the directory in the lobby of Habersham's largest building.

## I Love You Again

Continued from Page 14

He was whisked upward in an elevator, and rapped on a door which was marked "Ezekiel R. Masters-Dentist." A voice—a feminine voice—said "Come in," and he obeyed.

He found himself confronting a young lady of bewitching bloneness. The trim white uniform made no attempt to conceal a figure which Mr. Rountree instantly decided was a honey. Her complexion was almost too perfect, her lips vividly crimson, her hair the color of summer sunshine. Wide-open blue eyes sought Jason's, and her voice—which she tried to make professional—contained a personal nuance which was not wasted upon the visitor.

She said, "Good evening."

"Howdy." Jason knew that he was staring in a manner which could be regarded either as a gross insult or superb compliment. "Is the doctor in?"

"No, I'm sorry."

"Well, I'm not."

"Why?"

"Because I've got a toothache."

The faintest suggestion of a smile touched the corners of her lips.

"Scared?" she inquired.

"Plenty."

"Dr. Masters will be back in a few minutes. He'll be glad to give you something to relieve the pain."

"Then what?"

"Then he closes the office for the day."

"How long before he gets back?"

"Oh! Just a few minutes. Ten or fifteen."

"Then what?"

"I'm not scared."

# WITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

**CANCERIANS,** learn to assert yourselves in the really important things in life. Otherwise, a bad time will be had by all.

CANCERIANS are among the most-imposed-upon people in the world. Their patience, gentle kindness, and respect for old-age or helplessness lead them into the culs-de-sac of which often become prisons.

This is particularly the case with those who wish to get married but who possess selfish natures; and with those already married should their partners be selfish and dominant.

It is a major crime for Cancerians (those born between June 22 and July 23) to remain unmarried, for they make some of the most delicate partners and "family folk" in the world. They have a natural instinct for the joys of home, children, and traditional domestic life.

It is essential that the Cancerian marriage be a happy one, for their folk are also some of the most sensitive and easily-hurt of all.

### Easily Encouraged

THOUGH easy to repulse, they are also easy to encourage. The partner, parent, or child of a Cancer-born person will therefore see that a little approbation and a genuine love and appreciation are served up every day. But let not things be false, for these people are honest and false display. Cancerians are often attracted to people older than themselves, or those who are rather old-fashioned and traditional. This is due partly to their gentle and sympathetic natures which make them ready to give way to those with superior wills and demands for the sake of love, and partly to their respect for old parentage and family life. Thus it comes about that any Cancerian's life has been ruined. A possessive parent, particularly a mother, can work upon the love, gentle, and sense of "duty" of a child born under this sign that will bow to autocratic wills and demands for the sake of love, and partly to their respect for old parentage and family life.

Thus it comes about that any Cancerian's life has been ruined. A possessive parent, particularly a mother, can work upon the love, gentle, and sense of "duty" of a child born under this sign that will bow to autocratic wills and demands for the sake of love, and partly to their respect for old parentage and family life.

It not only applies to the everyday stains of life such as handing over the weekly pay-envelope or the stain of faithful service in the home, but also to the even more important stain of marriage.

### Selfish Parents

MOTHERS and fathers who cling to their Cancer-born sons (and their daughters), and to the love (and stains) of their Cancer-born daughters, will have much to answer for. Their selfishness is particularly noticeable when a prospective bride or bridegroom appears on the horizon. If the attachment cannot be broken, parents are likely to follow them into the poor Cancerian for life. They will go so far as to choose the prospective son-in-law or daughter-in-law themselves, and thereafter try to be a little "managing."

If you doubt this, look round among your friends and relatives who are bachelors or spinsters. Search out

the cause. Track down their parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters, or even their employers. You'll find that long service has been appealed for or demanded, and poor old Cancer has been "the goat."

Fortunately, these Cancer-born folk sometimes prove unexpectedly perverse and strong-minded. They will give in to most things, but can sometimes put up a battle for love and a home of their own.

The fact that they sometimes jump from the frying pan into the fire, leaving a possessive parent for a dominant partner, is something that only the Cancerian can govern (and pay for).

Those born under this sign should therefore be as sympathetic as possible, and live as far away from their in-laws as they can. They should keep on loving their relatives, but not let them interfere with domestic life.

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Better times are ahead for you, so plan wisely and act with confidence. Work especially hard on July 27 and 28, for the stars favor you then. Ask favors, seek advancement, begin new enterprises, chase opportunities.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): It is your turn to lie low for a while, for difficulties, upsets and delays can beset you, especially on July 27 and 28.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 23): Fair on July 13; better on July 24.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Complete and improve matters already in force. Fair on July 25 and 26.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Don't let the grass grow under your feet now. Seek and make opportunities. What you start on July 27 and 28 may have very good reactions. Be confident, cheerful and hard-working when.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Just fair on July 29 and 30.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Small possibilities on July 23 and 24, but avoid over-confidence, especially on July 25 and 26.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Trouble will meet unwise Scorpios more than half-way this week. Be particularly cautious on July 27 and 28. Avoid all changes, favor routine work; live quietly.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): The stars now befriend you, so be up and doing. Make the most of July 27 and 28. Seek promotion, ask favors, make changes or journeys. Be your own optimistic and capable selves.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Just a routine week for most Capricornians. Just fair on July 29 and 30.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Weep and you'll weep alone, this week; for even the stars are against you. Sew zippers on your pockets and place padlocks on your possessions, for loss is likely. Also opposition, arguments, worry and estrangement. Live quietly; avoid emotional stress and changes, especially on July 27 and 28.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Concentrate on matters already started. July 25 and 26 just fair, but July 29 and 30 poor.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this article as an offering of a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.

### THOSE TO MARRY

CANCERIANS, to be most happily married, should seek partners born under the signs:

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23), who are bossy, but make excellent and strong mates.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21), who are usually good home-makers, and

**CANCERIANS** (June 22 to July 23), whose similar interests should cause things to work out well.

**Taurians** (April 21 to May 22), and **Virgoans** (August 24 to September 23), also promote well-being.

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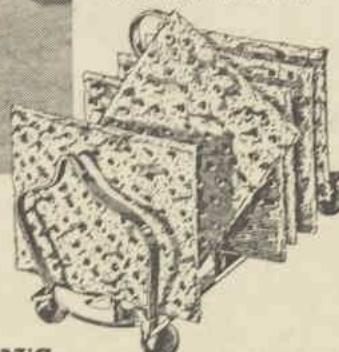
## BEHIND HER Slender Strength

### THE NOURISHMENT OF WHOLE WHEAT!

Those vital food factors . . . mineral salts, vitamins, calories, roughage . . . are all present in Peek Frean's crunchy Vita-West Crispbread.

Vita-West is bread at its best. It gives you slim vitality, because—being free from unconverted starch—Vita-West controls unwanted curves.

Make Peek Frean's Vita-West your daily bread. The whole wheat flavour is delicious.



Put a toast rack of Vita-West Crispbread on your table at every meal. A 1-lb. carton costs only a few pence. Why not buy one to-day?

PEEK FREAN'S

# Vita-West CRISPBREAD

V.12.5A

## Kill Kidney Poisons Restore Your Health

There is nothing that can make you feel older and more run-down than Kidney and Bladder trouble caused by Poisons developed in your body. Ordinary medicines can't help you much because they do not fight the poisons. You must get rid of the health-destroying Poisons.

Poisons in the Kidneys and Urinary System may cause you to suffer from one or more of the following dangerous and vicious diseases: Kidney Disease, Bed-ridden, Night, Uric Acid, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Disease, Frequent Headaches, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under the Eyes, Dry, Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching penes.

### Help Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers most chemists now have the new twin-talent treatment—Cystex. Write to your doctor's prescription. Cystex fights and removes the underlying cause of your trouble in these 3 ways: 1. It kills and removes germs from the Kidneys and Urinary System. 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and sore parts. 3. It removes the Acid and other poisons wastes from the Kidneys and Bladder.

### Millions Praise Cystex

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world praise Cystex. Many cannot praise it enough. And Mrs. M. J. Smart, of Boston, wrote: "I suffered from pain in my legs, arms and joints for some time. Cystex did so much good I am telling my friends about it."

### 8-Day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in getting Cystex for the test. Just write Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality, and satisfy you in every way. You must return the empty package and your money refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement and the following guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day guarantee—no charge for yourself the amazing things that the complete twin-talent treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.



Stop Getting Up Nights . . . Feel Sleep Soundly . . . Feel Years Younger

61 Coates St., Concord West, N.S.W. recently wrote: "I suffered from rheumatism, leg pains, disease, headaches and



## I Love You Again

Continued from Page 38

"Did he treat you well?"

"Rather well. But they all hurt." Kay said. "I imagine you're both tired."

"That's the first stupid thing you've said." The smile left her face. "Here comes Dr. Masters—"

"And we'll talk later."

"Uh-huh. But just talk."

"I get it," said Jason, and she wondered at the sincerity in his voice.

Mr. Rountree looked out of the window and saw that night had settled over the city. There were lights—countless lights—and innumerable automobiles and traffic noises and shrill yells of eager newsboys. There came to Mr. Rountree's ears the penetrating sound of police whistles helping to direct traffic. He heard the rattle of street cars and rumble of trucks. He thought of Larry Wilson in his lavish home and wondered with some uneasiness how he was making out.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Larry Wilson was having a most uncomfortable time. Mr. and Mrs. Manning—Kay's parents—had arrived, filled with curiosity and solicitude. He liked them instantly and unequivocally. Mr. Manning was tall and erect and military but with a bright twinkle in his amazingly young eyes; Mrs. Manning was tiny and had prematurely white hair and the complexion of a girl of eighteen. He warmed to their easy informality, their incessant banter, their attitude of friendship towards him and their daughter.

"So now," laughed Mrs. Manning, "you're a hero."

"At least," amended Mr. Manning, "that's what the local newspapers call you. You'll probably be interviewed to-morrow, and Polly will run a Sunday special . . . You don't seem pleased."

"I'm afraid I'm not. It's a terrible lot of fuss over nothing. The chances are that if I'd taken ten seconds to think I'd never have gone overboard at all."

**T**HE telephone rang from its perch on the hall-table near the foot of the stairs. Kay answered, and turned towards him her hand over the transmitter.

She said: "It's Duncan."

Larry's heart skipped a beat.

"Duncan?" he repeated. He tried to think swiftly and to talk slowly. "He wants to come over."

"When?"

"To-night. Now."

He could feel three pairs of eyes upon him. He touched the adhesive on his forehead, and asked him to wait until to-morrow. I'm feeling pretty rocky."

"But, Larry . . ."

"I do, really. I should turn in. One more night won't matter to him."

She said, somewhat stiffly: "You think not?"

"I'd rather."

"Very well." She spoke into the telephone. "Larry's feeling all in, Duncan . . . Yes . . . Evidently the skull wasn't as thick as we thought . . . Surely . . . Please quit worrying . . . Larry's home now."

"Of course . . . Oh! I forgot it and get a good night's sleep . . . He'll call you to-morrow . . . Good night . . ."

She walked slowly into the living room. Her face was grave. She said: "Poor kid."

Mr. Manning nodded soberly. "It's fortunate for him Larry got back. There's been some nasty conjecture."

Mrs. Manning said: "Rita has been sticking pretty close to home."

"It's a pity she didn't start that sooner. Then this whole miserable mess wouldn't have happened."

"Oh, they're young . . ."

"Duncan's a child." Kay's voice was sharp. "He doesn't understand what's happening." She paused, then spoke again without looking at Larry. "Neither do I."

Mrs. Manning was both wise and observant. She detected an undercurrent between Kay and Larry and directed the conversation into less dangerous channels. They left by ten o'clock, and less than ten minutes after their departure Jason Rountree returned.

It was instantly apparent that Jason was bursting with information. His eyes were bright, his hands active. Kay inquired after his dental work and said, "You should have gone to our dentist. Where did you go, by the way?"

"Chap named Masters."

Continued from Page 38

"Did he treat you well?"

"Rather well. But they all hurt."

Kay said. "I imagine you're both tired."

"I'll admit I am." Jason removed his glasses and signalled Larry with them. He smiled angelically at Kay and said, "May I talk to Larry privately for a few minutes, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Certainly." She moved towards the stairway. "You'll lock up, won't you, Larry?"

"Yes."

"I forgot to have the latch fixed on the breakfast-room window."

"That's all right."

She walked upstairs, slowly. Jason waited until he heard a door close. Then his hand fell on Larry's arm and those astonishingly powerful fingers closed. He said, "I'm boiling over with information."

**L**ARRY asked a question, as though fearful of the answer.

"Are things pretty bad?"

Jason's reply justified his apprehension.

"They're not so bad they can't be handled," stated Jason. "But they're still pretty terrible. Listen . . ."

Jason Rountree looked appallingly serious. He followed Larry to the latter's room, shed his coat, and spread it carefully over the back of a chair. He patted the black eyeglass ribbon against the grey smoothness of his shirt. He seated himself on the edge of the bed and gazed at Larry with eyes which were more grey than blue. His voice was disturbingly flat, as though he were weighing each word with meticulous care.

"What I'm going to tell you," he started, "is just gossip. I got most of it from a girl who works in Dr. Masters' office. She's a nice girl—but that's another story. The important point is that she passed on to me what the whole town is talking about, and we can take it or let it alone."

Larry nodded, impressed by the seriousness of his friend. He watched Mr. Rountree light a cigarette with exaggerated slowness, and heard him say, "It isn't easy to know just where to start."

"Did you discover who Duncan is?"

"Yes. He's a kid—about twenty-two years old. He's a hellion, but everybody likes him in spite of that. And the Mr. Campbell you've heard mentioned, that's Duncan's father. They've got all the money in the world. Ella—that's the girl I met downtown—says they have more money than any family in the State. Millions. Duncan, it seems, has been kicked out of every good school in the East. He's not bad, mind you, but wild. He would attend classes one day and then do Broadway for the rest of the week, throwing money away and trying to make a dent in the big city." Jason's eyes softened for just a moment. "Just the sort of a lad," he commented wistfully, "that used to help build up the bank accounts of us speakeasy owners."

"And Mr. Campbell?"

"Ella says he's absolute tops. Owns banks, bus lines, power company, little businesses and big businesses. He seems to have a finger in every Haberham pie. And from what I could gather he's the man who helped you a break when you first hit town."

"How?"

"Ella was a bit hazy on details, but it seems that Mr. Campbell is the actual owner of the real estate and insurance firm that you're the head of. The idea is that you and Duncan have been like brothers. He looks up to you—or, anyway, that's the public slant on the situation—and so of course everybody expects you to come through with his alibi."

"Things are becoming clearer." Larry smiled appreciatively. "You're doing grand work, Jason."

"Nothing at all. Just trying to help." Jason appeared to be embarrassed by praise and his round face became slightly pink. "The rest of what I heard sounds straight. For three or four years a series of color advertisements appeared in national magazines. The model of all of them was a girl—a girl with red hair and a figure that you hope to dream about. Sometimes the pictures were drawn and other times they were—were—reproductions of photographs. But always this girl's figure was the thing that caught the eye. She got to be mighty famous."

It was instantly apparent that Jason was bursting with information. His eyes were bright, his hands active. Kay inquired after his dental work and said, "You should have gone to our dentist. Where did you go, by the way?"

"Chap named Masters."



## Imagine it!

Her friends talked  
behind her back

"She used to be such a good girl," they said. "Always too tired to enjoy herself. Used to look wonderful out and in. But . . . look at her now . . . bright, happy and splendidly healthy."

Constipation was spoiling her looks and sapping her energy. She took NYAL FIGSEN, the pleasant, natural laxative. Normal bowel action was restored overnight. Constipation was banished. The "waste matter" that was clogging her system was quickly cleared away. For every member of the family FIGSEN is the ideal laxative. 1/3 tin from your chemist.

**NYAL  
FIGSEN**  
FOR CONSTIPATION

## Tough Old Cough Yields To New Canadiol Mixture

His relief almost overnight from bronchitis of thirty years' standing is regarded as nothing short of a miracle by his friends and neighbors. Read what Mr. Gull says:

"From the time I was a small boy until the age of thirty-two, I was never free from a hacking cough night and day. Doctor told me I was suffering from chronic bronchitis—that there was no permanent relief. One day I saw an advertisement for BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE. The word bronchitis arrested my attention. I purchased a bottle. It gave me relief. I bought two more and my cough left me completely. That happened six years ago and the cough has never returned. BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE will give you the same instant relief from the strangled torture of bronchitis. It acts like a flash on cold and colds. Why not get a bottle today? Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of Canada—canada—is sold for 1/- by chemists and stores everywhere and guaranteed."

## WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR ME?

A Scientific Future Forecast covering finance, travel, health, occupation, lotteries, lucky days, marriage, etc. Questions answered. Send P.M. 2/6. Birthdate, Year, etc. Stamped addressed envelope. ★ RAMON Dept. C BOX 30337, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

## YOUR FUTURE?

Your 1932 prospects, occupations, marriage, travel, financial speculation, lucky periods, health, lotteries, and Questions answered. Send P.M. 2/6. Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope. TELFORD SHAW, Box 214P, Dept. T, G.P.O., Sydney.

## ASTROLOGY

What are my future prospects? What will my luck impress? Will I realize my ambitions? What is my Lottery Luck? Marriage? Travel? Finance? All questions answered and mailed free. Send P.M. 2/6. Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope. ★ MOORE Box 247TH, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Fine, Healthy Little Girl



It's Jeannette is a happy baby, thanks to Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders

Mr. C. LAZELL writes:—"I am only pleased to tell you of the benefits my baby received from your wonderful Infants' Powders. At birth she was only 5 pounds in weight, and had a difficult sigmoid. At three months I started using your Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders, and very soon she began to gain her food, and was soon gaining weight steadily. When her teeth appeared the Infants' Powders again aided her safely and comfortably through this trying period of babyhood. At eight months when the photo was taken, she was full weight and a very healthy baby."

### ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

are intended to ease pain and soothe the child, check stomach disorders, correct its motions, relieve fever, restlessness, irritability and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mother ensures the best Protection and Comfort for their Children by using

### ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

which are safe, reliable, unfailing and guaranteed perfectly harmless.

Box of 20 Powders for 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Ashton & Parsons' Ltd., Box 34 P.O., North Sydney.

### Your Problems Solved ASTROLOGY

By the World's Greatest Professor. Franklin, the world's knowledge given in a few sentences. When and Which Lottery to invest in. Lucky periods. Future prospects in Money, Love, Marriage, Travel, Business, and other information of value. Write in confidence.

Send P.M. 1/6. Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope. OMAR KYOME, Dept. M., BOX 3111, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

# FRANTIC WITH NEURITIS

Long, pain-distressed nights with little or no sleep . . . twisting and turning from side to side in bed . . . worn out and desperate with NEURITIS—that painful inflammation of the nerves which is liable to attack ANYONE.

You owe it to yourself to banish these nerve disturbances, relieve yourself of pain and regain the joy of healthy life. That "Magic Wrap" WAWN'S WONDER WOOL will speedily bring you soothings, healing, warming relief—Inflammation is reduced, congestion banished, nerves become normal and life again worth living.

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL  
Obtainable everywhere at 2/6 per pocket

"YOU make her sound interesting. But just what has this young Venus to do with me?"

Jason leaned forward. He said grimly:

"She's Rita." "Say—that is interesting." "Also, she's Duncan's wife."

"You're a bloodhound, Jason."

"Forget it, I haven't done anything. I just met this girl Ella, fed her some chop suey, kidded her along, tricked her into talking scandal—and there I was. I learned a heap about women before Repeat put me out of business."

Larry checked off on his fingers:

"Let's see what we've got so far: Mr. Campbell is obviously my friend and benefactor. His son is a good guy, but wild, and his relationship to me is apparently that of younger brother. Rita is his wife, and I gather from what Mrs. Wilson has said that she had something to do with the Ted Courtney killing."

Larry made an apologetic gesture. "You don't know how queer this whole thing makes me feel, Jason. Names are being flung at me from every direction. I haven't any way of knowing what's important and what isn't."

"I know a lot about Campbell," said Jason. "How awful rich he is, I mean. He's got a breeding farm right here in Habersham and another in Kentucky. You'll see his colors on every first-class track in America. Of course, it's just a sideline with him. A hobby. Warner Blane is his business agent—probably the best agent living. He's not the type you'd think, either. He's a gentleman and a college graduate, but he knows all there is to know about horses, and he handles everything of that kind for Mr. Campbell. Understand?"

"I think so. But about Rita and Duncan?"

"We-e-ell . . ." Jason reverted to his more deliberative mood, as though fearful of tripping over his own words. "It seems that Rita was a riot when she first came to Habersham. They say she had a grand time. She gave some big parties and was guest of honor at a lot more. But after a while it seems that she began to understand that a hundred thousand people aren't the same as seven million. The guess is that she got bored and started hunting excitement."

"That's easy to understand. But just what did she do?"

"You guess." Jason smiled faintly. "Everybody in Habersham is guessing, so we might as well try. The story is that she fell for Ted Courtney—the man who was murdered."

"Mmm . . . Find out anything about him?"

"Some folks liked him. He was prominent socially. College man, Bachelor. Family just as prominent as the Campbells, though maybe not quite so rich. Ella figures that Rita started amusing herself with Courtney, and that Duncan began making threats. Whether it's true or not, I don't know."

"How far had things gone between Rita and Courtney?"

JASON shrugged his pudgy shoulders. He said: "There's nobody living except Rita Campbell who can answer that. But if things went far enough for Duncan to threaten Courtney—"

"If. That's the point." "Now we're getting to you, Larry." Mr. Rountree removed his glasses and shoved them in Larry's direction. "This jigsaw puzzle seems to shape up this way, that Mr. Campbell found himself having lots of no influence with his son and Rita. Ella hinted—without even knowing that I knew you—that you were Duncan's best friend. A sort of older brother. You were going off on the Atlantis cruise. The whole town was gossiping about Rita and Ted Courtney. Duncan was supposed to be making threats. Some of the society ladies were beginning to cut Rita in spite of her being Mrs. Campbell—which was sort of putting it up to Duncan to keep a check-rein on his wife. And—Jason's voice came sharply: "And Duncan is supposed to have told the District Attorney that on the afternoon Ted Courtney was killed, he was sitting in an automobile talking things over with you."

Larry nodded. "Mrs. Wilson gave me a hint of that."

"It seems to be straight. I figure that either you wanted to have a last talk with Duncan before you went away—or that he wanted to talk to you. Anyway, he's supposed to be claiming that you were together in his car and that you were parked somewhere on the road discussing things long before, and during, and after the time when it has been established that Ted Courtney

was shot. Perfect alibi. He says he got you to the airport just in time for you to hop the plane. That plane landed you in Newark exactly in time for you to taxi to New York and get aboard the Atlantis. That's why you didn't see anything about it in the newspapers, or why there mightn't have been any notice of it on the ship's bulletin."

Jason crossed the room and dropped his hand on Larry's shoulder. His voice was gentle and freighted with real affection. "You're getting tired, aren't you? Well, forget it for to-night. Get some good sleep. Things will look better in the morning."

Larry said good night to Jason and closed the door. He removed coat and vest and tie. He was experiencing a mental and physical exhaustion. His head throbbed. He was glad to be alone. He thought of the girl in the next room . . . of the girl to whom he had been married for almost two years.

There was a light tap on the door. It opened.

Kay entered Larry's bedroom. She was clad in nightgown and filmy negligee. She was strikingly beautiful, and the intimacy of the situation, her matter-of-fact acceptance of it, caused him to be afraid. She seated herself on the foot of the bed, holding one knee between two slender hands.

"I've got to talk to you," said Larry's wife. "And this is the first chance I've had." Her grey eyes held his. "It's the first time we've really been alone together," she said.

**S**AVE for the whirr of an occasional passing automobile and the cheery song of a lone mocking bird in the tree just outside the window of Larry's bedroom, the neighborhood was quiet. And inside the room, things were quiet, too; so quiet that Larry fidgeted uncomfortably and walked around the room, and then—because there was nothing else to do—seated himself so that he faced his wife.

The situation frightened him. She was his wife—he reminded himself—and therefore she accepted their present intimacy matter-of-fact. The odd thing was that he did not—and could not—regard himself as her husband. She was a stranger: a beautiful stranger, but, nevertheless, a person unknown to him. And she affected him profoundly. In the quiet grey eyes of her there was mystification and hurt.

She continued to regard him wordlessly, and he experienced an uncomfortable sense of guilt. He wondered whether, from an ethical standpoint, he should say to her: "You shouldn't be here—this way. I don't know you." He had dreaded this inevitable moment.

"It has to do with it?" "Everything. And the idea of you and Rita is simply unthinkable."

Rita! Himself! Ignorant as he was of the truth, Larry exclaimed, "Rita! Duncan's wife?"

"It seems so odd . . . that it should make a difference in our personal relationship. That's the point I can't understand. I've always trusted you."

"What has trust to do with it?"

"Everything. And the idea of you and Rita is simply unthinkable."

Rita! Himself! Ignorant as he was of the truth, Larry exclaimed,

"Rita! Duncan's wife?"

Continued from Page 40

"Don't you think it's about time to talk things over?" she said at length.

He retreated desperately. "I'm not feeling very well . . ."

"I understand that. But I know you dear—and you're not feeling quite so badly as you claim."

"I tried to explain on the train . . . I need time to think—"

"Of what?"

"This whole situation. Duncan and Rita and Ted Courtney."

"What is so complex about it? You either were or were not with Duncan at six-twenty that afternoon."

"Kay! Please! I begged you to let me handle this my way. I've got to think it over alone, and reach my own decision."

"In other words, it isn't a simple case of 'Yes' or 'No'."

"Certainly not."

She leaned forward and said abruptly: "I wish we were closer. Larry. Your secretiveness irritates me, even if I'm rather proud of it." Her voice broke slightly. "Oh, sweetheart! What really is the matter? Between you and me?"

"There's nothing wrong except—"

She spoke swiftly. "You have avoided being alone with me ever since you got off the ship. You're still avoiding it. You wouldn't have come into my room to-night, would you?"

"I suppose not . . ."

She said, wearily: "You win. There's a limit to how far even a wife will go in throwing herself at her husband. I only thought that if you held me close . . . that perhaps then you would tell me things."

He rose and walked to the dressing-table, where he fumbled with an unopened packet of cigarettes. He spoke without turning, and knew that his voice was harsh and strained—when he only wanted it to be gentle.

"You're right, dear—or every count," he said. "On every count except one. You won't accept my word that there is something that makes a difference right now—between us; something that I cannot tell you."

"Because it involves others?"

"Yes. And, quite frankly, myself, too."

"It seems so odd . . . that it should make a difference in our personal relationship. That's the point I can't understand. I've always trusted you."

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"Rita! Duncan's wife?"

"It has to do with it?"

"Everything. And the idea of you and Rita is simply unthinkable."

Rita! Himself! Ignorant as he was of the truth, Larry exclaimed,

</div

## Beauty Wash

your own Hair

Give it more new looks with our new "Coconut Bouquet." Discloses instantly dust, dandruff, oily film. Leaves hair silky-clean. Waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling—easy to dress.

**BLONDES:** Colinated coconut oil Shampoo preserves true gold.

**BRUNETTES:** Find new lights. Thrift. A 2/6 bottle gives 14 perfect shampoos.



Betty Grable  
Paramount  
Player  
Chemists, Stores,  
Hairdressers.

COLINATED  
COCONUT OIL  
SHAMPOO

I INVESTED A FEW  
PENNIES... AND WON  
A HUSBAND!



IT WAS "LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT" FOR ME! BUT  
ALTHOUGH HARRY WAS CHARMING TO ME, I  
NEVER HEARD FROM HIM AGAIN



ONE DAY I MET HIS MOTHER  
BUYING LIFEBOUY. "B.O. IS ONE THING  
HARRY WON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH",  
SHE EXPLAINED



I TOOK THE HINT — AND  
WAS I PLEASED! LIFEBOUY  
BATHS MAKE YOU FEEL  
SO CLEAN AND ALIVE!

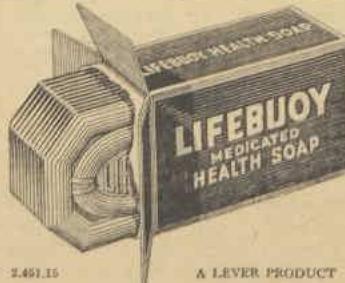


I MET HARRY AGAIN AT A PARTY, THIS TIME HE FELL  
REALY IN LOVE WITH ME—AND THANKS TO LIFEBOUY  
I'M NOW A GLORIOUSLY HAPPY BRIDE



Give your skin a new, glowing  
Radiance!

DON'T suffer a dull, old-looking complexion. Change to Lifebuoy. It cleanses ever so gently. In fact, after making 6,000 tests, a leading Australian skin specialist says that Lifebuoy is actually milder than many soaps recommended for babies and women. Lifebuoy, too, is thorough . . . purifying — ends "B.O." — and its own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.



2451.15

A LEVER PRODUCT

"I'm sorry, dear. I  
don't really think anything like that.  
But there's been so much gossip  
about her—and you've been with her  
so much . . . and now you're acting  
so queerly . . ."

"You know why I've been with her."

"I had hoped that I did. I still  
hope so. But can't you see . . .  
oh, why spar with each other? Why  
not talk straight?"

He asked grimly: "Just what do  
you think about me and Rita?"

"I don't think anything. She is  
Duncan's wife."

"But you said—"

"I said and I thought. I'm still  
thinking. Rita is centuries older  
than Duncan will be. She's  
beautiful. She's restless. You've  
been with her constantly—and I  
took it for granted that you were  
giving brotherly advice on her affair  
with Ted Courtney."

"Why have you changed your  
mind?"

"I didn't—until just a few minutes  
ago. You see, dear—I know a good  
deal about you. That you are sus-  
ceptible, for instance."

He exhaled audibly. "I'm in a  
corner. There are some things I  
can't explain—not now, at any rate.  
And you're making us both unhappy  
by your doubts."

She regarded him intently from  
under long lashes. And when she  
spoke, her voice was as firm and cold  
and impersonal as he could have  
desired.

"Were you with Duncan that after-  
noon?"

"I'd rather not answer that."

"If you were, where was he at six  
twenty?"

"I can't answer—now."

"Did he kill Ted—and were you  
shielding him?"

"If that were so . . ." Larry framed  
his question hopefully; "would I  
have left on the plane?"

"You might. To make things look  
natural."

"Don't talk that way, Kay. You  
make me feel like a criminal."

"How are you going to feel when  
the District Attorney questions you?"

He rose and stood in front of her.  
She sat up straight on the bed, and  
rested his hands on her warm,  
soft shoulders.

"Listen to me," he ordered. "You've  
got to help me stall that off."

"How?"

"Only you know that I'm not as  
badly injured as I claimed. No one  
else need know."

"So what?"

"I don't want to be questioned now  
—by anyone. If I'm ill, they'll give  
me time to think."

"How much time?"

"I don't know how much I'll need.  
Ten days. Two weeks. Maybe  
less."

"How will I go about it?"

"You can talk with the doctor.  
Confidential communication . . ."

"Wouldn't it be just as confiden-  
tial coming from you?"

"I have reasons for wanting you to  
ask him."

"Ask him what?"

**L**ARRY spoke  
carefully. "Tell him I've got to have  
a little time to adjust things. Put  
your own interpretation on it, if you  
wish. You can even say you're worried  
about me."

"That wouldn't be any exaggeration."

"Get his permission to refer all in-  
quiries to him, and see if you can't  
persuade him to tell everybody that I'm  
suffering from shock. That's reasonable  
and plausible. It covers a heap of territory.  
He'll do what you ask, I'm sure—and I'll be  
eternally grateful." He gazed at her  
pleadingly. "Will you, Kay?"

She hesitated for a moment. Then  
she said: "I suppose I must."

"That's swell of you."

"But meanwhile—?"

"You'll have to trust me."

She rose and stood before him:  
young, beautiful, desirable, his wife.  
She said: "I don't understand it, Larry.  
You make me feel as though I  
might have been unfair. Perhaps  
even stupid. But when you cease  
to be conscious of me as a woman . . ."

"I'm not, dear. Believe me, I'm not."  
His voice broke slightly.

"Things would be easier if I were."

"What does that mean?"

"It means nothing. It means  
everything." He turned away and  
said, without looking around: "Will  
you help me for the next week or  
two?"

"Of course."

She moved away from him without  
another word. She walked into her  
own bedroom. She closed the door.  
Firmly.

Larry ate a leisurely breakfast. The  
day was warm and clear; spring  
fragrance drifted through the open  
windows; the noises of the city  
seemed distant and impersonal, the  
home tranquil.

Jason Rountree popped into the  
room while Larry was shaving. He  
said: "Good morning. How you  
feel?"

"Fair."

"What's the programme?"

"You keep on digging. And there's  
one other thing—" Larry closed the  
door. "I can't give you all the  
details now, Jason—but we mustn't  
let things slide too long."

"You're right."

"I certainly am. Now listen. Do  
you know of a first-class, absolutely  
reliable private detective agency in  
New York?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Get in touch with them by long

## I Love You Again

Continued from Page 41

distance. Tell 'em to send a  
down here right away."

"What's the idea?"

"I've got to send a trustworthy  
man to Warwick. It'll be his job  
to find how things stand there, and  
see what can be done to straighten  
them out."

"I can attend to that. I know  
man you want. A clam can outwit  
him, and he's got ears like meg-  
phones. Besides, he's honest."

"He'll have to be," said Larry  
seriously.

"Don't worry." Jason turned and  
"Meanwhile, I'll circulate word  
and ask a few questions myself. In  
seeing Ella Morrison again this  
morning, got an appointment with  
the dentist—and maybe shall be  
lunch with me."

Jason left. Larry finished dressing  
and strolled downstairs. Kay was in  
the living-room, reading the morning  
paper. She was wearing a simple  
spring house dress, and looked  
and beautiful, and very, very young.  
Her eyes were quiet, her manner  
friendly and impersonal. She  
waited for Larry's health. He  
sat for a moment, then bent over  
her chair and kissed her lightly.

She said: "Miss Agnew is on the  
way out."

He started to ask: "Who?" but  
she had already left the office.

"I see."

"I'll clear out when she gets home.  
You can use this room."

Miss Agnew. From the office  
Larry was keenly aware of the fact  
that he was a business man and that  
he knew nothing of his own personal  
affairs. He had a wife who was a  
stranger and a business with which  
he was not familiar. He was grateful  
for even this brief warning.

The telephone rang, and a few  
seconds later Cashus appeared. "To  
you, Miss Agnew."

"Who is it?"

"Dunno, sub—but he says he's the  
District Attorney."

Larry knew that Kay was staring  
him intently. He heard her voice  
again, as Cashus vanished into the  
rear of the house. She said: "You  
better talk to him, Larry. If you  
refuse, he'll come out in person."

Larry moved to the telephone  
table. He was worried and more than  
a trifle bewildered. Things were hap-  
pening swiftly. He picked up the  
receiver and said: "Hello."

"Hello, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes."

"This is the District Attorney. I  
want to see you at once."

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm feeling  
pretty rocky."

"I'll come out there."

"Listen. I hate to be stubborn, but  
I wonder whether you can postpone  
it a few days? I'm really not well."

"That's too bad." The District  
Attorney sounded quite human  
assuringly so. "Must have been  
bad crack on the head you got."

"It was. I've been suffering from  
shock. My doctor will explain."

To Be Continued

## Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made  
Mixture That Quickly Darkens It

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known  
nurse, makes the following statement  
about grey hair: "The use of the fol-  
lowing remedy, which you can make  
at home, is the best thing I know of  
for streaked, faded or grey hair  
which turns black, brown or light  
brown as you desire. Of course, you  
should do the mixing yourself to save  
unnecessary expense."

"Just get a small box of Oder Con-  
trol from your chemist and mix with  
1 ounce of Bay Rum; 1 ounce of  
Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water.  
This only costs a little. Could be  
liquid through the hair every other  
day until the mixture is used up. It is  
absolutely harmless, free from greasy  
or greasy, is not sticky and does not  
off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any,  
quickly leaves your scalp, and your  
hair is left beautifully soft and glossy."

Larry ate a leisurely breakfast. The  
day was warm and clear; spring  
fragrance drifted through the open  
windows; the noises of the city  
seemed distant and impersonal, the  
home tranquil.

Jason Rountree popped into the  
room while Larry was shaving. He  
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details now, Jason—but we mustn't  
let things slide too long."

"You're right."

"I certainly am. Now listen. Do  
you know of a first-class, absolutely  
reliable private detective agency in  
New York?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Get in touch with them by long

## CHRONIC DYSPEPTIC NOW EATS ANYTHING

"Used to dread the approach of my  
meals—of the inevitable agony of  
indigestion. Now I can eat anything that  
goes before me, and enjoy it. I should be  
TWIN BODA."

"from satisfied patient's report.  
You, too, can profit by this wonderful  
new product. Buy a packet of TWIN BODA from your  
chemist to-day. It costs only 1/-."

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

July 23, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

## TREAT YOUR FACE to Rejuvenating MASKS!

Following upon massage  
they smooth and refine the  
skin . . . banish lines of  
fatigue and worry

By EVELYN

NO REASON why you should  
not have a skin as soft and smooth  
as Danielle Darrieux, the lovely  
Universal film star, if you care  
for it well—and consistently.

TO-DAY, women don't plaster  
their faces with cosmetics in order to conceal a  
damaged skin.

Instead, while they do use  
cosmetics, they attempt first to achieve skin perfection.

And one of their greatest  
 aids in doing this is the use of  
face masks.

Naturally, there are a good  
number of mask treatments  
that a girl can employ.

One that has remarkable revivifying  
effect is made from yeast, and  
it takes only fifteen to twenty  
minutes to administer.

It's a grand pick-me-up treat-  
ment for the tired girl or woman  
who has to attend an important  
party or dance after a tiring day  
in the office or home. For it not  
only softens, smooths and refines  
the skin, but also eradicates lines  
of fatigue.

### Cleanse and Massage

BEFORE administering this par-  
ticular face mask, the skin must,  
of course, be thoroughly cleansed,  
first with soap and water, and then  
with a good cold cream.

The cream should be wiped away  
with cleansing tissues, and a rich  
cream smoothed over the skin.

This cream should be massaged  
into the skin for about ten minutes,  
in order to stimulate the circulation  
and to give the facial muscles  
suppleness and flexibility.

This massaging, of course, should  
be done very gently, so that the  
sensitive skin will not become  
stretched.

Start at the base of your neck and  
massage upwards from the throat  
to the chin, and from the chin to  
each ear, using the three middle  
fingers of each hand.

Then, using the forefingers only,  
massage in a rotary movement  
around the sides of the mouth and  
around the sides of the mouth and  
nose.

All these massage movements are  
based on an upward and outward  
stroke.

After this massaging treatment,  
my excess cream should be wiped  
away with cleansing tissues.

If you have a very dry, sensitive  
skin, you may leave a thin film of  
the cream on your skin under  
the mask. But if your skin is inclined  
to oiliness it is wiser to remove  
every bit of the cream before  
administering the mask proper.

To prepare this face mask, take  
half a cake of yeast and dissolve  
it in enough water so that it forms  
a rather thick paste. Then blend



IF YOU WANT to look as fresh and vivacious for your party or dance  
after a hard day's work as does charming Priscilla Lane, of Warner Bros.,  
give yourself a facial and yeast mask treatment. It's wonderful!

### Dye for Beauty

EYELASHES can be perma-  
nently dyed. Dark, fair  
and mousy lashes can be  
turned into a new rich, coppery  
color that is guaranteed to  
enhance the beauty of the most  
modest eye. To be really  
successful the process should be  
repeated every six months, but  
between treatments the applica-  
tion of a little vaseline is all  
that is needed to keep the  
eyelashes healthy and beautiful—  
at least, that's what the  
experts say.

Start at the base of your neck and  
massage upwards from the throat  
to the chin, and from the chin to  
each ear, using the three middle  
fingers of each hand.

Then, using the forefingers only,  
massage in a rotary movement  
around the sides of the mouth and  
nose.

All these massage movements are  
based on an upward and outward  
stroke.

This will form a concoction that  
foams up and becomes frothy.

Spread the mask generously over  
your entire face and neck with a  
square of absorbent cotton, and  
permit it to dry, which generally  
takes about fifteen minutes, and  
it's a good idea to lie down and  
relax during this period.

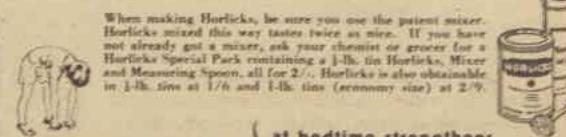
After the mask has become  
thoroughly dry, remove it with cool  
water and a soft cloth or square  
of absorbent cotton.



ABOVE you see a yeast mask being applied with the fingers. The  
recipe for this magical freshener is given in the article below.

## John would not eat

John was thin and pale — poor appetite until the  
doctor traced the trouble back to sleep.



**HORLICKS** at bedtime strengthens nerves, builds appetite, guards children against Night Starvation

# STRANGE Effects of FOODS on HEALTH

PATIENT: Do you think the consumption of certain foods causes hay fever?

"ALLERGY" is the medical term for the peculiar reaction that some persons have to certain substances.

It is an unpleasant reaction, taking the form sometimes of hay fever, asthma or skin diseases, notably eczema.

What the doctors call "allergic symptoms" are apt to be caused by the pollen of plants. But similar effects may follow the eating of cer-

tain foods, or coming in contact with certain objects.

The offending food may be part of a normal diet, and the affected person may not suspect its danger to him.

Usually the so-called proteins are the offending foods.

Similar to the method of determining the personal sensitivity to pollens, it is possible, by means of the "skin test," to determine whether a person is sensitive or "allergic" to this or that food.

## How It Is Done

IN making the test, the skin is scratched and a preparation made of the suspected food is rubbed into the scratch. If redness and soreness are produced around that place, it indicates that the individual is sensitive or allergic to this particular food.

It is not absolutely necessary to resort to this way of finding the offending foods. The use of the so-called "elimination diet" may bring the same results.

By this plan a careful record is made of just what foods are included in the meal. Begin with a simple diet and each day add another food.

Watch the symptoms, and, when they appear after adding a food, there must be a suspicion that is the one causing the trouble.

The victim of allergic reaction

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME  
By A DOCTOR

will, after a time, learn that when he eats a particular food he experiences a peculiar irritation of the skin.

The eyes may water and sneezing may occur.

Nausea, vomiting, hives and pronounced swelling of parts of the body are sometimes observed.

Keen observation and careful record of each and every particle of food consumed are essential to the finding of the disturbing substance.

The feathers of a pillow, the silk of a dress, or the "dander" from a horse or other animal may cause the disagreeable symptoms.

It is sometimes extremely difficult to locate the source of trouble, but to do so is the surest way to escape it.



A WELL-BALANCED MEAL is the basis of good health. But unfortunately for certain people, even the most simple foods are harmful.

## FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

### Answers to Readers' Queries

By A TRUBY KING EXPERT

but find that they are not then so hungry for their dinner at mid-day, though they do not have anything to eat with it.

You are quite right not to give anything to eat between meals, but, like many mothers, you fail to realise that milk is a FOOD and should not be given between meals either.

The best drink is pure water; but if you wish to make the drink more attractive give orange juice and barley water.

Barley water contains virtually no nutrient. It is merely water with a trace of starch.

Any fruit juice may be added to the barley water to make a change.

Certainly start now to wean baby, taking six or seven weeks over the process. In cases such as yours, it is not advisable to go on making supreme efforts at natural feeding, to the detriment of your own health.

You have given baby a good start, and it is high time you thought of yourself, especially as you have this unfortunate financial strain.

Of course, breast feeding is cheaper than artificial feeding, but in the normal course of events you would be weaning at the eighth or ninth month. Baby is sure to go ahead splendidly.

You can procure full weaning directions by filling in the coupon on this page and addressing your request as directed.

As you are finding everything such an effort, baby will really be better off now when weaned; and you will have more strength to devote to your husband and other members of the family.

The best tonic is rest and freedom from worry.

Take a raw egg beaten up in milk daily. This is the best and cheapest food-tonic.

QUESTION: What is the best between-meal drink for children? My children are always thirsty. Sometimes I give them cocoa at 10.30 a.m.

on a milk-mixture approximating human milk.

Diet alone is not sufficient to prevent rickets.

Sunshine and fresh air are equally important.

Procure a diet chart from your doctor and follow it faithfully. Keep the child out of doors day and night. She should sleep on a verandah or balcony.

If you have not already consulted a doctor about this child, you should do so as soon as possible.

QUESTION: I think that most mothers realise these days the necessity for keeping a baby outside in the fresh air as much as possible, but I have a special problem—what happens when there is a fog most mornings, which often does not lift until about 11 a.m.? Is it wise to put baby's cot out in a fog?

Baby's cot may be put outside in any sort of weather except a thick fog. Slightly foggy weather will not hurt baby, so long as the bedding is protected by a waterproof covering of some sort; but if the fog is thick baby is better off indoors until the air clears. Of course put baby in a room by himself if possible.

If the weather is of the "misty" type—not a dense fog—baby's cot could be placed on a verandah with perfect safety, especially if the home is in the country.

Should baby be a town-dweller, particular attention should be paid to the cleansing of the nostrils during thick, dirty fogs. This is best done by a twisted swab of cotton-wool dipped in warm olive oil—a separate swab for each nostril.

Baby's face, during such weather, should be cleaned daily with a good brand of cleansing cream, or warm olive oil.



Another day started—oh dear, I dread that breakfast struggle! I just can't face another tantrum, and yet Tommy must be made to eat.



"Excuse me, Mrs. Page," says the next door neighbour. "We're off to the country and I hate leaving food in the house. Will you take this new packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles? I'm sure Tommy likes them—my Peter won't eat anything else! He likes to hear that 'SNAP! CRACKLE!' and 'POP!' when the milk is poured on!"



"Can I have some more Rice Bubbles, Mum?" "Can you have more, my angel—you can have as much as you like!" replies Mother, thrilled that all her breakfast worries are over. "Those Kellogg's Rice Bubbles have made a new boy of you, darling!" No wonder, Mrs. Page—Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are full of nourishment, and they're so deliciously appealing to "cranky" appetites.

\* Hollywood "Dixie"—the REAL Hollywood relay—will be broadcast by radio presented by Kellogg's every National relay—Mondays at 8.15 p.m.—2CH, 3GZ, 3KO, 3TM, 3WG, 4BK-4K, 5BD-LK, 5AD, 5MU-PI-SE.

## FACTORY MACHINIST

"I LIKE CHEWING GUM TWICE AS MUCH SINCE WRIGLEY'S BROUGHT OUT THAT SWEET JUICY FRUIT."



# FRiENDLY HALLS and DIGNIFIED STAIRWAYS . . .

THE entrance hall is the guest's first impression of your home . . . it either conveys to the visitor an air of brightness, of dignity and charm, or just uninviting dullness.

IT'S a good plan occasionally to step outside your front door, consider yourself a visitor with an appraising eye, and take stock of the entrance to your home.

Look it over critically.

Does it fully express the measure of taste to be expected in your home, or is it drab and uninteresting?

Is the floor polished to a mirror, walls spick and span, rugs or carpet looking their brightest and best?

Does the paint or polish of the staircase look shabby?

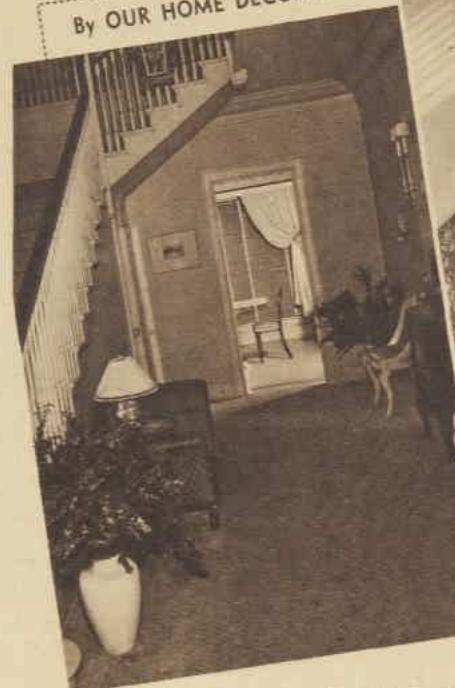
Is the hall light and spacious-looking and free of clutter in the way of golf sticks, tennis racquets, top-rotors, umbrellas, and hats?

You might say that you do not possess a spacious hall, that you cannot afford smart furniture, and that you can't cope with the expense involved in wall rejuvenation.

So think!

Even if your hall is narrow (or long and dark-looking) the effort and small expense involved in

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



HERE in this group of pictures, you glimpse attractive entrance halls and stairways. Note the way ivy is used (above), and the charming window on the landing at right.

©

lightening walls, rearranging furniture, and dispensing with surplus clutter is by no means great.

You can do wonders with the paint-pot and brush—transform dull or drab walls within the space of a few hours at a cost of a few shillings.

If you possess a narrow table, place it against the wall, paint it a soft cream to match the walls, and hang a mirror above it.

Remove the hat-rack and umbrella-stand to the far end of the

hall, or, better still, get your husband or the nearby carpenter to install a cupboard containing shelves and rod at the end of the hall, paint it cream, too, and devote it solely to the holding of hats, coats, umbrellas, tennis racquets, and so on.

If you are fond of color, you might paint the small table lacquer-red or a soft jade-green. In this case the woodwork of the chair—or chairs—should be painted the same gay color.

A glass or pottery bowl filled with scarlet-tinted flowers or rich greenery should stand upon the table, also an attractive ashtray and a holder for letters and cards.

The lighting of the entrance-hall is a most important feature. A glaring light is not desirable. To step at night from darkness into a blinding glare is unpleasant and trying.

It is much better for your guests to encounter the soft, diffused glow of one or more shaded lights.

Lantern filaments are a favorite with many; sconces, too, for electric "candles" are liked. Many of these are most artistically designed.

Bowls of flowers and greenery, also potted plants, add to the charm and brightness of your entrance-hall.

I would like you to note especially the picture on this page showing the way ivy has been utilised as a decoration. I have seen it trailing from tall jardinières in a most graceful fashion in several homes of late. It seems to thrive in water; in fact it grows!

## Concerning Pictures

PICTURES as a hall decoration should be sparingly used. One or two nice prints (or colorful water-paints if you are lucky enough to possess them) may be hung, but remember the fewer the better, because everything placed on the walls tends to reduce the apparent size of your hall.

The use of mirrors in a small or long, narrow hall is to be commended. Mirrors reflect light, bring into the hall animation and color, and cheer. They also create an illusion of spaciousness.

Keep the floor of your entrance-hall, rugs, and the staircase-runner spotlessly bright.

Polish the floor not covered by rug or carpet to mirror-like brightness. A good layer of felt placed under the staircase carpet will prolong its life and make it soft and luxurious to the tread.

## Mrs Simpson Turns the Table!



TAUBMANS DYNAMEL will give a brilliant color finish to all your furniture and accessories—inexpensively, and easily! Any-one can do a good job with Dynamel. It flows on smoothly without leaving any brushmarks, dries in one hour, and becomes a hard, mirror-bright, washable surface.

Write to Anne Stewart about Your Decorating Problems.

Anne Stewart, author of "The Colorful Home"—40,000 copies of the first edition already snapped up by Australian housewives—is in charge of Taubmans FREE HOME DECORATING SERVICE. Write to her in full detail about any home decorating problem you have and Anne Stewart



See the Dynamel Color Card at your paint dealers — 90 colors, black, white and clear.

will reply personally by letter giving you the full benefit of her wide experience in home decorating. Address your letters to Miss Anne Stewart, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, Dept. A40, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.



## POND'S HAND LOTION

now contains active "SKIN-VITAMIN"

Housework, weather and washing make hands rough and wrinkled because they take away the active "skin-vitamin", which aids in keeping skin young and beautiful. But now you can put

it back—with Pond's Cream Hand Lotion, containing the same "skin-vitamin" ingredient as Pond's two creams. Now you can keep your hands supple, smooth and youthful! Price 1/- at all stores and chemists.



\* Listen to "Your Cavalier" 2CH at 11.00 a.m. every Tuesday; 2KX at 2.30 p.m. every Thursday; 2GB-LK at 3.30 p.m. every Thursday; 2AW at 4.30 p.m. every Thursday; 4HK-ABC at 10.30 a.m. every Tuesday; 2AD-MC-PI at 10.30 a.m. every Monday; 2DML-WH at 11.30 a.m. every Monday.

# SHE WEARS This Chic JUMPER PROUDLY...

So can you — it's yours simply for the making . . . The very newest handknit from overseas, it is smart and bright enough to take you anywhere.

THIS cleverly-designed garment was chosen especially for us in London only a few weeks ago. It was despatched by air mail—and here you are!

Note the new high neck, its form-fitting, slenderising features, its novel trimming—appliqued cables in bright colors.

The jumper itself is knitted in a 4-ply nigger-brown, and the cables are made up of white, orange, yellow and

green woollen stripes—butons are covered with double crocheted squares in these four colors.

Needless to say, the jumper is easy to knit, and cosy to wear—as well as being good to look at.

Materials: 11oz. 4-ply fingering wool, nigger-brown; 2oz. each of white, orange, green, and yellow 4-

ply wool, for the cables; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 7 button moulds.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 26 inches; bust, 36 inches; length of sleeve seam, 19 inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit, p. purl, tog together, st. stitch, inc. increase, dec. decrease.

Tension: 7 sts. and 10 rows to 1 inch.

## THE BACK

USING No. 11 needles and brown wool cast on 110 sts. (k. into the back of cast on sts.), work in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2 for 21 inches. Increase 1 st. at end of last row of ribbing (111 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): \* K. 1, p. 1, repeat from \* to last st., k. 1.

2nd Row: \* K. 1, p. 1, repeat from \* to last st., k. 1.

Repeat last 2 rows throughout, and inc. 1 st. each end of the 8th row and every 8th row following 11 times. Then work even until work measures 121 inches; shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows, cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Work even in pattern until armholes measure  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches; shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 12 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

## RIGHT FRONT

THE cable stripes are worked separately and stitched on when the fronts are completed.

Using No. 11 needles and brown wool cast on 62 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.), work in ribbing of k. 2, p. 2, and make the 1st buttonhole in the 5th and 6th rows as follows:

5th Row: K. 2, p. 2, cast off 4, \* k. 2, p. 2, repeat from \* to end of row.

6th Row: Rib to last 4 sts., cast on 4, k. 2, p. 2.

Work 22 rows of ribbing, make another buttonhole in the 29th and 30th rows.

When ribbing measures 22 inches, inc. 1 st. at seam edge of last row.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern as for back, inc. 1 st. at seam edge of the 8th row and every 8th row following 11 times, and making a buttonhole in the 29th and 30th rows, and every 29th row following 3 times.

When work measures 121 inches shape armhole by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row twice, then cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge once.

Work even in pattern and when the 8th buttonhole is completed work 28 rows more. Shape neck by casting off 7 sts. at neck edge of next row.

Then cast off 3 sts. at neck edge of every 2nd row 6 times. Work even until armhole measures  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

Shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 6 times.

Left Front: Using No. 11 needles cast on 62 sts. and work to correspond with right-front, omitting buttonholes.



THIS CLOSE-UP shows you the stitches used in the making of the jumper, also the novel and-decorative cable applique which lends chic and charm to this very desirable woolly.



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woman now—

From 4/11 to 7/11 . . . I buy  
Kayser MIR-O-KLEER  
stockings . . . RINGLESS,  
SHADOWLESS . . . Super  
Sheers . . . Sheers . . . or Service  
Weights . . . that give me  
complete satisfaction for  
any occasion. Kayser  
quality lasts longer, saves  
money and does wonder-  
ful things to my legs.



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GLOVES

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POWDER IN THIS  
STRONG LIGHT



"GLARE-PROOF" Powder  
Never shows up.. Flatters!

Out in the sun or under electric light skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Now Pond's "Glare-proof" shades change all that!

Scientifically blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light, they soften its glare on your skin . . . make it flattering!

Pond's shades don't show up in strongest glare—try them! And Pond's has special ingredients to make it cling—stays fresh for hours.

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**FREE OFFER:** Please send as a  
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NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- From all Chemists

ACID STOMACH  
IS DANGEROUS

Sufferers from Indigestion  
READ THIS

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, and fermentation, etc., are caused in some cases in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well-known authority.

Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. It irritates and inflames the stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers.

Don't use an acid stomach with man or artificial digestants that may give temporary relief from pain during the sour, fermenting food stage of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Magnesia and not only will the acids vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from your nearest chemist store. It is safe, reliable, easy and convenient to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.



HERE YOU GLIMPSE a perfect setting for one of our beautiful homes. Trees make a splendid background, while a curving driveway, sweeping, evergreen lawns, leafy arbors, pergolas, rockeries, and flowering glory add to its spectacular beauty.

# PLANNING the GARDEN

*If it is large, think in terms of sweeping lawns, majestic trees, broad paths; if small, let it be shrubs, rockeries, and paths for two*

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

all time, hence the necessity for a thorough preparation. The drainage should be perfect. If not, artificial drains will have to be made.

Deep digging is essential, and when completed must be absolutely level. If it is a sloping piece of ground, perfect grading must be done.

Lawns can be made from sowing seed, planting runners, or turfing. Plenty of water is also necessary.

Do not crowd your lawns with too many trees and shrubs. Just one or two in fairly prominent positions are ample.

In planting, have the large shrubs in the background. Do not overcrowd. One well-grown shrub is far more beautiful than a host of ill-chosen, spindly-grown types.

Keep the borders for annuals and perennials. A circular bed of standard roses always looks well, and in large areas can be made right out in the centre of the lawn.

Other roses should be planted in long, narrow borders or beds. They can then be easily attended to, and flowers can be cut without fear of treading upon them. Beds around the house in semi-shaded positions could be reserved for hydrangeas and tall tree begonias, with the dwarf ones growing along the front.

Along north-easterly sides the sweet pea could be trained up the wall. In the general planting, select the plants that will do well in the various positions.

### Concerning Soils

Two soils are exactly alike. They vary in character.

In land under cultivation the character of the soil depends upon the treatment it has received from the gardener, so to become successful we must thoroughly understand the nature of the soil where we wish to make the garden.

It is necessary to have humus in all soils. In order to get the best possible results from plants, the original condition of ordinary soil generally requires improvement.

Humus confers a variety of benefits upon the soil; it improves it generally for holding moisture; it loosens up stiff soil, allowing air and water to enter, and it binds the particles of sandy soil. It gives it a darker color.

By keeping the soil dark it does not attract the heat of the sun as the sandy soil usually does.

The use of plenty of farmyard manure, stable, cow, and pig manure builds up the fertility of the soil and gives plants the necessary food required.

So, in making a garden, the ground should be well trenched and heavily manured with thoroughly decayed matter.

Always remember that cow-manure builds up and binds, and that horse manure breaks down and

## Mother! Here's the Friend you often need

Whatever should I do without CUTICURA!



Cuticura Ointment to relieve and heal

Scaling Eruptions, Ulcers, Warts, Abscesses, Eczema, Pimples, Poisoned Wounds, Cuts, Burns and all disorders of the Skin and Scalp.

1/3 and 2/6 a tin.



## Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the booklet "Elasto—The Wonder Tablet". Or send 2/- and get a sample of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from our chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.



100 YARDS REELS

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ALL FAST COLORS

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Sew it with  
**"SYLKO"**

Insist—gently but firmly—  
upon "Sylko" for your  
sewing

Its quality in strength,  
evenness and reliability  
make any little effort  
worth while



# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern



## Fillips to Your Winter Wardrobe

### PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and address in block letters (2) State size required (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

### FLATTERING LINES

WW2322.—Business-like mode with flattering gathered bodice. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WELL-CUT GOWN  
WW2323.—Slim-fitting hipline and full flowing skirt are features of this alluring evening gown. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SEND FOR PATTERNS NOW!

## OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



Pattern Costs  
3d.

## DAINTY FOUR-PIECE LINGERIE SET

PATTERNS for this attractive lingerie set, illustrated at left, may be obtained now from our pattern department.

They are provided in this week's three-in-one concession pattern, in sizes 32, 34, and 36-inch bust. (PRICE 3d.)

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps and send to our pattern department.

Material required, 26 inches wide: For nightdress, 2½ yards. For petticoat, 2 yards. For brassiere, 1 yard. For panties, 1½ yards.

### Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department" and "Concession Pattern". Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 1099, G.P.O.  
BRISBANE—Box 1099, G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.  
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.  
PERTH—Box 1010, G.P.O.  
SYDNEY—Box 4899Y, G.P.O.  
If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 118 PHU Street.

TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney Office.  
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 2.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
STATE .....  
Size ..... Pattern Coupon 23/7/52

### CHIC BLOUSE

WW2326.—A charmingly designed blouse for your winter costume. Sizes, 32 to 36-inch bust. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### BABE'S DRESS

WW2327.—Attractive wee dress for infants to 2 years. Material required: 1 ½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### SMART CONTRAST

WW2328.—Chic frock with contrast front and full top sleeves. Sizes, 32 to 36-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### SWAGGER COAT

WW2329.—Brisk swagger coat for winter days. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### BOLERO MODE

WW2330.—Small contrasting bow collar and double inverted pleat skirt add smartness to this daytime frock. Sizes, 32 to 36-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### WITH SMART CRAVAT

WW2331.—Cravat neckline and buttoned front are unusual touches on this afternoon frock. Sizes, 32 to 36-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

# ENCHANTMENT for your BOX or DRESSING-TABLE

Send for patterns and gardenia transfer of the lingerie illustrated; also the quaint butterfly linens, traced ready for swift hand embroidery.



THE spring bride-to-be—as well as every girl who stores exquisitely-designed lingerie—will want to make this four-piece set.

The set comprises nightdress and slender-cut slip, vest and panties.

NO sweater set has been designed for a bride than this 4-piece set pictured here. Patterns cost 2/6 for the complete set; gardenia transfer, 1/3.

Paper patterns are obtainable in four sizes—22, 34, 36 and 38-inch bust measurements.

The gardenia transfer design which has been created for their decoration is indeed lovely. Even if you are a novice at needlework, and have never seen these blossoms, you may set to work and achieve a wonderfully good result with simple stitches.

This transfer costs only 1/3.

You may obtain the patterns and transfer from our Needlework Department. Patterns for the 4-piece set cost 2/6, or each individual pattern may be had for 10d.

Pull instructions for cutting and making this enchanting trousseau set are given with patterns.

## Butterfly Dressing-table Set

YOUR dressing-table needs plenty of coverings to give variety—one grows tired of seeing the same things all through the year.

Who could resist such a novel set as the one illustrated at the top of this page?

The centre mat measures 18 x 12 inches, and the side mats 9 x 9 inches.

These mats are traced ready for your embroidery needle on very good quality linen, and are obtainable only from our Needlework Department, for 2/6 the set.

Postage is free.

You may choose a white, cream, yellow, pink, or green linen set. The quality of this linen is good—it's pure quality Irish.

The stitches used are simple stem-stitch and satin-stitch. Work the set in color or in white or cream thread according to your taste.

THE EXOTIC and lovely gardenia transfer design for the trousseau set, pictured above, costs 1/3 from our Needlework Department.

## BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys — How to Get Happy Relief.

BACKACHE and leg pains are making you miserable, don't you complain when you're working about them? Well, you're being warned that your kidneys need flushing out. Kidneys are the great filters of the body. All day long the blood is passing through the millions of kidney tubules to be cleaned of waste products. Healthy kidneys should pass 3 pints a day and no less than 2½ pounds of waste matter. When kidney tubules become clogged wastes accumulate, causing a build-up of toxins. The acids and wastes that should be passed out of the body stay in the body and become poisonous. This condition causes backaches, leg pains, and various kidney troubles.

These kidney troubles are the result of kidney disease. The kidneys are the great filters of the body. All day long the blood is passing through the millions of kidney tubules to be cleaned of waste products. Healthy kidneys should pass 3 pints a day and no less than 2½ pounds of waste matter. When kidney tubules become clogged wastes accumulate, causing a build-up of toxins. The acids and wastes that should be passed out of the body stay in the body and become poisonous. This condition causes backaches, leg pains, and various kidney troubles.

Don't wait. Ask your chemist for GOVERN'S BACKACHE & KIDNEY PILLS. They'll help you get rid of backache and leg pains. They'll help you get rid of kidney troubles. So be sure you get GOVERN'S BACKACHE & KIDNEY PILLS.



Needlework Notions

HERE you are shown a close-up of the quaint butterfly lace for dressing-table adornment. You may obtain this traced linen set for 2/6 from our Needlework Department.

## Upset Stomach quickly put right

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Stomach disturbances such as gastritis, heartburn, flatulence, and feelings of revolt at the sight of food, are invariably the result of "acid formation" which, unless counteracted, steadily gets worse until it ultimately defies all treatment based on restriction of diet. I have found that "Bismarck" Magnesia, by neutralising excess acid and preventing its formation quickly puts right an upset stomach; pain disappears instantly, fermentation and flatulence are banished and soothing relief supersedes uncomfortable disturbance. Medical records show that thousands have ended stomach trouble with "Bismarck" Magnesia—you can do the same! It is available of all chemists. The package bears the trade mark "Bismag."

## Tired housewife becomes brilliant hostess . . . when

# Rinso 2-MINUTE BOIL banishes washing-day weariness



## This washing method saves work . . . gives more free time!

- 1 Make good Rinso suds in warm water (about 1 heaped tablespoon to a gallon—more in hard water). Soak white articles for 20 minutes; rubbing a little dry Rinso on stains and marks.
- 2 Bring to the boil and BOIL FOR 2 MINUTES ONLY.
- 3 Rinse thoroughly.

NOTE: Very dirty clothes should be left to soak in Rinso suds for an hour or so before boiling.



A LEVER PRODUCT

Lukewarm RINSO suds wonderful for SILKS COLOURS WOOLLENS

Give them a few minutes' gentle run-through—without rubbing—in rich lukewarm Rinso suds. Rinse well. Don't twist or wring.

4.25s. 1s.

## OVERSTRAINED



Worried! Sleepless! Digestion disordered! Take Benger's Food. It soothes and quickly restores because—Benger's Food

— is highly nourishing and so easy to assimilate that it cannot over-tax the tired stomach,

— is always prepared with fresh new milk,

— partially digests both Food and milk during preparation.

"Benger's Food is quite distinct from any other food obtainable,"—British Medical Journal. Send postcard for Benger's Booklet explaining why. Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England), 250 George Street, Sydney.



Prices in City and Suburbs: No. 1 size—2s. No. 2 size—6s. Made in Cheshire, Eng.

## Tommy

has a  
Tummy-ache

When your children's tummies are upset, or they are bilious or constipated, don't endanger their tender digestive organs with purgatives. Give them DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA. Recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere because it is so safe, so reliable a digestive and antacid, and so gentle a laxative. But be sure you get DINNEFORD'S, the original Pure Fluid Magnesia. Made only by Dinneford & Co. Ltd., London, England.

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**DINNEFORD'S  
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THE  
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Keen's D.S.F. Mustard is all pure Mustard and has the strength, flavour and zest that makes its use a real economy.

EM 5/28

**KEEN'S  
D.S.F. MUSTARD**

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 100-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

## RECIPES . . .

—And they're lucky  
Prizewinners in this week's  
Cookery Competition!

A n'enterprising reader wins a first prize in this week's recipe contest for her entry: puddings for each day of the week.

There are other attractive recipes for you to add to your collection.

Take particular note of the special dried fruits recipes.

Good housewives everywhere will want to make the chutney. It's delicious!

Enter this interesting competition to-day. Cash prizes are given away every week.

Now for the winners:

**SUNDAY—PEACH CUPS:** 1 tin halved peaches, slices sponge cake, 1 pint milk, custard powder, 2 dessertspoons castor sugar, a few glace cherries.

Cut out rounds of the cake with plain cutter and arrange in a fruit bowl or in individual glasses. Pour over each a spoonful of syrup from the tin of fruit, then stand on each a halved peach, hollow side up. Make the custard powder, milk and sugar into a custard. The thickness of whipped cream. Stir occasionally while it cools. As soon as you are sure no skin will form on it, fill each halved peach. Place a cherry in the centre of each. Serve quite cold.

**MONDAY—RHUBARB MERINGUE:** 1 bundle rhubarb, 4oz. sugar, small tin cream, 3 sponge cakes, 2 egg-whites.

Wipe rhubarb and cut up, seeing that there is about 1lb. Stew with sugar and about a cup of water till soft and tender. Then sieve it. Fold in the cream and crumble sponge cakes and turn into a pie-dish. Whip up the egg-whites very stiffly, pile on top, dredge lightly with castor sugar, and put in the oven a few minutes to set meringue.

**TUESDAY—LEMON SAGO BLANCMANGE:** 3 tablespoons sago, 2 cups water, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 lemon.

Sago soak in water overnight. Next morning put into pan with sugar, syrup and grated lemon rind. Boil gently till it clears and the sago is soft, then remove from heat. Stir in juice of lemon, pour into a wet mould to set.

**WEDNESDAY—ORANGE PUDDING:** 6oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 2 oranges, 1 gill milk, 2oz. bread-

crumbs, short pastry.

Squeeze juice of both oranges, grate rind of one, then mix with sugar, egg-yolks, milk, and crumbs. Beat all well together, then lightly fold in stiffly-frothed egg-whites. Have 6oz. good short pastry and with it line sides and rim of pie-dish, then fill with the orange mixture. Bake for 40 minutes in a hot oven to start with. Serve with white sauce, flavored with orange.

**THURSDAY—APRICOT CUSTARD:** 1lb. apricots, 1 gill water, 2oz. loaf sugar, 1 pint custard.

Make syrup of loaf sugar and water and stew apricots till tender; then, with the syrup, rub the apricots through a sieve. Have fairly thick custard ready, and when it is cold add the apricot puree and mix all well. Serve in glasses with sponge fingers.

**FRIDAY—GOOSEBERRY PUDDING:** 4oz. shredded suet, 8oz. self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, water to mix, 11 pints gooseberries, 2 egg-whites.

Mix flour and suet together and add water to make a stiff paste. Cut off a piece for the top of the pudding and roll the rest out to line a well-greased pudding basin. Have gooseberries topped, tailed and washed, and put in, in layers, with the sugar between, till basin is filled, inking the top layer fruit. Pour in 2 tablespoons water, and then fit the remaining piece of suet-crust over the top. Tie down with greased paper and a pudding-cloth and steam for 24 hours. Serve with hot custard and brown sugar.

**AN EXCELLENT RECIPE** for cheese omelette, which is pictured above, wins a prize in this week's Best Recipe competition. Try out the recipe—you'll like it!



over the top. Tie down with greased paper and a pudding-cloth and steam for 24 hours. Serve with hot custard and brown sugar.

**SATURDAY—LUSCIOUS FLIP:** 1 pint jelly (any flavor), 2 bananas, custard or cream.

Dissolve jelly in a pint of hot water, and leave to cool. When about to set, whip with egg whisk till frothy. Put the sliced banana into a mould, rinsed in cold water, and pour in jelly and leave to set. Turn out onto a dish and pour over it custard or cream.

Make this on Friday.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Valma Stingle, Police Station, Nile, Tas.

## ROYAL FANS

Sift 2 cups plain flour with a good pinch salt and 1 cup brown sugar. Work into this 1 cup of butter, using the finger-tips. Roll out to half-inch thickness, and cut out 5-inch rounds. Cut these rounds in four equal pieces and round them with back of knife to to the remaining piece of suet-crust

## THIS WEEK

## Dried Fruit Specials

RECENTLY we asked readers to send us their favorite dried fruits recipes. Here are some of the selected entries:

## PARISIAN FRUIT SWEETS

Two cups dried fruit, 1/4 cup honey, 1 cup nuts.

Grind fruit (dry prunes, raisins, dates, apricots or dried peaches or pears) and nuts in a food processor, then mix thoroughly. Put into flat sheets, and pack under pressure for 24 hours. Cut in squares or sticks. Dip, if desired, in melted chocolate or fondant.

Prize of 2/6 to Miss V. M. Anderson, Oakbank Guest House, 4 Park Rd., Bairnsdale, Vic.

## BAKED DRIED APPLES

Wash and soak for 24 hours the required amount of dried fruit. Place in a casserole, sprinkle over 2 tablespoons brown sugar (use white sugar if brown sugar is not liked), and a grating of lemon peel and a little juice of lemon. Place another layer of fruit on top, and add a little more sugar. Add a little water and cover. Pour over enough water to just cover dish and place in moderate oven for 3 hours. Occasionally pour over a little more water. If dried fruit becomes too dry from oven a tablespoon of lemonade dissolved in a little water is stirred gently into the juice. When cold the juice will set. Serve with cream or custard.

Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. M. Blackmore, Maryvale, via Warwick, Qld.

## DRIED FRUIT CHUTNEY

Two and a half pounds dried apricots, 1lb. dried peaches, 1lb. stoned dates, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. dried raisins, 1lb. prunes, 1lb. demerara sugar, 1oz. salt, 1lb. garlic, 1oz. ground cloves, 1oz. cinnamon, 1oz. cayenne, 2 pints vinegar.

Wash dried fruits, mince apricots, peaches and dates. Cover with water and steep till tender. Add red wine, dried fruit and sugar, stir constantly for about half an hour, or until the contents of pan are thick. Taste and add more salt if necessary. Put into hot jars at once, cover and store.

Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Welch, 25 Merrivale, via Nedlands, W.A.

## APRICOT CASSEROLE CAKE

One cup dried apricots, 1/2 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup raisins, 1/2 cup orange peel, crystallized cherries, almonds.

Cover apricots with cold water, bring to boil and drain. Chop into small pieces. Cream sugar and butter. Add beaten egg-yolks. Mix well. Then stir in apricots, cherries, crystallized cherries, almonds, orange peel, lemon peel and lemon juice. Mix in flour and pinch salt and stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Put in well-greased casserole, cover and bake in a slow oven for 2 hours.

Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Price, Taranna.

## "HAPPY DAYS" HEALTH BREAD

Wash 1 cup prunes, soak for several hours, drain, stone and chop. Sift 2 1/2 cups

wholemeal flour with 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 level teaspoon baking powder, and into this 1 good tablespoon golden syrup or treacle, 1 tablespoon melted butter and 1 1/2 cups milk. Beat all well together. Add prunes. Put into greased bread tin, allow to stand for 10 minutes. Bake in moderate oven for 1 hour.

Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. D. Cowden, Knott's Siding, Vic.

## DRIED PRUNE SALAD

Two dozen large prunes, 4 tablespoons cream cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, lettuce, dressing.

Carefully wash prunes, cover with salted water, bring to boil, and simmer gently for one hour, or till plump and tender. Drain, then remove stones. Cut in halves. Fill cavity of each with a spoonful of the mixture made by creaming together cheese, chopped celery and onion. Select six crisp lettuce leaves, and place four on a dish. Fill each with dressing, cover with a little finely-shredded lettuce, cover with mayonnaise or French dressing.

Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Cary, 316 North Street, Albury, N.S.W.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mr. J. Marsh, 26 Latimer Road, Belgrave Hill, N.S.W.

## CHEESE OMELETTE

Two eggs, 3 dessertspoons cheese, salt, cayenne, 1 dessertspoon milk, little butter.

Beat eggs well, add the other ingredients, melt the butter in a baking pan and when hot pour in the egg mixture. Cook slowly till set. Place under a griller to brown, then serve on to a hot plate, fold over and serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mr. J. Marsh, 26 Latimer Road, Belgrave Hill, N.S.W.

**Bovril**  
for Health  
and Vitality





## "IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS"

Medical Evidence  
proves need for  
EXTRA  
Ferrum and Calcium

EVERY mother realises the need for extra care of her health during the time she is expectant and also during the nursing period. She is giving life to her child from her own body, and its nutrition is entirely dependent on hers.

The result is a considerable drain on her mineral reserves—particularly of iron and calcium. Before the child is born, this mineral loss causes endless trouble, including anaemia and toxæmia, as well as the cramps, nausea and vomiting of pregnancy, and considerably lowers the tone of the mother's system, making her susceptible to infection. As calcium is the chief salt of the bone structure and the teeth, its deficiency in the mother results in poor bone formation and, later, poor teeth in the child. Only when your system is plentifully supplied with calcium and iron can you be sure that your baby will have straight, beautiful, healthy limbs, with the foundations laid for strong, even, white teeth.

### AFTER BABY IS BORN

After your baby is born you will be able to breast-feed him only if your mineral resources are high.

You can be sure of a high mineral reserve by taking Bidomak. One bottle of Bidomak contains as much iron as 800 oysters or 500 pints of milk; as much calcium as 4 pints of milk; as much phosphorus as 11 lbs. of spinach; as much sodium as 10 pints of orange juice, and as much potassium as 22 oz. of lettuce.

### RICH, VITAL MINERALS

This rich concentration of vital, assimilable minerals will supply your mineral requirements perfectly and help you to bear a lovely baby, whose whole life will be the better for the care you have taken from the beginning. Moreover, you will feel fit and well, and you will be able, when the time arrives, to give your baby the full benefits of natural, safe, perfect breast feeding.

It is recommended that you take Bidomak during pregnancy and until baby is weaned. Get your first bottle to-day and keep yourself in health.

### WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR says "EXTRA MINERALS" NEEDED

Abstract of paper read in opening a discussion at a joint meeting of the Sections of Nutrition and Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association, Belfast, 1937:

"The maternal organism has not only to maintain its normal condition of nutrition but it has to act as a storehouse for the needs of the child. If these reserves become depleted at any time the growing infant may become a parasite upon the maternal host, as it is impervious in its demands for growth and maintenance. We know that, for example,

the liver stores up glycogen, calcium, iron, and other substances for the needs of the child. If these reserves become inadequate the result is shown by the onset of anaemia, toxæmia, eclampsia (cramps), or vomiting of pregnancy. If the supply of vitamins and mineral salts is deficient, even more serious troubles result. Such knowledge has been of inestimable value clinically in the treatment of the complications of pregnancy by substances which after all reinforce, one might say, the diet of the expectant mother.

### IMPORTANCE OF DIET

"In the ordinary course of work in an antenatal clinic we find that many patients complain of dyspeptic disturbances, muscular cramps, sleeplessness, backache, and other symptoms during pregnancy. These can be treated with good results not by sedatives as formerly but by the administration of mineral salts, such as iron and calcium, and by careful advice as to diet."

### MOTHER ABLE TO BREAST- FEED BABY WHEN OTHER TONIC FAILED

Port Pirie West,  
"I had the 'flu and it left me with a sore throat, then I developed each week a different complaint, such as croup, bronchitis,

stiff neck, and then tonsilitis. I was not well, and having a young baby of three months and feeding her myself, I was losing my energy, and I was always tired, irritable and everything too much bother to do—but now, thanks to BIDOMAK, I am feeling quite well again. But this is where I think your tonic is marvellous—it has improved the flow and quality of the breast milk. Taken an hour before feeding baby, it assures a plentiful supply of milk, and the result is a contented baby and a happy household. It has done that which no other tonic has done, as before I tried BIDOMAK I was taking another tonic. To prove that it is BIDOMAK that was improving the milk and helping baby to gain, for a fortnight I left alone and baby gained only 6 oz., whereas now I am back again on BIDOMAK she is gaining her usual 16 oz.; and I happened to mention it to the sister in charge of the Baby Welfare here, and she has advised me to keep on the tonic, as it is helping baby so splendidly. I have been taking several other foods for nursing mothers, but nothing comes up to the standard of BIDOMAK in insuring a plentiful supply of milk."

"Yours sincerely,

"(Signed) (Mrs.) M.S."

Special Note: Bidomak is not intended as a substitute for other pre-natal care. Your doctor should be consulted regularly and your diet maintained on sound lines.

# BIDOMAK

Sole New Zealand Distributors: Q-Tol-Fluorine Laboratories, P.O. Box 1018, WELLINGTON, N.Z.  
Bidomak is a product of the Douglas Drug Co., Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane and Perth.  
Sole Wholesale Agents for Tasmania: L. Faithorne & Son Pty., Ltd., 42-48 St. John Street, Launceston.

• FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.  
• MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

# SEE-SAW

*A Complete  
Book-length Novel*



By . . . . . DOUGLAS WALSH

# SEE-SAW

By DOUGLAS WALSHE



MAVIS signed to the boy to put her suitcase at the foot of the direction post.

"Thank you," she said—smiled, and gave him six-pence.

"Thank you, miss," he answered—grinned, pocketed his fee, and scuttled away.

Left alone in the twilight, Mavis sat on the suitcase, leant her back against the sign-post and lit a cigarette.

It was twenty minutes before the char-a-banc that was to pick her up at the cross-roads was due. She had thought it wise to be in plenty of time.

Soon the char-a-banc would be coming along to take her back to London, back to her lodgings and the office.

She wanted something exciting to happen to her, and she did not believe that it ever would. She was twenty-three, and five years of shorthand-typing and a bed-sitting-room had begun to bore.

Both her parents were dead. She was a rather lonely little person. It was on account of the death of almost the last of her relations that she was dressed in black, and on this journey. Two days' leave had been obtained from the office to attend an aunt's funeral. Aunt Anne had been buried that afternoon, and Mavis was due at the office again in the morning.

Aunt Anne was an old maid, and fairly well-off. In quite a nice way Mavis had had hopes about her aunt's will. But all Aunt Anne had left her was a hundred pounds.

A hundred pounds was very nice to have . . . But you couldn't perform a miracle with your life on a hundred pounds.

To-morrow at the office that idiot Frank Morris would probably ask her to go out to lunch with him. Goodness, what a nuisance he was! Why couldn't he leave her alone? Why couldn't he see for himself that she didn't want to have anything to do with him, and never would?

At last—two hours late—the char-a-banc appeared. Mavis waved and shouted, as it showed no signs of slowing down—frantically she signalled to it to stop.

"Pull up!" shouted the conductor, as it drove past.

"Well!" exclaimed Mavis.

She was furious. She shook with indignation. This was a nice way to treat a passenger who had paid her fare! To tell her to be at the cross-roads at a certain time, and then to come along, two hours late, having filled up the place she had booked, and coolly leaving her stranded—really, this was too much! Something drastic and deadly ought to be done about it.

A pretty girl, in a justifiable, royal rage is a rather fascinating sight. But there was nobody there to see.

Mavis cooled down a little and began to think.

What should she do? she wondered. It was miles to a station, and there was that heavy suitcase . . . She certainly could not carry it for any distance.

Her anger all boiled up again. She did not tell herself that it was an adventure—that she had wanted an adventure and now she had it. She told herself that it was a shame. Most annoying and disconcerting, she found it.

Still, something had to be done. She could not stay there all night, and it was unthinkable to leave the suitcase, which contained the greater part of her possessions.

Obviously, the only thing to do was to stop something, and ask for a lift to the

high forehead, crowned with a mop of blinding red hair, before the match went out.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"London."

"Afraid I can't take you very far. I'm pulling up quite soon for the night. I don't often travel after dark."

"Any station will do for me," said Mavis. "That's a trailer-caravan you've got behind, isn't it? When I stopped you I thought it was a lorry."

"My house and my shop—that's what this little lot is," said the red-haired girl.

"Really?" exclaimed Mavis interestedly.

"Do you mean you go about the country selling things?"

"Yes."

"What sort of things?"

"Hats and frocks" said the red-haired girl. "Cheap, smart hats and cheap, smart frocks. Trimmed to taste, altered to fit, or run up for you on the spot. I've been up to Manchester to re-stock. In the van behind you is a selection of hats of all colours, sizes and shapes, and an assortment of ribbons and ornaments to stick on 'em."

She flicked the ash from her cigarette and slowed down for a bend in the road.

"Three dozen ready-made frocks, and materials for as many more. Frocks don't take much making nowadays, you know, and hats can be trimmed in a few minutes. The drapers don't love me—but who cares?"

"T

HIS is rather a new idea, isn't it?" exclaimed Mavis.

"As far as I know it is."

"What made you think of it?"

"Well, I had to earn a living, and I thought I might as well earn it in the way that appealed to me. There isn't a fortune in it, but it's better than being a little dressmaker and milliner in a dingy side street, which would have been my lot—or a 'hand' in some shop."

She flung the end of her cigarette out of the window.

"I was apprenticed to the trade, you see," she explained, "and I stuck it all right so long as mother was alive and wanted looking after. But when she died I had a good think about my future, and the result was that I sold the furniture and spent her insurance money on this outfit."

"I say, you are brave!" Mavis burst out admiringly.

"Am I? You see, the way I looked at it was this. Men get on in business so much better than girls. A girl can't do much more than make a living. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of 'em can't, anyhow."

"That's true," agreed Mavis.

"Here and there one clicks for a fortune, but they're very few and far between. Lots marry, of course, but there are more women than men in the world, and, taking it all in all, it's a pretty poor outlook for the business girl."

## SEE-SAW

"It is," said Mavis. "I'm one—and I was thinking so while I was waiting for that char-a-banc."

They exchanged names. Lillian West, it appeared, was the name of the itinerant milliner and dreamer.

"I'd awfully like to see you again," said Mavis wistfully. "But I don't suppose I ever shall."

"Come and spend a week-end with me," was Lillian's hospitable reply.

"Be careful!" laughed Mavis, "or I shall take you at your word."

"Do. I always say what I mean and mean what I say. And I make pals with anyone—or the other thing—in five minutes," Lillian laughed back.

Mavis colored. Did that mean that the attraction was mutual, that the red-haired girl liked her as much as she liked the red-haired girl? The thought made her feel guilty.

"I'm just eaten up with jealousy of what you are doing," she confessed. "I want to do it, too. I suppose it would be low to be a copycat and start another show like yours? Yes, of course, it would. But that's what I'm thinking about! If you knew how fed-up I am with office life, and how I long to be out in the open—and independent—and free!"

The speech was never finished. Suddenly, unexpectedly, as things happen on the road, something happened. A car shot out of a cross road, much too fast. Lillian, cool, quick, and resourceful, did all that was possible—stared on her footbrake, and tried to swing away. But in spite of all her efforts the other car struck one of her van's front fenders, and with a skittering lurch the van was knocked into the ditch. The steering wheel saved Lillian, but Mavis, taken utterly by surprise, was pitched out, over the side-door, into the road.

"You reckless road-hog," exploded Lillian as she sprang out. "What do you mean, driving about like that!"

A young man leapt from the other car.

"I say, I'm most frightfully sorry," he apologised. "Afraid it was all my fault."

"Of course it was all your fault," snapped the red-haired girl, kneeling down in the wet beside Mavis, who was lying very still.

The young man joined her.

"Is—is your friend very much hurt?" he faltered.

"Get a light," barked the red-haired girl.

"I've got a torch." He hurried back to his car. "Here—now you can see."

The light he was holding shook in his hand as he shone it on Mavis' face.

Very white, very lovely, very frail, she looked as she lay on the wet tarmac road.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," he gasped. "Is she—is she . . . ? Look here, what shall I do? Dash off for a doctor—or shall we lift her into my car, and rush her off to a hospital?"

"Wait," said Lillian fiercely. "Heavens, how she hated him! "Let's find out first how much she is injured . . . An, she's coming round."

Mavis opened her eyes. Very slowly the lids raised themselves, and two blue eyes, dark and dilated by shock, stared vaguely and dazedly at a bright light and a tall, dark, good-looking young man standing over her. Of Lillian, kneeling beside her, she was not aware. The mist of unconsciousness was still blurring everything.

Slowly the eyes closed again, and she uttered a faint, bewildered sigh. Then her eyes moved.

"So I was wrecked on the desert island after all?" she said. "And you're the man

who's going to build my hut—and love me. That's very nice."

And she sank into stupor again.

"Good Lord," ejaculated the young man. "Did you hear what your friend said?"

"Shine that light where it's some use to me, can't you?" Lillian answered.

**M**AVIS opened her eyes and found herself in a narrow bed in a place that seemed like a ship's cabin and yet was nothing of the sort.

A curved, white-painted roof, varnished wooden sides with white uprights, a tiny electric light winking above her head, orange window curtains—why, it was a caravan! Not a desert island—a caravan!

She stirred, and things began to come back; the defaulting char-a-banc, the red-haired girl, the talk: the accident, and that face seen in a bright white circle, the young man with the interesting, anxious eyes.

Mavis sat up, and became conscious of a familiar mauve stripe on the upper garment she was wearing.

"Why, I'm in my own pyjamas," she thought, and then someone doing something at the other end of the caravan came quickly towards her.

"It's just going to be morning," said the red-haired girl. "I'm making some tea. How are you feeling?"

"All right, but rather lost," said Mavis, secretly feeling about under the clothes to make sure that she was all there and there were no bandages anywhere.

"I'll draw the curtains."

Back they rattled on their rings, letting in the pale grey light of a sunless dawn.

"What's the last thing you can remember?" asked the red-haired girl a few minutes later, sipping her tea.

"A man, bending over me," Mavis answered. "After that everything's blurry. I don't know what's dreams and what's not, or how I got here, or—or anything."

"I'll begin from there, then," said Lillian West. "That was the blighter who caused all the trouble. Not that he turned out such a blighter in the end, to be fair to him. Martin Harrison's his name, and he's going to look in presently to see how you are. Mind if I open the windows a bit more? It's rather stuffy in here."

She opened them without waiting to hear whether Mavis minded or not.

"The stove," she murmured vaguely, and then went on with her story. "You got pitched out when he forced me into the ditch. And we were both of us a bit jumpy with you lying unconscious in the road. I was trying to find out where you were hurt when a car drove up, and a man jumped out and said: 'I'm a doctor. Can I be of any assistance?'"

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" smiled Mavis, fortified with three-quarters of a cup of tea.

"Exactly." The red-haired girl laughed. "His name's Jones, as a matter of fact. Well, he had a go at you, and I took the torch away from the other man because his hand was shaking so."

"Was it?" said Mavis, for some reason looking pleased.

"She's all right," the doctor told us. "No damage done," and he said all you wanted was to be put into bed as soon as possible and kept warm—and, barring feeling a bit stiff and sore, you'd be all right in the morning."

"He's right about the stiff and sore," said Mavis, who was becoming more and more aware of it every minute.

"Mr. Harrison wanted to cart you off to

the nearest hospital but I had a better idea. 'What about my trailer?' I suggested, and pointed out that you were all wet and muddy, and the sooner you were out of your clothes the better. The doctor agreed, so we pushed the trailer into this field where we are now. And while the doctor and I undressed you I sent Mr. Harrison off to knock up the farmer, tell him what had happened, and phone to a garage for them to tow my damaged van away."

"It's funny I don't remember anything of all this," exclaimed Mavis.

"You were all dazed—neither conscious nor unconscious most of the time—and you kept talking the most awful rot about a desert island."

"Did I?" said Mavis, looking away.

"You did. Well, the doctor made sure you were comfortable and pushed off—and I sent Mr. Harrison back to the farmer for some milk, and made myself a cup of tea. He had one, too. By that time I was beginning not to feel quite so fed-up with him. He was so anxious to help, so willing to be kept on the run. I let him stay and see my van off on a breakdown lorry."

"And what was I doing all this time?" asked Mavis.

"You'd stopped talking about desert islands and gone off to sleep!"

"Did—did Mr. Harrison see me asleep?"

"Well, naturally. He's not blind," lauged the red-haired girl. "He hung on for hours, he was so anxious to do what he could to make up for it being all his fault. He admitted that, and told me all about himself. He's one of the lucky ones, one of the world's idlers. His father lives about ten miles from here—big landowner—owns half the village. And Mr. Harrison's hobby is motor-racing at Brooklands. That's why he drives so rottenly, I suppose."

"Tall and dark, isn't he?" inquired Mavis. "With a thin, clever face, and very bright, dark-brown eyes?"

"Well, you seem to remember him all right," laughed the red-haired girl. "I couldn't have described him better myself."

Mavis looked away from her again.

"I can remember the doctor, too, now," she said hastily. "Short, fair man, with a moustache."

"That's right."

"It was awfully good of you to take all that trouble and not let them send me to a hospital," Mavis changed the subject. "Jolly decent. But it's funny to think that I've spent my first night in a caravan without really knowing anything about it."

The red-haired girl uncrossed her legs.

"I suppose I'd better see about getting breakfast," she said. "You can have yours in bed, and I'll have mine like this. Then we'll both get dressed, if you feel like it, in time for Mr. Harrison when he buzzes round with the news about my van, and the things I told him to buy for us."

She went to the stove.

"Grub, you know. I didn't expect to be stopping like this," she explained. "And it was all his fault, so he's got to make him self useful."

"Goodness!" gasped Mavis. "That reminds me. The office! I'm due back there this morning."

"Well, you won't be there—that's all," said Lillian.

**I**SAY," Mavis cried, as a sudden alarming thought scattered her lady musings. "You're sure, aren't you, that he won't be coming along before we're dressed?"

"Who? Mr. Harrison?" replied the red-haired girl, shaking the frying pan. "Don't

## SEE-SAW

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

you worry. He's got to call at the garage for me first, and there won't be anyone there who can tell him anything till nine at the earliest. I know garages. It's only half-past seven. You always wake early out of doors."

Relieved, Mavis sank back against her cushions, and lost herself again. More odd, startling thoughts came to her, all centred around a young man and his eyes.

What did it mean, she wondered? Was she not quite herself—still feeling the effects of the accident? Or—or had something really amazing happened to her?

Suddenly she spoke. She had to speak, in the hope that the red-haired girl could perhaps help her to decide. No—just had to ask, knowing the answer perfectly well, so far as she herself was concerned!

"Tell me, do you believe in love at first sight?" Mavis demanded.

The red-haired girl turned and looked at her with startled eyes, and cheeks that had suddenly crimsoned.

"That's—that's just what I was going to ask you," she exclaimed, holding a frizzled rasher suspended on a fork.

Mavis stared at her, dismayed.

"Spotted my secret, have you?" said the red-haired girl, half-defiantly, half-shyly. "How did I give it away?"

Mavis pressed her lips together with her teeth. Her forehead puckered. She felt herself stiffen all over—and simply did not know what to say.

"Such a thing has never happened to me before," said Lillian West in the same half-shy, half-defiant way. "Usually I'm not a bit interested in men, but that chay—First touch of spring in the air, I suppose, or some such rot."

She erected the folding-table between the two beds. It was a card-table, Mavis noticed, from which the two back legs had been removed and replaced by hinges fastened to the front end of the caravan. The remaining legs folded up under it when not in use.

"I began by hating him," said the red-haired girl as she let them down and clicked them home. "When I saw what he had done to you and my van, I could have scratched his eyes out. And yet, and yet, when he left me last night—oh, it's all rubbish, isn't it?"

Mavis did not answer. Was it all rubbish? That was the question. If it was all rubbish with the red-haired girl, then it was all rubbish with her. And she didn't feel as if it were all rubbish; she felt as if unsuppected depths within her had been stirred. Jealous, she felt; angry, she felt—and shocked with herself, and quite unable to meet this amazing situation—and very, very anxious to see him again. Heaven knows what she did not feel—all muddled and sore and bruised outside and in, and at the same time queerly excited and thrilled.

"Think me balmy, don't you?" said her hostess, busily setting the table. "I shouldn't have told you, of course, if you hadn't begun. Don't take it seriously, though. I shall soon get over it." She forced a laugh. "When we get away from here I shan't ever see him again, and I'm not the sort to pine for."

Still Mavis did not speak. She tried to think of something to say, but failed to find it.

"Ripping, I call this!" exclaimed Mavis, finding her tongue at last, and changing the subject. "What a life! I shall go green with envy thinking of you and your caravan when I'm back at the office."

The other girl looked at her over the top of her teacup.

"Are you going back?" she asked.

"What do you mean? Of course I'm—"

"Just now," Lillian interrupted. "you thanked me for having been what you called so good to you. But really I was thinking of number one. Didn't want to lose sight of you. Wanted to show you what the life was like, because of what you said just before we crashed."

She set down her cup.

"You sounded keen," she went on. "And we seem to have made pals. I've a sort of idea we could get on with each other. What do you think?"

Mavis colored slightly.

"I'm sure we could," she said with some embarrassment at the other's frank directness. "I like you awfully, and as for what you're doing—"

"There's only one snag about it," Lillian broke in. "It's a bit lonely at times. I've always been hoping to find someone I could live with and work with—"

"You're—you're suggesting that I should join you, become your partner?" interrupted Mavis with an excitedgulp.

"That's the idea. Why not? You say you're fed-up with office life and very taken with this one. It wouldn't do any harm to have a little more capital in the business, and with luck you ought to make as much as you're paid now, if not more. Much better come in with me than set up a rival show like you talked about. You'd only find it lonely, too. This is a going concern. I've learned a thing or two—know the ropes. What about it?"

"I can't believe you really mean it," gasped Mavis, all on fire, with shining blue eyes and flushed cheeks. "It—it would be a dream come true."

**H**ARRISON, meanwhile, had arrived and spoke to the red-haired girl.

"This is where I'm afraid I cop it good and hard," he said. "I've seen them about your van, Miss West, and they can't have it on the road again before three days at the earliest."

He paused and waited for the thunder-bolts.

"I didn't expect they would," said Lillian merrily.

"I've done my utmost to hurry them up."

"I'm sure you have."

"Forgiven me, what?" he smiled.

"Certainly not," said the red-haired girl. "But it's no use going on about it, is it? I've got to make the best of it."

"Anything I can do . . .?" he offered.

"I shan't hesitate to ask you!" she took him up. "It's very awkward being stuck here without my van, miles away from the shops."

"Quite. I've brought those things you told me to get for you. They're in the car. I'll go and fetch them."

Martin came back with the meat, bread, butter, and vegetables he had been ordered to buy. Lillian took them from him with a nod, and he looked at Mavis again.

"Jolly place, this," he remarked with a friendly smile. "Looks most tempting. Pretty, too."

"Yes," said Mavis. "Isn't it?" And wished to goodness she could think of something better and brighter.

His eyes met hers.

"Believe me, I am most dreadfully sorry about it all," he apologised.

"And so you ought to be!" threw in the red-haired girl, who was putting things

away. She gathered up a small armful of paper. "You said you wanted to make yourself useful, so you can burn this," she added. "I'm most particular about not having any rubbish blowing about."

He lit a little fire, and humbly and obediently stood by till every scrap of paper was consumed. And Mavis watched him with thoughtful eyes, and odd, prickly sensations within.

She and her new partner had both fallen in love with him. One might as well be honest about it, since it was something that would not be denied.

But what about him? Had he no interest, no special interest, apart from the accident, in either of them—or was he more interested in one than the other—and, if so, which?

But it was impossible, Mavis considered to decide that he had shown anything that could be called a preference for either her or her new friend. And at last he had gone away, with a list of further purchases that were to be brought to them to-morrow, and all his other offers were turned down.

## MATTERS

in London were soon arranged with Mavis' landlady. A fortnight's rent in advance sweetened the sudden parting.

The evening was spent in packing and thinking about Lillian, alone in the caravan, and still being glad that the red-haired girl had so determinedly decided to put Martin Harrison out of her thoughts. And in the morning came the interview at the office.

Directly after it Mavis collected her things and took a taxi to the station, dying to get back as soon as possible to her new friend, her new home, and her new career.

She made the last stage of the journey in a hired, noisy car, arriving about half-past seven, and expecting her appearance so soon to be a very pleasant surprise for her partner.

— as she opened the field-gate and looked into the interior of the lit-up, beloved caravan. Mavis' eyes flashed, and she found herself trembling, positively trembling, with rage and indignation.

Martin Harrison was having supper with the red-haired girl! That was how Lillian had stuck to her determination to have no more to do with him? Behind Mavis' back she had asked him to supper, and they were so absorbed in each other that they had not even heard her noisy, hired car!

Mavis strode forward.

For the first time in her life Mavis knew the real meaning of the word jealousy—the blind fury of it, and the biting, burning, stinging pain of it.

Then she found herself at the steps of the caravan, and at last the two inside both heard and saw her.

"Hello, you're back," said Lillian, as calm and casual as you please.

"Yes," Mavis' tone was bitter-sweet. "Sorry. I'd no idea I should be spoiling a party. But I couldn't let you know I was coming, could I?"

"Come on in and have some grub," was Lillian's somewhat curt rejoinder.

"I've some things that must be got out of a car first. You two go on—the driver will help me, and I'm not at all hungry."

Martin sprang up.

"Let me." He smiled at Mavis cheerfully. "Miss West has just been telling me all about her stunt, and how you're going to join her. A jolly idea. Wish I could wear the sort of hats you sell. I'd love to be a customer!"

Suddenly she felt that she wanted to cry. It was all so hateful and so disappointing.

## SEE-SAW

done was the fine frenzy of excitement in which she had returned, all spoilt by finding him there! As for Lillian . . . a new thought about Lillian suddenly completed Mavis' discomfiture.

Lillian had no idea that Mavis also cared for this—this intrusive young man. Mavis had carefully kept that knowledge from her! Gloomily considering that, she watched Martin carry her things to the caravan, and felt nearer to tears than ever, as she realised that if she had a grievance against Lillian, Lillian could also justly have a grievance against her.

"She'll never believe that the reason I didn't tell was because I was so ashamed—so uncertain—couldn't really believe it!" Mavis thought.

All the fury was gone. Utterly miserable as she felt . . . lost and bewildered.

"That's the lot," Martin's cheery voice brought her back to the practical needs of the situation.

She paid the driver the amount agreed on for his fare and gave him a shilling for himself. Then she returned with Martin to the caravan.

A sigh escaped her. How cosy it looked, up by its own tiny electric lights, with a white cloth and a bowl of snowdrops and other accompaniments on the table laid for three—for Lillian had set another place while the luggage was being transferred.

**M**AVIS began to find herself feeling better and brighter about things.

"You're going to let me help wash up, isn't you?" Martin offered when the two girls began to clear away. "I'm rather good at it. You're not the only ones who've ever camped out, you know."

Lillian shook her head.

"What you're going to do is to push off," he informed her bluntly, so bluntly that she stared.

"Haven't put my foot in it, have I?" he said, looking from Lillian to Mavis and then back at Lillian again.

"Mavis is tired. She's had a busy day and a journey, and she hasn't completely got over the effects of that accident yet, going to get her to bed very early—so, good-night."

"Eight-o'clock. Good-bye, and thanks very much. I'll be along in the morning with the things I'm to get, and word of how things're getting on with your bus."

He shook hands with them both, and drove away, started his car, and drove off.

**A**s the last of the washing-up was put away, Lillian produced her cigarette-case.

"Have a fag?"

Mavis took one. The work had been mainly in silence. Martin Harrison had not been mentioned.

"Sit down." Lillian's manner was rather unstrained. "Not too tired for a talk, are you?"

"No. I'm not a bit tired." "I didn't think you were. I only told him I was going to send you to bed early to get rid of him."

"Oh," said Mavis, and plumped herself down on the locker that formed her bed.

Lillian sat on the other, and looked at her.

"A bit wild when you came back to-night, aren't you?" she asked bluntly.

Mavis hesitated a moment, and then nodded.

"Because you found him here?"

"Yes." Mavis studied the end of her cigarette with great intensity. "After what

you said, I thought it wasn't quite playing the game," she observed quietly.

"We'd better have this out." The red-haired girl had gone back to her half-shy, half-defiant tone again. "I was a fool. He came along just after tea to make sure, he said, that we were all right for the night, and—and I went for a stroll with him."

"So he did help her to pick those wild flowers?" thought Mavis, as her companion paused to take a whiff at her cigarette.

"I tried to get rid of him." Lillian went on, "but he didn't want to go, and though I could have made him—well, I didn't! Her tone was all defiance now. "He suggested that he should stay to dinner and help me cook it—said he had done a good bit of camping-out in his time. And I thought it would be rather fun, and let him."

"Quite," said Mavis. "But, all the same, almost your last words to me—"

"I know," the other interrupted. "Well, I went back on myself. That's all. It wasn't a vow or an oath. Why the dickens shouldn't I go back on myself if I want to?"

"No reason at all," said Mavis, very calm to the red-haired girl's warmth. "Only when you say a thing, naturally I expect you to stick to it. That's all."

"I don't know that it is all. What's it got to do with you?"

The hazel eyes looked challengingly into Mavis' blue ones.

"If we're going to be pals, we've got to know where we are, got to understand each other," said the red-haired girl. "I don't understand you putting my leg about it, chipping me or jeering at me—I expected you would tease me when you knew. But I can't understand you being really wild about it."

Mavis frowned. For some moments she did not speak. Then:

"No, of course you can't understand," she said at last. "Because I haven't been quite fair to you!"

"How do you mean?"

"This is what it has got to do with me," said Mavis. "I'm in love with him, too! At least—at least, I think I am. I—I can't stop thinking about him . . ."

**M**AVIS!" The red-haired girl was no surprised, no startled that she leant to her feet.

"Sit down again and I'll tell you about it," Mavis rejoined, determined to make a clean breast of it all. "It happened when—when I first saw his face while I was lying in the road. I was only half conscious and suddenly I found his eyes looking into mine—"

"I remember," cried the other excitedly. "You talked nonsense about him being the man who was to build your hut and fall in love with you. I thought you were just wandering . . ."

"I was," said Mavis. "And I wasn't. Oh, I don't know, and I don't understand. But—but that's when it began."

Lillian drew up her knees and clasped her hands round them.

"Why on earth didn't you tell me about this before?" she exclaimed.

"I didn't like to. Can't you understand? I was so bewildered, so utterly—"

"And when you asked me about love at first sight?" the red-haired girl threw in.

"I was thinking about myself—not you at all. I hadn't the faintest idea that you . . . till you told me," Mavis faltered.

"Good Lord!" Lillian flicked the ash off

her cigarette. "This is what I call a proper old mess!"

"It is, rather," said Mavis. With her hands about her knees again, she rocked herself to and fro.

"We can't have any of this," she said slowly. "He's not worth it. I don't want to be in love with him—"

"Can't we go back to where we were?" asked Mavis at last.

"Both drop him, you mean?"

"Yes." The red-haired girl blew a cloud of smoke. "That does seem to be about the only thing to be done," she murmured reflectively. "Yes, that's the way out." She laughed. "Not pistols for two—another partnership, a partnership against him, the man we neither of us want to upset our little apple-cart."

"If you will, I will," said Mavis eagerly.

"I'm game all right."

Lillian got off the rocker, and came and sat down beside Mavis.

"Listen," she said gravely. "We can't help seeing him till we get going again. We're stranded and naturally, as he stranded us, he'll want to see us through. But let's make a compact. Let's swear we'll only see him together, never alone, and that we will both be as nasty to him as we know how."

"Do all we can to choke him off, you mean?" inquired Mavis. "All right. But I'm afraid I'm not very good at being nasty to people."

"I am," said the red-haired girl. "You leave that to me."

**M**ARTIN HARRISON drove away in a very disgruntled state of mind from the field in which the caravan was resting.

He had turned up as usual with the bread. Jokingly, he had announced himself with an imitation of a baker's professional call. But the jest had fallen very flat.

He had offered them cigarettes, and they had both declined to smoke. Lighting one himself, he had hung about, waiting for an invitation to lunch.

But the invitation had not been given, and the conversation had languished.

In the end there had been nothing for it but for him to clear out. Obviously he was not wanted.

He drove home, and finished out the morning, fiddling about in the garage and workshop, tuning up his racing-car, White-Bang II, to pukka Brooklands form. It was a gay, sunny spring morning, a thoroughly delightful morning, and to Martin that was a thoroughly delightful way of spending it, and taking his mind off the problem that was genuinely disturbing him.

In due course the lunch-gong sounded, and he washed and hurried to the dining-room; for one of the things his father insisted upon was punctuality at meals.

His father, Major-Gen. Harrison, retired, looked at him with bushy-white eyebrows slightly drawn together as Martin took his seat at table.

The meal proceeded chiefly in silence. Martin made no attempt to discover the nature of the cloud that was plainly hovering over his head. It was not till the servant had brought in the coffee and departed that the storm broke.

"And now, sir," thundered the general. "What the devil does all this mean?"

"All what?" inquired his son.

"This running after a couple of gypsies! Buying them food! Eating with them!"

"Oh," exclaimed Martin. "So you've heard about that?"

## SEE-SAW

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"Heard about it? Of course I've heard about it. I was at the market to-day." The talents that his country no longer had any use for the general was now devoting to agriculture—at considerable loss. "The place was full of it."

"Wonderful how people gossip in the country, isn't it?" remarked his son. "Much worse than in the towns."

"Is it or is it not true that you've been spending most of your time lately hanging about a pair of gypsies in a caravan?" the general cut in in his best orderly-room manner. "Yes or no, sir, yes or no?"

"Yes," said Martin, with a smile. "But they're not gypsies, father. They're ladies!"

Mrs. Harrison raised her eyebrows.

"They are, mother. You'd like them immensely. I wanted them to let me bring them here to call, but—"

"Martin!" One word can at times be very expressive.

"They sell hats!" the general threw in.

His information appeared to be very complete.

"Quite," said his son. "And so do lots of society people nowadays."

"Not like that!" observed Mrs. Harrison tersely.

"Perhaps not," Martin agreed. "But I say, doesn't this just show how things get round, and what rot people talk? You've got it all wrong. I'd better explain."

"They're just two new friends I've made," cried Martin. "I find them interesting, very interesting. So would you if you knew them. That's all it is. Never mind the local gossip. I'll tell you what. Let's all go over to them this afternoon, and let me introduce you and mother to them. Then you'll be able to see for yourselves what they're really like—"

"Certainly not," his father interrupted.

Down went the foot—the general's weighty, immovable foot.

"Here and now you will give me your word never to see or to speak to them again, or—you know what you can do!" he thundered.

**I**T was no idle threat. Martin knew that. His father considered that in that house he had the right to issue any order he chose and be implicitly obeyed. That was the General's idea of domestic discipline.

It was no use arguing. Martin knew that, too. Nevertheless, he put up one earnest, indignant protest as a sort of forlorn hope.

"Oh, come, father, don't be so out of date! This isn't the Ark, and I'm not a kid. I'm old enough to choose my own friends, at any rate. It's too old-fashioned to threaten to turn me out unless I promise not to see those girls again. That sort of thing isn't done nowadays, father—really it isn't."

The General repeated his ultimatum, and his wife approved it with her eyes.

Martin looked at her, and saw that it was hopeless to expect any support in that quarter.

"Well?" said his father sternly.

Martin thought quickly and hard. It was ridiculous. It was unreasonable, it was most confoundedly unfair, he considered. His people had no right to interfere. It was nothing to do with them. For two pence . . .

Then a gnawing little doubt crept in.

"Martin!" his mother murmured reproachfully.

He raised his eyes to his father's face. His own was rather white, but he did not know it.

Reason and common sense had won.

"Very well. I give you my word," he said, and marched out of the room.

That was that. It was finished. He was done with them both.

The van, accompanied by a garage car, was delivered at a quarter to three. Lillian tested it on the road and pronounced herself satisfied. She tipped the men who had brought it, and they drove off.

There followed an exciting and interesting half-hour for Mavis while she inspected the stock inside. Her blue eyes were very bright.

"Why shouldn't we get away at once?" she demanded. "Why wait till to-morrow? Why not get to another camping place to-day?"

"Give him the slip, you mean?" said the red-haired girl.

Mavis nodded.

"Who cares if he does think it ungrateful and rude?" she cried defiantly. "We're going to do it to-morrow, anyway!"

"Right. I'm game," her companion answered.

They packed up, hitched the trailer to the repaired van, and drove out of the field.

They reached Dartmoor, and made another camp on a patch of green, well off the road, with a noisy little stream close by to sing them to sleep and provide them with water for their early-morning tea.

Leaving the caravan to take care of itself they drove about the moor, calling at the cottages and farms and displaying their wares. Sometimes they sold a hat; sometimes a frock; sometimes they drew blank, and sometimes they sold several hats and frocks to several people in one household.

It was all that greatest fun to Mavis. You never knew what was going to happen.

Lillian taught her to drive—another joy! How proud Mavis was when the red-haired girl sent her out all alone with the van to get confidence!

"That's all you need now, a few runs by yourself," she said, "without me there to tell you what to do!"

Nothing had been heard of Martin Harrison. He had not succeeded in tracking them down—if he had tried to do so.

"I am glad we were firm about him, aren't you, Lili?" said Mavis. "We couldn't have been as peaceful and happy as we are if we had him hanging about!"

"No," said the red-haired girl. "That would have been a great mistake. Torn everything."

"I don't suppose he cares," said Mavis. "Probably he has never given us another thought. Wasn't it silly the way we both got such a rave on him? I can't understand it, can you, Lili?"

Lillian rose and went into the caravan.

From where she was sprawling she could see that her partner was writing a letter.

Mavis began to think about her. A good sort, Lillian—the more Mavis saw of her the more she liked and admired her . . .

She watched her put the letter she had written into an envelope, moisten the flap, and fasten it down with a determined little thump.

Then Lillian came to the caravan steps.

"Care to stroll with me to the nearest post-box?" she asked. "I've a letter here I want to get off to-night."

Mavis jumped up.

"I'd love a tramp before going to bed," she answered.

The red-haired girl looked at her for a moment. Then:

"You'd better see who it's to," she said, in that half-shy, half-defiant tone that Mavis had not heard for a long time, and as she spoke she held out the stamped envelope for Mavis' inspection.

It was addressed to Martin Harrison.

Mavis reddened. It was a big shock,

"Lillian!" she cried reproachfully. The red-haired girl descended the caravan steps without speaking.

Mavis resisted a wild temptation to tear the envelope and its contents to pieces and scatter them on the evening breeze.

"You've told him where we are?" she jerked out.

"Yes."

"So that he can come along and—spoil everything!" exclaimed Mavis, with a little catch in her breath.

Lillian shrugged.

"You've gone back on your word!" cried Mavis.

The other shook her head.

"No, Mavis. Changed my mind, that's all," she said crisply.

"You promised—"

"I promised to play fair, and I am playing as fair as I can!"

"By writing to him when we both evened have no more to do with him!" commented Mavis bitterly.

"It's you who made me write that letter." Mavis was so surprised at the attack that all she could say was a lame: "I do that!"

**I**T'S true. You work keep on so about how you didn't want him and how he was nothing to you, and how happy and content with everything you were! That's what decided me."

She began to lead the way to the post box again.

"I don't feel like that. I've been trying to, but I don't. I'm interested in him, and I don't want him to forget me and I can't forget him. See? Laugh at me if you like but there it is."

Mavis did not want to laugh at her. Mavis was nearer tears . . . for it was true. She had talked like that: over and over again she had said how little she cared, how thankful she was . . .

"It was when I realised that you had fallen out of love with him—if you were ever in—that I felt free to change my mind." Her partner went on. "We're not rivals any longer, so there's no reason why I shouldn't write to him, just to let him know where I am. It can't possibly make any difference to you, as you don't care for him and have got over any feeling you ever had for him!"

"That's absurd," Mavis interrupted. "Of course it will make a difference, every difference!" She flushed and bit her lip. "It won't be just us two any longer. You won't be only thinking of me and our job. He'll—he'll be the snake in Eden. Two's company and three's none."

The red-haired girl laughed. It was one of her red-shy, half-defiant laughs.

"You go too far, old dear," she said lightly. "You talk as if directly he gets this note he'll come tearing after me and never go away again."

"Well, that's what you're hoping he'll do isn't it?" Mavis challenged.

Lillian avoided a direct answer.

"What will probably happen is that he'll write back a polite little letter in reply, and I'll answer it, and then he'll write again, and so on and so on," she said. "Why should he do what you think? Why he may not even answer at all."

They walked on for some time in silence. Gloomier than ever the moor looked in Mavis in the twilight. They came to the little post-box hanging on the telegraph pole.

"Lillian, please don't post it," she begged once more. "Come on, be a sport and don't run any risk of spoiling—"

She got no further. Abruptly she stopped—for the letter was already in the box.

"Cheer up, you old man-hater," said the red-haired girl, with another half-shy, half-jaunt laugh. "Ten to one nothing will happen. He shan't make me turn against you—I promise you that. Race you back to the caravan. Turned quite chilly, hasn't it?"

**M**ARTIN read the letter, with his mother and his father seated at the breakfast-table.

"Dear Mr. Harrison," Lillian had written, "just a line to apologise for rushing off without waiting to say good-bye and thank you for the way you did your best to help us. We were in a fever to be off. I am writing this from our camp on Dartmoor, just off the main road, about four miles from Postbridge—a tolling place, where we intend to stay for some days yet. I hope we haven't been forcing any more poor unfortunate females to smash themselves up! You should think this note worth answering, a reply to Postbridge Post Office, 'Till called for,' would find me. With kind regards—Yours sincerely,

"LILIAN WEST."

That was all there was in the letter; what more could there be? But it was enough; it was more than enough.

Red-hair had written; Red-hair had not written him; Red-hair wanted to see him again, or, at any rate, wanted him to write to her!

This letter was the sign he had been waiting for! Read between the lines, this letter was undoubtedly the sign!

It was Lillian he liked the more of the two—it was Lillian whom he loved!

"Martin, is there anything the matter with your fish?" inquired his mother's voice.

"No. Why?" he answered mechanically.

"You're not eating it, dear."

He attacked it afresh, and as he ate passed again at the letter lying beside his plate.

He was in love—in love with the senior partner of that caravan-outfit, he thought; and suddenly it dawned upon him that he was in love with her meant.

He frowned and laid down his knife and fork.

"Good Lord! He was properly up against it."

He glanced at the General, busily eating a newspaper-leading article and fried sole at the same time—and certainly getting his good out of the fried sole.

"Help!"

"Darling, what is it?" inquired his mother. "You're upset about something, aren't you?" She made a motion towards the letter.

"Have you had some bad news, Martin?" she asked.

He glanced at his mother—and found her watching him.

There was no way round a pledge such as he had been forced to give, and there could be no question of furtively breaking it, he mused gloomily. Dash it, there was only one thing to be done.

"Well, here goes!" he said to himself.

The sooner he got it over the better, and he had them both there alone.

He cleared his throat.

"Father," he said nervously, "I want to tell a yarn with you about something."

The General laid down the paper.

"Carry on," he invited.

"You remember those two girls in the sun and the promise you made me?"

"I do."

"I want you to let me take that promise back, father."

The General brushed his bristly moustache with the tips of the fingers of both hands.

"Why?" he asked with soldierly brevity.

"I want to see them again—one of them, rather."

"Why?"

"Because—because I want to."

"Is that letter from her?" Martin's mother suddenly swooped into the fray.

"Yes."

The General sat to attention in his chair. "So you've been breaking your word already, and writing to her?" he thundered.

"No," said Martin. "She's written to me."

"Why?" said his father.

"Hussy," said his mother.

Martin got on his feet. He could remain seated no longer.

"The position I put to you was, I believe, perfectly clear," remarked the General.

"Yes, it was, but—"

"So far as I am concerned that position remains unaltered, Martin."

"So far as I am concerned, it's altered a lot!" Martin burst out.

He looked from his father to his mother, and then back to his father again. It had become clear to him that they had got to be told everything, that his only hope, his only chance, lay in telling them everything.

"When I gave that promise I didn't know where I was, but I know now that I am in love with one of them—the one who has written to me this morning," he announced.

"Martin!" There was triumph as well as dismay in his mother's voice. "What did I tell you?" she inquired of her husband in the same breath.

**D**ON'T go off the deep end till you've heard what I've got to say," cried Martin. "I want to tell you about it, and make you understand."

"Personally," said the General. "I have not the least desire to hear another word on the subject—"

"Let the boy speak, father, let him speak!" interrupted Mrs. Harrison hastily.

"It's—it's a most remarkable thing that's happened to me," Martin floundered. "A real Romance. You see—you see—well, I told you about the accident and how I got to know those two girls. I liked them awfully—and so would you, if only you would have let me bring them along! And—and the odd thing was that I couldn't make up my mind which I liked more than the other. So when you asked me for my word not to see them again, I was rather relieved, in a sort of way. It put an end to a jolly puzzling business, if you see what I mean."

He paused, as if hoping for a little word of encouragement from one end of the table or the other. But all he got was a curt "Well?" from the General.

"This morning I had a letter from one of them," he started off again. "Miss West—Miss Lillian West. It's quite an ordinary letter—you can read it if you like. Nothing in it at all. But the queer thing is that directly I read it I said to myself, 'That's the one,' and there I was, head over ears in love with her, absolutely sure it was the real thing—and—and properly in the soup about that promise of mine."

Martin paused, a good man struggling with adversity. It was a fight against tremendous odds—nobody knew that better than Martin—but it had got to be fought.

He turned to his mother, the General seeming to have nothing to say.

"Do believe that I'm desperately in earnest, mother," he pleaded. "I know it all sounds a bit unusual, but the fact is, I've just got to see her—be free. . . . She isn't what you think a bit," he cried, in answer to what his mother had not said but what he read in her face. "If ever I can make her love me as I love her, you'll love her, too—I'm absolutely certain of it."

Mrs. Harrison shook her head.

"You're mad, my dear," she said, more in sorrow than in anger. "This girl has completely turned your head. Which one is it—the shopgirl one or the dressmaking one?"

Martin did not answer. It was clear that no help was to be obtained from that quarter. He turned to the General.

"What I want you to do is to release me from that promise, father," he said quietly. "So that I can go to see Miss West, and—er—find out how things stand. I won't fix up anything in a hurry. I'll give you another promise as to that. Before I marry her, if she'll ever hear of marrying me, I'll undertake to bring her here first for you and mother to run the rule over her." He offered this as a tremendous concession. "There, how's that?" he cried.

Mrs. Harrison telegraphed to her husband how it was with her eyes.

"You gave your solemn word never to see or speak to those two girls again," said the General. "I made the position quite clear. You either had to do that or clear out. And that is still the position, Martin." And to make sure that Martin understood he slapped the tablecloth with the palm of his right hand.

"But—but look here, father, if I love her—and I do—I can't keep away from her like that," Martin protested.

"You can and you will!" said the General. "And to the pledge will be added another condition—that you are not to write to her, either."

Martin walked to the window and looked out into the garden.

"Some day you will be grateful to your father and me for this," said his mother's voice in his ear. Her hand touched his shoulder. She had risen from the table to come to him. "There, forget her, Martin, dear. You soon will, if you try. Go out and play with that horrid, noisy Whiz-Bang II. Please, dear, please, for mother's sake."

The General coughed ferociously.

"There's no need to plead with him, mother," he said. "In this Martin must do as he is told—"

"Or pay the price!" Martin interrupted.

"Exactly!"

Father and son looked at each other.

"I'm paying the price, father!" said Martin—and walked out of the room.

Mrs. Harrison clasped her hands together.

"Father," she gasped, "you don't think he really means—"

"Nonsense," the General interrupted.

"He's only bluffing. Of course, not!"

**M**ARTIN strode to the garage and started up his two-seater, the car that had got him into this mess. . . . No, no, the car that had pitchforked him into the romance of his life.

He drove away—trying hard to forget the two people he had left in the morning-room. And presently he did forget them, because of a most disturbing thought that began to press itself more and more insistently on his attention.

What was he doing? And where was he going?

## SEE-SAW

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

The second question of his inner-consciousness was easily answered. He was going to the red-haired girl.

He stopped and read her letter again. He frowned and lit a cigarette.

"Can't help it," he told himself. "I shall have to chance it." Fate and the General were absolutely forcing him to answer the letter in person.

After he had seen Lillian and sped out the land would be time enough to make plans for the future. For the present he had enough ready money to be going along with.

EVERY day could not be a good day, so probably it was just as the ordinary course of things that the day after Lillian had posted her letter should have been a day of utter disappointment. Not one of their cheapest hats, not a single yard of ribbon did Mavis and Lillian sell.

Mavis was rather depressed about it. Lillian, an old stager, took it more as a matter of course.

"We've struck an unlucky patch," she said. "That's all."

But Mavis found herself wondering if it were an omen, a warning that things had begun to go wrong.

On Thursday evening—Thursday had been a better day—Lillian suggested that Mavis should take the van out alone for another practice drive while she stayed in camp and cooked supper.

"You want another time or two out by yourself before you'll feel really confident, old thing," she said.

"Thanks awfully," said Mavis, very anxious to perfect herself in her new accomplishment. "I'll pay you back by doing all the washing-up."

She drove off. On the rather lonely roads across the moor she gradually went faster and faster, bravely passing a big steam-wagon—always a terror to the novice—and generally thoroughly enjoying herself. Then she turned, in some trepidation—turning in a narrow road is another trial to the novice—and began to drive back towards Lillian and supper, feeling much better about everything.

A car behind, wanting to pass, sounded its horn. Mavis drew in, and it passed. But it continued to sound its horn, and instead of racing on the driver put out his hand and stopped.

Mavis pulled up, too.

She recognised the car before the driver sprang out.

It was Martin Harrison's car.

He came to her, smiling, and with his hat in his hands.

"Hello," he said cheerfully.

"Hello," said Mavis in a voice that was rather flat.

His eyes, searching the van, discovered that she was alone.

"Where's the other half?" he inquired.

"I recognised your van . . . ."

"Miss West's in camp." Do what she would Mavis could not make her tone anything but stiff. "She's been teaching me to drive and I'm out practising by myself while she's getting supper."

"Good," said Martin. "I was looking for your camp. Now you'll be able to show me the way. I'll just have a word with her, and then go on to the nearest hotel for the night. She wrote to me, you know."

"Yes," said Mavis, unable to think of anything else to say . . . So this was how he had answered—come himself directly the letter reached him! He must have started almost at once or he couldn't have got there in the time. . . .

"Jolly nice of her. I was no end bucked to get it."

Mavis' fingers tightened on the steering wheel till her knuckles showed white.

Martin never saw.

A FEW minutes later they were back at the camp. Lillian, out in the open, cleaning a frying-pan, waved it at her partner as the van came in sight over the crest of a slight rise. Then she saw the car behind, and Mavis noticed her go suddenly rigid. The two drivers descended from their vehicles—and Lillian resumed operations on the frying-pan.

"Good evening," said Martin. "You can't shake hands with somebody busy cleaning a frying-pan."

"Hello," said the red-haired girl.

Her voice was as casual as could be, and her color had not risen. Mavis observed her walk off to a gorge-bush and emptied the contents of the frying-pan into the middle of it.

"I met Miss Rowland on the road, and she showed me the way," said Martin. "I got your letter. Thanks awfully, and so forth. Thought I might as well nip down and look you up."

"I'm glad you didn't run into Mavis when you met her!" said the red-haired girl.

Martin laughed somewhat uneasily.

"What do you think of her driving?" Lillian inquired.

"Not too bad." He turned to Mavis. "If you don't mind my saying so, you funk the gear-box a bit. Changed rather late coming up that hill. Change early is a jolly good driving motto."

Mavis nodded.

"He's criticising my driving—taking it out of me, because he's disappointed with his reception," she thought—and was sorry for him, rather than annoyed. Lillian was certainly not making him seem very welcome, considering all the way he had come to see her!

"Well, as you're here, I suppose you'll take pot-luck with us," said the red-haired girl.

Martin reddened.

"I'm going on to an hotel for the night—I'll feed there," he faltered. "Don't want to put you out in any way."

"Lay a place for him," said Lillian to her partner.

Mavis went into the caravan. She was rather amused.

"Talk about cave-men," she thought. "LAI's a cave-woman!"

"You'd better go and fill this can at the stream," her partner's voice came to her. "Mind you give the water time to settle!"

BEDIENTLY Martin trotted off with the can. When he came back he put it down and looked at the red-haired girl.

"I say," he said, with the air of one who had been thinking his welcome over, "sure you want me to stay, Miss West? I can easily—"

"I shouldn't have asked you to stop if I didn't want you to stop," Miss West interrupted. "And there's plenty to eat, so you needn't be afraid we shall starve you."

Martin followed her into the caravan, and they sat down.

It appeared to dawn on their guest that he ought to give some sort of further explanation of his arrival in the neighborhood.

"I suppose you think it's a bit odd, my blowing in like this," he remarked blandly.

"But you see, the fact is I wanted a few days off. Blow the cobwebs away, you know. And so it struck me that a few days on Dartmoor—"

"It's a free country and quite a well-known tourist resort," Lillian broke in.

"Oh, quite. Well, that's that," faltered Martin.

"Two's company, three's a crowd," thought Mavis. "It's going to be my lot to sit around and watch their love grow"—and her own eyes darkened, and she turned away.

"I'll wash up while you two smoke in peace," she offered, with just the least of a quaver in her voice.

Lillian shook her head.

"Can't we all—?" began Martin, who was promptly interrupted.

"You'd better push off and see about you," said the red-haired girl. "They do like people turning up too late down here."

"Right-o." Martin rose from the table. "Well, thanks awfully and all the rest. It's been jolly seeing you both again, wonder if you'd both care to dine with us to-morrow night at my hotel?"

"I wouldn't," said Lillian. "I don't know about you, Mavis?" Mavis shook her head.

"He'd better come to us," she said. Lillian nodded.

"Yes, you come here," she almost snapped.

"But I say, I can't always be sponging on you two for grub, you know," Martin objected.

"Oh, well, if you don't want to, don't up the red-haired girl."

"Good. I'll turn up directly after breakfast. Cheerio, and good night."

"Good night," said Lillian, pouring water on to the dishes.

"A bit short with him, weren't you?" said Mavis when he was gone.

Lillian shrugged.

"Just like him, wasn't it, turning up like that?" said Mavis.

"Silly ass!" said the red-haired girl.

"You never thought he would, did you?" Lillian?"

Lillian squeezed out the little hand-nap and hung it outside to dry.

"I wondered," she confessed. Then: "I thought—'I didn't really think I would.' She swished the water round the washing-up bowl, and sent it flying off the doorway. "Idiot!" she added.

Lillian lit a cigarette, and Mavis looked her thoughtfully for some moments.

"I've got an idea," she said impulsively. "How would it be if I went along with the van to-morrow? It would be rather fun to be all on my lonesome for a day, and you—and he—could do what you liked. Have a day off—picnic—it's come down here for a sort of holiday. What do you think, Lili?"

Very slowly Lillian removed her cigarette. Her white skin flushed, and her eyes brightened.

"That's very sporting of you, Mavis," she said, with all the bite suddenly gone from her speech. "I should like it—very much. Sure you don't mind, sure you really mean it?" Mavis nodded.

"Then we will—unless, of course, he—"

"Oh, he won't object!" said Mavis quickly.

Lillian flicked the ash from her cigarette.

"One thing that makes me a bit east in my mind is that you couldn't have suggested this old thing, if you cared for me a scrap. Evidently it was nothing more than just a passing fancy with you. Be with me—"

She stopped, and Mavis turned away from her and looked at the sunset.

"I was mad!" she was thinking. "Giving them such an opportunity—fairy-throwing them at each other! Oh, why did I? Why did I?"

**A** DAY on the moor with Red-hair all to himself: what could have suited Martin better? How gladly he had started up the van for Mavis and backed it on to the road! How joyously and gracefully he had wished her the best of luck! And how bravely Mavis had smiled at him and Lillian as she drove away! But—but—what would have happened by the time she got back, having been fool enough to go out of her way to leave them together for a whole spring day?

She started up the van and went in search of other customers. At two cottages they would have nothing to do with her: it a small farm a man ordered her roughly to be gone. His wife had got into debt enough with thick travelling-draper-lot, he told her. But at another farm she sold a hat to a girl who explained shyly that her young man was a sailor home on leave come Saturday, and she wanted to look nice when she took him to chapel on Sunday. Mavis threw in a little silvery arrow, to smother up that hat.

Afterwards Mavis drove back to the camp. She had, she considered, done enough for the day, and she wanted her tea. Martin and Lillian, of course, would not be back for some time yet. She would make herself some tea and take it out of doors, drink it beside that little stream, and be thoroughly dry for half an hour or so.

And then Lillian and her companion would appear, and by their faces Mavis would know . . . Why couldn't she stop thinking about that? How many more times must she tell herself that the green-eyed monster was not on the programme?

Not at all displeased with the result of her first day's efforts on her own, she parked the van beside the caravan, and Lillian appeared in the doorway.

"Hello," she cried. "I didn't hear you. Well, old thing, what sort of a day have you had?"

Mavis gave a rapid account of it.

"Jolly good," said the red-haired girl.

"I'm dying for some tea, and I've got such an interesting story to tell you and Mr. Harrison about some men at one of the places I went to," said Mavis, coming up the steps.

She looked inside, expecting to see him sitting on one of the settees.

But he was not there.

"Where is he?" she asked, her eyebrows lifting a little in surprise.

"Gone," said the red-haired girl.

"Gone?" echoed Mavis. "Lil, you don't mean you have quarrelled with him and sent him away?"

Lillian laughed.

"No, I haven't had a row with him. It's because of a row he's had with his father," she explained in that irritating way in which people explain without explaining, and so make life a series of "What do you mean?"

Mavis asked the inevitable question.

"I don't know what it was about," said the red-haired girl. "He didn't seem to want to tell me. Money, I suppose—debts—you've only to look at him to see that he's very extravagant. But the upshot of it seems to be that he's got to earn his own living in future—and about time, too!"

They had drifted into the caravan, and

Mavis was busying herself about her tea. She paused and looked searching into her partner's face.

"He's been turned out, do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"Or turned himself out—he didn't make it clear which. He's a bit sketchy in the way he talks, you know."

Mavis put some tea into the teapot. She couldn't quite make her companion out. Was Lillian really indifferent, almost uninterested, in this upheaval in the interloper's life?

"This is a pretty serious thing for him," she remarked.

"Oh, I don't know. Do him good." The red-haired girl was a born independent who believed that every tub should stand on its own bottom. "Probably just what he wanted."

Mavis made her tea, and dropped comfortably on to one of the two long lockers that were seats by day and beds by night. She had changed her mind. It was too much trouble to carry it out into the open, and she wanted to talk to Lili.

"All I know," Lillian went on, "is that we came back for an early cup of tea, and he was telling me how he was going to become one of what he called the world's workers, and I was chipping him about it, and then suddenly he jumped up, and yelled: 'By Jove, I've got an idea!' And then—"

She paused for a moment.

"And then," she resumed, "as soon as he had told me about it, nothing could stop him. Off he must go at once to get busy on it. Nothing would do but he must return to his hotel, pay his bill, and get well on the road to London to-night so that he could be there what he called bright and early in the morning."

**M**AVIS went on eating, and drinking in silence, thinking. It seemed, several things at once . . . thinking about Martin and the quarrel with his people, thinking of him and Lillian out on the moor together, and thinking that there was something odd about Lillian's manner, as if she were keeping something back, or had more to say and hesitated to say it.

"I can't think why you didn't find out more about the row," she observed. "It seems to have happened very suddenly."

"Row, do, don't they?" Lillian threw in.

"What's his scheme to make a living, that he was in such a hurry about? You said he told you about it."

Lillian nodded.

"He did. And I approved of it, but I don't know that you will," she said, with a sudden note of challenge in her voice.

"Now we're getting to it," Mavis thought, and drank some tea.

"Tell about it," she said tersely.

"He's buzzed out to see some motor-car firm he knows, about becoming a travelling agent for their cars," said the red-haired girl.

"And why shouldn't I approve of that?" inquired Mavis, puzzled.

Lillian shrugged and lit a cigarette.

"Well, the idea is that most of the time he won't be far away from us," she said in the old half-shy, half-defiant way. "Round about where we camp he'll be coming out the district for likely customers, demonstrating and all that. It's a make that doesn't have territorial agents, he said, so he'll have a free hand, and one way and another we ought to see quite a lot of him."

"I see," said Mavis. She took lit a cigarette, and hid herself behind a cloud of smoke. "I see," she repeated.

So that was it? Martin Harrison was to join himself on. Whither they went . . . They would sell hats and frocks and ribbons by day, and he would sell cars. And in the evenings . . .

"And you agreed to this?" said Mavis.

"Well, I didn't say he wasn't to. I couldn't, could I?" replied the red-haired girl.

Mavis threw out another smoke-screen. When she and Lillian had joined up it had been on the distinct understanding that the show was to be just the two of them. Now a third was to be added to their numbers.

"Sorry, you old man-hater," laughed the red-haired girl, not quite naturally. "But I can't help it. Hope you don't think I'm letting you down!"

"No," said Mavis. "Not exactly—not so far as the job is concerned. But—but well, we didn't quite bargain for this, did we? It was the life together after working hours, just you and me in the caravan, that attracted me quite as much as the partnership."

Lillian cast away her cigarette.

"You can back out if you want to," she offered. "Start a rival show on your own if you like." It was a sporting, not a spiteful offer, meant in all friendliness. "I'd be sorry if you did, but I'd help all I could to get you going."

Mavis shook her head. It was no good. Too late. She could not break away now, could not give up the existence she was so charmed with, even though it meant she must play gooseberry for these two, and have her heart torn watching their love grow.

"No," she said slowly. "I certainly don't want to do that."

**A** DAY and a half, that's what his day with Red-hair had been. Yesterday she had seemed a bit unreasonable, but to-day she'd been a perfect dear.

Driving towards London, determined to get as far as he could before he was tired, Martin thought over the events of the day.

That scramble up to the top of that Tor—how jolly! And, by jove, couldn't she climb—and hadn't she jumped down his throat when he had offered her a hand to help her up a difficult place.

A wonderful day it had been, and nobody could say he had wasted his time. A dozen or a lot of things had got themselves cleared up while he was enjoying himself. There were no doubts about anything any longer. He knew which of them he loved—he knew what he was going to do for a living—and he knew that Lillian loved him.

Yes . . . she must love him a bit. Otherwise, when he had had that top-hole idea of following them round with a demonstration Sunstar-car, would she have been so bucked with the scheme and agreed that the sooner he fixed it up the better?

And when he was saying good-bye to her, and she held out her hand and wished him good-luck—and on the spur of the moment he had changed everything and drew her to him and kissed her . . . wouldn't she, if she didn't love him a little, have repulsed him?

But she hadn't. She hadn't even told him not to do it again.

Yes, all was well, Martin decided as he raced towards London and his new job.

## SEE-SAW

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

with all his mind set upon getting back to that caravan again.

**C**ORNWALL and the sea—Lillian and Mavis had arrived!

Cliff, rock, and sand scenery such as no other English county can show; wild flowers and vegetation; the mildness of spring warm as summer in many other places . . .

"Well, what do you think of our camping-place?" inquired the red-haired girl, waving her hand as if the sea in front and all the landscape around were her own personal property.

"Heavenly," said Mavis.

The site was a cliff-field, lent them by a friendly farmer of the name of Oliver, which in that part of the Duchy was like Jones or Williams in Wales. A convenient path led to the sand and the rock-pools below. A stream ran through the valley. Half a dozen little villages were within as many miles, and there was no railway station within sight. Dozens of small farms—little more than small holdings—were scattered about, and the only town of any size was nine miles away.

"I've had my eye on this district for a long time," said Lillian. "We ought to do well here. It was to come here that I really went up to Manchester to re-stock."

The camp made and a hasty lunch eaten, they drove off to do a little trading. Mavis had wanted to go down to the beach, but her partner insisted that business came before pleasure.

They returned about six, having had a moderately successful afternoon, and made themselves a quick cup of tea, which they both wanted very badly.

"I suppose I'd better cook enough for three," Lillian remarked. "It's just possible he might be here to-night. . . ." Which showed, thought Mavis, the way her partner's thoughts were tending.

"I'm going down to the beach," she announced. "I'm dying to poke about in those pools. Coming, Lili?"

"Not to-night. I think I'll stay here," said the red-haired girl.

"He could see us if he turned up!" smiled Mavis.

Lillian did not deny that that was the reason she preferred to remain behind, nor would she change her mind and come.

Mavis went down alone. She took off her shoes and stockings and scrambled about on the rocks. It was rather chilly, but great fun. The anemones were fascinating. Again and again with her fingers she made them close and open. Then she went for a run on the sand in her bare feet, and—

"I do hope he won't be there when I get back," she thought. It did spoil things so having a third about. They were so much freer and happier without a man.

He—she thought of him as "he," not Martin—was not there when she returned. Supper was ready. Lillian had laid it on the cooking-table they carried, cut in the open, facing the sea and the setting sun. She was quite cheerful, and the two girls had a very happy meal, and went for a very happy stroll together along the cliffs in the moonlight, after they had washed up.

"He won't come now—after dark," was the only mention made of Martin Harrison by the red-haired girl, and Mavis was equally reticent.

"It's been a ripping day, quite the best, so far," she said, as they went to bed.

Lillian grunted sleepily.

The same thing happened on the following

evening—Martin did not appear. Nor on the next. Nor on the one after that.

Both girls began to grow anxious—even Mavis, who didn't want him to come and spoil things.

Two mornings later they got the van ready for the road and went out together on a round.

"Oh, I do hope he'll come to-night," thought Mavis, longing with all her heart and soul to see the man she didn't want to see. What Lillian was thinking she did not know. The red-haired girl did not say.

They were back at their camp at half-past four—and there was nobody there waiting for them.

Tea finished, Lillian went with Mavis on to the beach.

"I know why," thought Mavis, with real sympathy. "She thinks if she's out, he's more likely to come!"

The caravan could not be seen from the shore, but when at the end of the ramble they were climbing up the rather steep path, Mavis, who was leading, uttered a cry of pleasure.

She looked back at Lillian and cried excitedly:

"He's there, Lili. There's a man in plain fours waiting for us!"

She quickened her pace, and Lillian came hurrying up behind her.

But the man who was waiting in their camp, and who came smilingly towards them directly they showed themselves, was not Martin Harrison.

It was Mavis he smiled at, not the red-haired girl.

It was Frank Morris, from the office!

**B**LANK disappointment showed on the faces of the two girls, mingled with something remarkably like irritation on Mavis'.

Morris swept off his cap.

"Well, Miss Rowland," he said perkily. "I told you I should lock you up some time, and I've kept my word. How are you getting on?"

"Fine," said Mavis, and introduced Lillian.

"Pleased to meet you," said Morris, holding out his hand. "Though at the same time, mind you, I blame you for tempting Miss Rowland away from her proper work. I've ventured to have a peep in at your caravan while I was waiting for you, and I must say it is a remarkably attractive little outfit in a remarkably pretty situation."

He beamed upon them both.

"Yes, I understand the whole thing much better now I've seen it for myself," he went on. "And, of course, camping out here by the sea is delightful, positively delightful!"

"You'll stay and have supper with us, I hope?" said the red-haired girl.

Mavis flung her a glance of protest, but she did not seem to realise that anyone who had come all this way to see Mavis could be anything but a welcome visitor—or was it that she thought the presence of a stranger might take her mind off her anxiety about Martin's failure to turn up, Mavis wondered?

"Thank you very much. I shall be delighted," Morris promptly accepted the invitation.

Lillian wandered off to start the supper. "I must just see what I can do to help," said Mavis, and went after her.

"Pig," she said. "Asking him to stay?" Lillian raised a pair of innocent hazel eyes. "I thought you'd want him to, as you must

have told him where we were!" she protested.

"I didn't. That's what's so maddening. The idiot's just driven himself straight here by blind chance—or—or following his sticking-out ears!"

"Fate, dear child, obviously fate," said the red-haired girl. "This was plainly meant to be."

Morris appeared at the caravan steps.

"If I might also offer my services . . ."

"No, no," Lillian cut him short. "You two go off and talk about old times. I can manage quite well."

Mavis descended the caravan steps. Her nerves were all on edge. Terrribly jumpy she felt, in no state to entertain a man she had always regarded as a nuisance. But it had to be done.

"Now what would you like me to tell you about the office, first?" he asked pompously.

"Nothing," said Mavis.

He eyed her reproachfully.

"Don't you want to hear anything about the staff you used to work with, or what the governor said when he came back and I had to tell him you had left us?"

"No," said Mavis. "Sorry. But I don't. She lit a cigarette too quickly for him to offer a match. 'I'm done with all that.'"

"What he said was, 'You mark my words, Morris, in a month or two she'll be coming back begging us to take her on again.' And do you know what I said, Miss Rowland?"

He paused dramatically—and Mavis naughtily refused to ask "What?"

"I hope so—that's what I said, Miss Rowlands. I hope so!"

"Well, your hopes are going to be disappointed," said Mavis, looking out to sea.

And then the sound of a motor made her turn suddenly round.

Ah, there he was, coming in through the gate—Martin Harrison, safe and unharmed.

"Lili!" she called, but the red-haired girl had already seen and heard and was running towards him.

Mavis followed at her heels.

"Why didn't you come before? We thought something terrible had happened," said Lillian.

"I got hung up a bit in town," explained Martin airily. "Couldn't write or wire because there was no address to do it to. They hadn't got a car ready for me, and just at first they weren't too keen on taking me on. But I talked them round, and here I am with everything settled."

"Ripping place you've struck for a camp," he remarked. "I say, who's the Johnny waiting over there to be taken notice of?" he inquired, becoming aware of Morris, politely remaining in the background.

"Oh, that's one of Mavis' followers," laughed the red-haired girl. "He's followed her all the way from her old office. Come over and be introduced. I've asked him to stay to supper."

"Good work," said Martin. "I say, look how she's blushing! Is it as bad as all that, Mavis?"

"Good Heavens, the supper!" gasped Lillian, and bolted back to the stove she had left in such a hurry.

It was Mavis who introduced Martin to Mr. Morris. Then she went away and left them.

"Staying down here?" inquired Martin.

Morris nodded.

"I've got to fix myself up with some quarters for the night," explained Martin.

"Know anywhere where I can get a bed?"

"There appears to be plenty of room at the small inn where I have booked a room for a night or two," the other answered. "In fact, as far as I can make out, I am the only resident visitor there."

"Is there a garage?"

"Yes. My car is in it."

"I meant a repair place."

"No, there isn't that sort of garage for miles. I asked—"

"Something wrong with your bus?" inquired Martin.

"No, no, nothing worth mentioning," said Morris quickly, as if he resented the suggestion that there could be anything wrong with his car.

"Mine had hit of trouble coming down but it doesn't matter. I can get it attended to at Truro some time," exclaimed Martin, and was about to inquire the make of Mavis' friend's vehicle and try to get the chap warmed up a bit, when Lillian called them in to supper.

It was Martin who was the life and soul of the party. Mr. Morris was distinctly on the heavy side. Yet he appeared to be enjoying himself, and the looks he cast at Mavis were unquestionably first cousins to the looks that Martin kept casting at her partner.

At the end of the meal Lillian made a suggestion about plans.

It was a fine night, and there was going to be a moon. Why shouldn't they all go for a good long stroll along the cliffs?

"Popping," said Martin.

"An excellent idea," said Morris.

Mavis said nothing. She knew what it would mean—Lillian and Martin—Morris and her!

"You'd better get Mr. Morris to take you over to the inn while Mavis and I are washing up," said Lillian to Martin. "Then you can put the car away and arrange for your bed, and by the time you get back we shall be all ready."

"Right-o," said Martin, and off he and Morris went.

They found the landlord staring at the West country evening paper which had just been brought in by the local carrier.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "I'll attend to you in a minute when I've got over it a bit. I've had a shock. A poor old farmer named Blamey has been knocked down and killed on Dartmoor to-day and the car that did it drove on without stopping. He was my uncle, gentlemen. It's a Cornish name, and the family belongs to these parts . . ."

"A rotten business," commented Martin, while he and Morris were walking back to the camp.

Morris agreed.

They discussed the matter at length. A fellow who drove on after he had hit someone was a cad of the worst description. Even if he thought the victim wasn't really hurt, it was up to him to stop. It was no excuse to say that he had lost his head, and it was just callousness and cowardice to say that he knew the man was dead, and he couldn't do anything for him, and it wasn't his fault, and he didn't want to get mixed up in a lot of unpleasantness and fuss. He ought to stop. Prejudiced though the police and the courts were against motorists, the only decent thing to do was to face the music. See it through. It was this sort of thing that got the motoring community such a bad name.

The four set out on their stroll, and what Mavis knew would happen, happened. She

found herself walking in front with Morris, with Lillian and Martin some way behind. And Mr. Morris—which was how she thought of him—began to talk as she had known he would talk.

This life she was leading might be all right in the Spring and Summer, but what about Autumn and Winter? He said, the Seasons in capital letters. She ought to think of that.

"I have," said Mavis. "Lillian tells me that's nothing to get alarmed about. The caravan's cosier than any house, and it's rather thrilling to be in it in a storm. The only disadvantage is the long hours of darkness—she did mind them. But now

there are two of us . . ."

Her voice died away. Two of them. There were three of them. What would it be like in the winter, when they had to be inside, Lillian and Martin and she? . . . "Oh,

I'm not going to think about that," she told herself—and listened to the fag-end of a wordy appeal from her companion to return to the office before it was too late.

"I'll work it for you, Miss Rowland. Leave it to me. The Governor has every faith in me. I've only to tell him that the girl we have in your place is not satisfactory and you're willing—"

"I'm not coming back!" said Mavis tersely.

Morris tried to take her arm, but she eluded him by appearing to misunderstand his intention. She looked behind, and found—as she expected—that Lillian and Martin were not to be seen.

"They've given us the slip," she thought, with a sudden feeling of real bitterness against the red-haired girl. And then Morris began to try to make love to her.

"Miss Rowland, you must know that I care for you," he complained. "My coming all this way to see you ought to tell you so. Ever since you've left I've been thinking and thinking about you . . ."

This was awful. Mavis thought. She couldn't stand it. She must shut him up.

"Let's turn off and go down to the village," she said briskly.

**I**T doesn't seem right that there should be such tragic things in the world, with a moon like that shining on the sea," Mavis murmured more to herself than to him. They had been to the inn and seen the man whose uncle had been killed that day, and she had a strange feeling that things were working up, a sort of premonition that there was worse to come.

"I'm all on edge," she thought. "I'm all on edge."

She looked at Morris. He was all on edge, too. His eyes puzzled her, his whole manner puzzled her, and she realized that he had been puzzling her since he had arrived so unexpectedly at the camp.

"He's going to be troublesome," she thought. "Going to start making love to me again, and be difficult."

How else could the look of him be explained?

Suddenly, she made up her mind. She must be firm—hard. It was no good shilly-shallying. The bull must be taken by the horns. Things were difficult enough. Mr. Morris must be got rid of. That was something that had just got to be done. She did not love him, she never could love him, and the sooner he knew it the better.

"I don't want you to come back to the camp with me," she said quietly. "I don't want you ever to come to the camp again."

He stared.

"Miss Rowland—Mavis!" he gasped.

"It's as well to be frank with each other," she went on. "I'm sorry. I hate hurting you, but we must get it over; I—I don't like you. I don't want to have anything more to do with you. It's dreadful to have to say it, but it's the only way. It would be wrong to let you buoy yourself up with any false hopes. You—you'd better go away in the morning—right away—and forget all about me."

Trembling in every limb, she walked on, leaving him rooted to the spot, dazedly trying to take it in.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" muttered Morris as her figure disappeared from sight.

He made no attempt to follow her. At last he understood quite definitely that she was not for him, and never would be for him. She was mad, of course, and it was very hard, after all that had happened—but what was the use of thinking about that?

"Seems to me the sooner I clear out of this the better," he thought, and went slowly back to the inn.

Twice Mavis looked back on her way to the camp to see if he were following. He wasn't—so she tried to think about something else. But all the things she found herself thinking about were distressing . . .

The moon was lovely, the sea with its silver pathway was lovely, the scent in the night air from the wild flowers in the hedges was lovely—but all her thoughts were sad and painful.

And she could not even go to bed in the hope that she would wake up tomorrow to a better, brighter world, as was her habit on the days when everything seemed to go wrong. She must wait up till Lillian and Martin returned.

She went into the caravan, switched on the light, and tried to read. Impossible. She lit a cigarette. Impossible. She threw it away. All the world was wrong tonight. Terrible things were in the air.

"Nonsense, nonsense," she rebuked herself. "I'm just being silly and jealous because Martin and I . . . Ah, there they were, coming back arm in arm.

"So you're home first?" Lillian called to her.

Martin smiled up to her as she stood in the caravan doorway.

"Get your congratulations ready," he said. "I'll and I are engaged. What do you think of that for a bit of quick work, Mavis? But as I pointed out to Lill, she knew I was in love with her, and I had a sort of idea she was fond of me, so what did it matter how long we had known each other? Why not get on with it, and be happy? . . . Say 'Bless you, my children.' Mavis, and wish us luck!"

Mavis was smiling at them. Quick work, he had called it, she was thinking. It was. Too quick—so quick that it took one's breath away. Such an easy victory, such a walk-over! Lill must have gone to meet him a great deal more than halfway! . . .

"Play up," whispered that inner voice again. "Don't be catty! Don't show—or lie—your wounds. Play up."

"This simply must be celebrated in some way," cried Mavis brightly. "I'll make something tea!"

"What's become of your office friend, Mavis?" inquired Lillian.

"Sacked," said Mavis briefly.

## SEE-SAW

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"You know, Mavis," cried Martin. "If you hadn't been such a sport and gone off that day and left us on our own this might not have happened for weeks. That was when we first began to get a move on, wasn't it, Lili?"

Mavis winced. Lillian laughed.

"How do you mean—sacked?" she pursued her own line of thought.

"Told to go away and never come back," Mavis answered. "I can't stand him. Never could. It was cheek his coming at all."

A touch of reproach crept into her voice. "You ought to have known that, Lili."

Mavis made the tea, and drank their future health and happiness in it—a gay, gay Mavis, so bright and smiling that Martin put an arm round her and gave her a friendly squeeze.

"It's nice to see you so glad about it," he said. "You really are a good sort, old thing, isn't she, Lili?"

"One of the best," said the red-haired girl. "One of the very best." And Mavis got just one little crumb of satisfaction from the thought that Lillian was just as much taken-in as he. It wasn't showing. Neither of them knew that what she really felt like was banging her head against the side of the caravan and screaming aloud.

He went at last, and she and Lillian were in bed on each side of the little gangway, and the place was in darkness, and there was no need to pretend any longer . . .

**M**ORNING brought Martin full of beans, and bright and early, as he was so fond of saying. The two girls had only just finished washing up the breakfast things.

He kissed Lillian.

"Well, your pal Morris has gone on his way," he said to Mavis. "Not rejoicing, but looking distinctly mouldy."

He lit a cigarette.

"I just strolled over to hear what your programme was. I'm going to Truro to get my car touched up and made to look pretty again. Demonstration models must be smart. I shall have to leave it, and I was wondering if I could meet you somewhere to get a lift back. Can you fit that in, Lili?"

"Easily," said the red-haired girl. "We're going along the coast this morning, but we could pick you up in Truro in time to bring you back here to tea, if that's not too late for you."

"Suit me all right," said Martin. "I can spend the day nosing round for probable customers . . . Hallo, who's this? What have you two been up to?"

A police sergeant was coming across the field towards them.

He was a big, imposing-looking chap, with a keen, intelligent, clean-shaven face. And it was Martin to whom he spoke, not to either of the two girls.

"Good morning, sir. Is that your car at the Prince of Wales' garage?"

"It is," said Martin.

"May I see your licence?"

Martin produced it.

"Checking 'em up, are you?" said Martin. "Well, it's O.K. The other licence is on the car, of course. I suppose you've seen that?"

The sergeant did not answer. He was busy writing down the particulars of the licence in his notebook.

Martin made a face at the two girls. His expression, they noticed, was a little strained, as the expression of most motorists

always is when they find themselves in contact with the police.

"There's a hub-cap missing from the off-side front wheel of your car, sir," said the sergeant.

"I say, you don't mean that you've found it!" exclaimed Martin. "Good work. I hunted for it everywhere after the smash."

"Just a moment, sir," said the sergeant. "I should like to write that answer down."

When it had been transcribed he produced a battered hub-cap from his pocket.

"Do you recognise this, sir?" he asked.

Martin took it. The name, Sunstar, was stamped across it. His car was a Sunstar.

"Yes, that's the chappy," he said cheerfully. "Where did you find it, sergeant?"

The policeman was writing down his answer with a carefully-wetted pencil and a stoic face; so while he was busy Martin added:

"Of course, it's not much use to me all twisted up like that. You needn't have bothered to bring it back."

The sergeant looked at him.

"That cap was found close to the body of a man who was killed yesterday on Dartmoor," he said sternly.

"Good Lord!" gasped Martin. "Then it's not my hub-cap. I heard about that last night at the Inn, sergeant."

"The car that killed him drove on without stopping," said the sergeant, in an impulsive, professional voice. "It was seen half a mile further down the road by two witnesses, who noticed that one of the front mudguards was bent, and that the driver looked very white, and was dressed in a brown tweed cap and jacket."

Lillian sprang up.

"Come on," she said. "Let's try."

Business must wait. Love, jealousy—everything—must wait. Martin was in danger, and they must join together to help him all they could. There was such a prejudice against motorists, and everyone was so indignant at the way the old man had met his death, and been callously left on the road, that the matter was unquestionably very serious.

They drove away in the van, Lillian at the wheel, and as they sped along they discussed the case in all its bearings, and frightened themselves more and more.

"We've just got to find that hub-cap," said the red-haired girl, "or Martin will be for it!"

She slowed up as they entered a large town.

"By the way, I want some more fags," she remarked. "May as well get them while I've the chance."

The van stopped, and she got out. Mavis remained behind to wait for her.

In a minute or two Lillian came back.

"It's early closing day, so I'd better get one or two more things while I'm here," she said. "And we shall want some more petrol. Run the van to that garage over there, and get the tank filled while I'm finishing the shopping, old thing."

"If only we can find that hub-cap . . ." thought Mavis, as she drove the few yards to the garage.

She got out and ordered six gallons of mixture. While it was being pumped-in she surveyed the garage. A notice—Sunstar Service Station—caught her eyes.

She stared at it thoughtfully for some seconds, and then went inside.

"Have you got any front-wheel hub-caps for Sunstar cars in stock?" she inquired.

"Yes, miss."

"I want one, please." The salesman began to move away. "This year's model," she called after him.

He brought it to her, a thin aluminium cap, with the name stamped across it.

Mavis paid him three and sixpence for it, settled up for the petrol, and got back into the van.

Lillian had not yet returned.

Looking round to make sure that nobody was observing her, Mavis put the new hub-cap on the floor of the van, and jumped on it. Three times she did that, till she was satisfied that it really looked as if it had been in the wars. Then she put it in her pocket.

When you loved a man, even though he loved someone else, you couldn't, you just couldn't have him arrested on a false charge—if there was anything—anything on earth—you could do to prevent it! And what did it matter what risks you ran, go long as he was saved from the danger of a wicked injustice?

LILLIAN came back, deposited her parcels, and once more took the steering-wheel.

"I hope to goodness we shall find that wretched cap!" she exclaimed presently.

"So do I," said Mavis.

"It's about now that we ought to begin to keep a look-out, isn't it?" she added.

Lillian slowed down.

Cunk, cunk, cunk came, a little later, the sound of a car, notifying them of its intention to pass. Lillian waved to it to go by, but as soon as it passed, it pulled up in front of them.

It was Martin's car, and in it were Martin and the police-sergeant.

"I didn't know you were coming out this way," Martin said to Lillian. "I thought you and you were going along the coast."

"We changed our minds," said the red-haired girl. "It struck us it might be a good idea to try to find the place where you lost your hub-cap. Thought it might help you in case things weren't going too well."

Mavis saw him flush a little as he took that in. Touched, he looked; and, "of course," he said.

"I say, that's jolly nice of you," he exclaimed. "As a matter of fact, I'm on the same job. My friend here"—he nodded to the silent sergeant—"has come with me to see if I can show him the place where I used to have had my little bit of trouble through that confounded cow. Investigating business pretty thoroughly, aren't you, sergeant?"

"We have our duty to do, sir," said the policeman stolidly.

"He and his inspector have fairly put me through it," Martin smiled to the two girls, his eyes lingering longer on Lillian's face than they did on Mavis. Then he turned to the sergeant again. "No objection to them coming along and helping us search?"

"No, sir."

"Right. I'll lead, Lili."

The two vehicles moved off.

"I don't like this," said the red-haired girl. "That policeman's manner . . . . She didn't finish the sentence.

"Cheer up," said Mavis. "It will be all right when we've found the place and the missing hub-cap. That will settle it. They'll believe Martin after that."

The car in front stopped. Excitedly Mavis and Lillian got out. Martin, attended by the sergeant, stared at the wall that had caused him to pull up.

"And now, how about our all having another hunt for the hub-cap?" suggested Martin. "It must be here somewhere—un-

less, of course, it got stuck somewhere on the car, and I carried it on and dropped it further down the road."

The sergeant offering no objection, Mavis and Lillian began to search. Martin joined them, and the policeman looked on with a patient, aloof air.

Mavis saw Martin's and Lillian's hands scrabbling in the grass meet and cling together for a moment, while Martin smiled reassuringly into the red-haired girl's eyes.

"Isn't it most likely to have fallen off nearer the wall?" Mavis suggested.

She moved along on her hands and knees, and began to poke about under the further end of the scratch the hub-cap had undoubtedly made on the brick-work.

"This is certainly where it ought to be," she said, and then—

"There!" she cried suddenly. "Didn't I tell you, Lili, that a man can never find anything? Sergeant, come and look here!"

They all crowded round her, staring at the little crevice she had uncovered at the foot of the wall. Under the long grass which had been trampled over it, and which she was now holding back with her fingers, a battered hub-cap lay exposed to view.

"Bravo! Clever kid!" exclaimed Martin. "Fancy my missing it."

The sergeant stooped and picked it out. He examined it carefully.

"It's a Sunstar all right," he said pointing to the name stamped upon it.

Lillian's cheeks were flushed with excitement. Mavis gave a little breathless gasp. Martin beamed on everybody.

"Discharged without a stain on the little character, what, Sergeant?" he laughed.

The policeman put the hub-cap in his pocket.

"The state of this wall, this cap, and the marks on your car certainly bear out your statement, that you met with an accident here, sir," he said slowly. "But it may have been another accident. You may have had two on the same day. Assuming—I don't say you did—that's what we're trying to find out. But assuming you knocked down a man, and drove on, your nerve might naturally be a bit shaky, and so—"

"Wait a bit, sergeant," Martin broke in. "I've only lost one hub-cap! One was found near the body, and you've just found one here—what do you make of that?"

"That's for my superiors to say, sir. No doubt that point will be gone into later—after you've been put up for identification."

"What?" cried Mavis, indignantly staring forward. "Do you mean to say that it isn't all over?"

"All over? This is only the beginning, miss!" was the sergeant's answer.

THE hours that followed were rather dreadful for them both. They lunched without appetite, and wondered what Martin was doing for food. Neither of them had the heart to go out and try to sell something, nor even, though it was a much warmer day, to go down to the beach below and paddle to fill up the time. With one accord, they agreed that all they could do was to wait in camp for Martin to return.

They smoked, they talked, they abused the sergeant and his superior, the inspector, whom they had not yet seen. They tried to read, but most of the time one or other of them was lifting her eyes to glance in the direction of the gate to see if he were coming.

What was happening at the police station?

It was the burden of their thoughts, alter-

nated by vague speculations about another Sunstar car and another man in brown plus-fours, who was responsible for all their anxiety. If only the police would settle down to look for him, instead of badgering Martin!

"Teatime. I'll put on the kettle," said Lillian, and no sooner had she gone into the caravan to light a brazier on the oil-stove than Mavis caught sight of Martin approaching.

"Here he is! They haven't arrested him!" she cried.

It was Lillian he smiled at first when he came up. The red-haired girl hesitated for the fraction of a second, and then flung her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Is it all right?" Mavis asked.

He caught both of Lillian's wrists.

"Blessed if I know what to make of it," he said. "It's a funny old business. They had those two chaps there who round the body, and they put me up with four other chaps they'd got hold of somehow—gofers from the links, who'd rather sportingly come in to oblige the police, two of them were."

He stopped to light a cigarette.

Lillian snatched the cigarette out of his mouth, and took the box of matches away from him.

"Well?" she asked urgently.

"One of the chaps picked me out as the man he'd seen driving the car, and the other hesitated a long time in front of me, and then picked someone else."

Mavis stiffened as a vision of that identification parade rose before her eyes. How awful to have to stand there and wait till the man passed by!

"What did you feel like when they were staring at you?" she gasped.

"Oh, it was pretty foul, of course," Martin admitted.

"The kettle's boiling," cried Lillian, and went into the caravan.

Martin and Mavis followed.

"It's such a beastly nuisance, all this, such a gaudy waste of time," grumbled Martin. "Besides putting the wind up a fellow, so! They make you feel that there isn't a crime in the calendar you haven't committed, they're so confoundedly impartial, so careful to make it clear that they're only inquiring. If only they'd scour you straight out, you'd know where you were!"

He smiled at Mavis, as if rather ashamed of the little outburst.

"That was jolly good work you're doing that hub-cap, old thing," he cried, on a more cheerful note. "Buck up with that tea, Lili. They offered me a cup at the police station, but I wasn't anxious to stay any longer than they made me!"

Lillian passed him a cup.

"I'm going to the inquest with you tomorrow," she said.

"Right-o." He sipped his tea.

"Can I come too?" asked Mavis.

"Why ever not?" said Martin.

"Of course, you can—if you want to," said the red-haired girl.

"I do," said Mavis. "I just couldn't bear to be left here alone, and not know what's going on." She forced a smile. "Sorry, Lili, even if two's company, I've got to come!"

Martin went on drinking and eating, blissfully unconscious that there was anything electric in the atmosphere. And all three of them were blissfully unconscious of a conversation that was taking place in the police station a few miles away.

The sergeant had just finished getting all

## SEE-SAW

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

his papers into order, and his superior was running his eye over them.

"Well," said the Inspector. "I'm afraid we're not much forwarder. He looks like getting away with it. The identification parade didn't help us much, and finding that hub-cap makes it look as if it can't be his car."

"If that was his hub-cap," said the sergeant.

"Well, whose else could it have been?" inquired the Inspector. "Come. It was found at the place where he told you he had run into the wall. I admit I didn't believe you ever would find that place when I sent you out with him to look for it. But you did, and you found the missing hub-cap as well. What more do you want?"

"I'm not satisfied," said the sergeant. "Thinking it over, I'm not satisfied."

"Why not?"

"Because it was one of his young lady friends who actually found it!"

The Inspector looked up with a new interest.

"You think she might have put it there, and then pretended to discover it?" he asked sharply.

"Yes, I didn't see her find it—she called out to me to come and look. You know how it is when you think a thing over some time later. It seems to me now that there was something about her manner that was—well—funny. Suspicious—the way she looked at me, I mean."

**S**NAPPY her partner was distinctly snappy, thought Mavis; cross as two sticks, one might say.

She told herself to take no notice. Lil was upset about this trouble that was hanging over Martin. Probably had not been able to sleep much for worrying about it. Better just go on cutting sandwiches as if nothing were the matter, and not say more than she need, since she seemed to be putting her foot in it with Lil every time she opened her mouth.

Lil would cheer up a bit when Martin arrived. It was enough to make anyone snappy, feeling that the man you were in love with was in such danger. But it would be all right by tonight. The inquest would be over by then, and they couldn't, they couldn't possibly bring in a Verdict against Martin now the hub-cap had been found.

"I've done in here," said the red-haired girl from the inside of the caravan. "I suppose you can finish getting the lunch ready?"

Mavis, who was cutting the sandwiches outside, looked up from the little table at which she was working and nodded briefly.

"Of course, I can," she said, with a cheerful smile.

"Then I'll go to meet Martin."

"I should," said Mavis.

Without a word to her partner, the red-haired girl strode away.

There, that ought to do, thought Mavis, surveying the pile of food and beginning to pack it up.

Queer to be having a picnic before attending an inquest, she thought. But everything seemed queer since this trouble had come upon them. The time had been fixed for half-past two, and as they had to come up from Cornwall, Mavis had suggested that they should lunch on the road. Martin had jumped at the idea. That would be much better than feeding at the local pub, he declared, where everybody would be talking about the case and nobody would have room to move.

Mavis frowned as she scattered the crusts and the crumbs for the birds. She had taken a lot of trouble to make those sandwiches nice for Martin—poor Martin, who had such an unpleasant ordeal before him. But he would come out of it all right—of course he would. Of course, of course.

The frown deepened. It was only because she was so anxious that Lil was so cross—wasn't it? Not because Mavis was coming, too, and spoiling what otherwise might have been a tête-à-tête? Lil had certainly seemed not to want her to come. . . . But she had to, of course. Couldn't possibly stay in the camp alone.

A tooth of the born warned her that Martin had arrived. She waved her hand to him, and carried the food to the car. They were all going in his car. He had undertaken to produce himself and the car at the coroner's inquiry.

After the picnic lunch, they drove on to the place where the inquiry was being held. Already a good many of the people concerned in it were assembled. Several cold unfriendly glances were cast at Martin.

"He be the one as done it," Mavis heard an old, bearded man whisper.

Someone came in with a brisk, important step . . . the police sergeant. He went up to Martin and Lilian—saw Mavis and beckoned to her.

Mavis went over to him.

"I want you and Mr. Harrison to come outside for a moment," said the sergeant briskly.

He led the way, and Mavis and Martin followed, accompanied by Lilian.

The sergeant took no notice of the red-haired girl. He looked sternly at Mavis.

"I have a young man here who is prepared to go into the box and swear that you purchased yesterday morning a Sunstar hub-cap at the garage where he is employed," said the sergeant, and then paused, deliberately.

Mavis gave a start of surprise and turned and looked at Mavis. Lilian went white.

"Well?" said the sergeant, trying to keep the triumph out of his tone and remain the impartial, professional investigator.

"Yes," said Mavis slowly. "I did."

The red-haired girl uttered a short of overwhelming contempt and indignation.

"Mavis, you fool!" she burst out. "What did you want to interfere for? You fool, you fool, to do a thing like that! Now you have torn it! They'll never, never believe it wasn't Martin's car that killed the old man now! You fool, you fool—you've absolutely ruined him!"

**S**TARTLED by the violence of Lilian's attack, all three of them—Mavis, Martin, and the sergeant—stared at her in astonishment.

Her face was white. Her hazel eyes were blazing.

"I suppose you thought it was clever?" she stormed on. "Oh, why couldn't you mind your own business? A pretty mess you've made of things—"

"Lil!" It was Martin who first found his tongue. "That's enough, dear. Mavis meant it for the best!"

"Meant it for the best!" the red-haired girl mocked, and then the sergeant asserted himself.

"I'm sorry, miss, but I can't have you interfering with me in the execution of my duty," he said, with all the authority of

his uniform behind the words. "Please remain silent, or go away!"

He turned to Mavis.

"You admit that you purchased a hub-cap yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And damaged it, and pretended to find it later on at the foot of that wall?"

"Wait a bit, sergeant," Martin interposed, afraid that Mavis was going to get herself into trouble on his account.

"You needn't answer that question, Mavis," he said. "You needn't answer any of his questions if they're likely to incriminate you."

"It's all right," said Mavis surprisingly.

"All right!" Lilian muttered scornfully under her breath.

"The hub-cap I found was not the hub-cap I bought!" Mavis announced to them all!

Martin frowned. "Poor old Mavis," he thought, "she's fairly putting her foot in it!"

Lilian gave her shoulders an impatient jerk.

"Oh, come, miss," said the sergeant.

"I meant to put it there, but it wasn't necessary. I found the real one instead." Stoically the sergeant wrote down his statement in his notebook.

"You don't believe me, any of you," said Mavis, after a glance at their incredulous faces. "But it's true. I was never more surprised in my life. I was poking around among the grass to find a hole to put it in and suddenly I found the real one there!"

Martin shook his head at her to stop. Good heavens, couldn't she see how she was landing herself?

The red-haired girl saw. "Shut up!" she whispered warningly in spite of the sergeant's command that she was not to interfere.

"And what, do you say, became of the hub-cap you bought?" he asked crushingly. "Is that—er—lost?"

"No," said Mavis. "It's here!"

She fished in the pocket of the long thin coat she was wearing and held something out to him.

"Well, I'm—" The sergeant bit the exclamation off, and examined what she had handed to him: a Sunstar hub-cap very much knocked out of shape.

"May I see?" said Martin. He took it away from the policeman and turned it over and over in his hand.

"Good old Mavis!" he exclaimed.

The sergeant frowned portentously, trying to get his bearings. It was a very dramatic moment.

"I meant to do it, but I didn't have to," Mavis explained. "You see, sergeant, I knew Mr. Harrison was speaking the truth and I felt it was monstrous that you should disbelieve him just because his hub-cap had got lost, and so—and so—"

"Not a motorist, are you, sergeant?" Martin interrupted.

"No, sir."

"You're asking yourself how you can know which is which, and trying to pick holes in this young lady's story, eh, sergeant?"

The policeman did not answer.

"There's something you haven't spotted, something that proves she is speaking the truth."

"What's that?" the policeman's tone was as cut as his words.

"Front hub-caps carry grease, sergeant."

"Well?"

"This one is quite clean inside. It's been battered about with a hammer—or trod on but look, there's no grease in it. And as

inside of the one that was found yesterday was black with the filthy oily mess grease turns to in a hub-cap."

The sergeant nodded.

"That's true," he admitted, taking possession of the cap again.

"Well, that's that," said Martin, with a half-smile at Mavis. "No harm done. The cap found yesterday was the real one, and supports my story." He turned the half-smile on the sergeant. "Good work on your part, finding out about the one she bought." He added, "But the position's as you were" and the chap you've brought from the garage won't be wanted."

**T**HE inquest was dreadful. Mavis, sitting on one side of Martin, with Lillian sitting on the other, shuddered as she noticed the way people kept turning in their seats to look at the young man who was popularly supposed to have been responsible for the old man's death. "That's him," she heard whispered again and again. Evidently rumor had been very busy.

The first of the two witnesses who had found the old man lying in the road was called. He repeated the story of how he and his companion had noticed a car zig-zagging about the road, driven by a man whose face was white, and who seemed very upset.

Then he described how he had noticed the man was dressed in a brown coat and cap, and that one of the mudguards was damaged.

"Do you see that man in court?" asked the Coroner.

The witness looked round and pointed at Martin.

"Stand up!" the Coroner commanded. Martin stood up, and Mavis leant back and glanced sympathetically at Lillian.

"Sit down," ordered the Coroner, and Martin sat down.

The other witness was called, and the procedure was repeated.

"Do you see that man in court?"

The witness looked round, and pointed at Martin.

"Stand up!" said the Coroner, and as Martin had obeyed, "You are sure that is the man?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness without hesitation.

"Yesterday I understand you failed to pick him out at an identification parade?"

"I wasn't sure yesterday. I am today."

"Why?" asked Martin sharply.

The Coroner frowned. "You're not represented here?" he asked.

Martin shook his head.

"Very well. The witness wishes to know why you feel sure he is the man today when you weren't sure yesterday."

"I don't know, sir, I just do," was the answer.

"Is it by his clothes or his face that you recognise him most clearly?"

"His clothes, mainly, sir. I don't remember his face much, except that he looked very white."

The Coroner waved Martin to resume his seat.

"Martin, I believe you ought to have had a solicitor, after all," the red-haired girl whispered in his ear.

The sergeant went into the witness-box. He detailed his inquiries, and he described his visit to the scene of the accident and the finding of the hub-cap—leaving out all mention of the one Mavis had purchased, as having nothing to do with the case, so that he was satisfied about it. Very

fair, the sergeant was, and he gave his evidence very clearly, but the general trend of it caused Mavis' heart to sink.

The Coroner asked Martin if he would like to give evidence.

"I can't tell you anything about Mr. Blamey's death," said Martin. "I can only describe my own accident further on which you have already heard about."

"You mean you would rather not go into the witness-box?"

"I am quite willing to go into the witness-box, though I can't see what purpose it will serve," Martin answered sturdily.

He was sworn. He told them about the cow that had jumped over the hedge, and the damage that had resulted to his car.

"It must have been another 'Sunstar' car that killed Mr. Blamey," he said. "Driven by another man dressed in brown and wearing a brown cap. I swear I touched nothing all day but that wall."

Mavis started in her seat. Memory is a queer thing: one never knows what will suddenly cause it to work. A dozen times they had all discussed the mystery of the other car, the car that had knocked the old man down and driven on, but it was not until that moment that the car and "another man dressed in brown and wearing a brown cap" had happened to be mentioned together.

"Good heavens!" thought Mavis. "Mr. Morris was dressed like that, and he came down by car, by the same road."

**M**AVIS gripped the edge of her chair. Frank Morris! ... He had been wearing plus fours, and he had arrived at the camp just long enough ahead of Martin to account for the time Martin had spent straightening his bent mudguard and searching for the missing hub-cap.

With a tremendous effort she brought her attention back to the inquest. The Coroner was questioning Martin, and she must hear what he was asking and what Martin was answering!

"You deny that you had two accidents that day?"

"I do."

"Yes, it is possible?"

"Not in this case. It isn't, because, you see—"

"Answer the question—yes or no?"

"Yes. It is possible to have two accidents in one day. But I didn't."

"You do yourself no good by not answering my questions properly," thundered the Coroner. "Would you like me to adjourn this inquest so that you can be legally represented?"

"Surely that's not necessary?" Martin rejoined. "On the face of it, it is impossible that I could be the man that knocked down Mr. Blamey. A hub-cap was found near his body, and another hub-cap was found where my car hit the wall. There was only one hub-cap missing, so clearly it could not have been my car that killed him, sir."

Mavis leant forward a little, and nodded in her excitement.

"You can't get round that," said Martin trenchantly. "That settles it."

"That's a matter for the jury to decide, not you," said the Coroner.

"I don't think I need ask you any more," he added. "You can stand down."

Martin returned to his seat between the two girls.

"A jolly good show!" Lillian whispered to him, as the Coroner rose and began to sum up.

Mavis' mind, released from the more imperative duty of listening to him in the witness-box, returned to the other matter that was clamoring for attention.

"Martin," she asked, in his ear. "What was Mr. Morris's car?"

He looked at her blankly.

"You know—that man who came down to see me," she explained.

"Oh, that chap . . . I never saw his car. He didn't seem to want to talk about it."

Martin turned away to give all his attention to what the Coroner was saying.

Mavis tried to listen to the Coroner and think about Mr. Morris and his clothes and his car at the same time.

The Coroner seemed rather wordy to her. He looked as if he liked summing-up. "He's enjoying himself," she thought, as he ran through the evidence of the finding of the body and detailed the injuries. "How silly men are! We've heard all this over and over again."

"And now we come to the witness Martin Harrison," said the Coroner, and Mavis stopped thinking and concentrated wholly on listening. "You've seen his demeanor in the witness-box," said the Coroner. "You've heard his story, and it is for you to decide whether or not you believe he was the driver of the car that killed Mr. Blamey and drove on. He claims to have met with another accident, and that part of his story seems to me to be fairly well substantiated. But, as I pointed out to him, that does not mean he could not have had another accident as well as that one. And these two hub-caps, on which he seems to base so much—what, gentlemen, after all, is that point worth? The Sunstar, as he pointed out, is a very popular make. Spare parts can be purchased everywhere. I believe most garages stock them, and I suggest that it would have been possible, easily possible, for him to have discovered the hub-cap was missing, bought another to prevent its loss being noticed, and then damaged that one, gentlemen, in the way of which you have heard. It is for you, not for me, to decide that. My duty is merely to point out anything that may help you to come to a decision. And you must remember, gentlemen, that your verdict is by no means the final one. Your primary duty is to establish the cause of death and name anyone you may think responsible. It will be for another jury in another place to carry the matter further, to accept or reject, after a fuller inquiry, whatever verdict you may have come to."

The jury consulted together and signified that they wished to retire.

In a moment the formal atmosphere fled. Everyone in the room, it seemed, began to talk at once.

"I think I'll go outside and have a fag," said Martin. "I'm dying for a smoke."

He rose, and the sergeant rose, too.

They went outside, and the sergeant went out with them.

"Must we wait? They may be hours," said Mavis nervously.

"Look behind you," said Martin, with a queer-sounding laugh.

Mavis looked at the sergeant.

"Keeping an eye on me in case I try to bolt," said Martin in answer to the question in her eye.

"But—but—" faltered Mavis.

"In case the dashed fools bring in a verdict that he did it," said the red-haired girl.

"They can't!" gasped Mavis. Lillian blew a cloud of smoke.

## SEE-SAW

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

The sergeant was apparently absorbed in the landscape.

"Do you think the coroner knew about Mavis' stunt?" Lillian asked abruptly.

"He may," said Martin. "It's quite possible the sergeant told him. Why?"

"I was only wondering where he got that idea from about how easily another hub-cap could be bought," said the red-haired girl. "It was funny he should think of that, and Mavis had already done it!"

Mavis winced. Cruel of her chum, she thought that. Of course, Lili's nerves were all on edge, and no wonder, with the sergeant standing there so obviously keeping an eye on Martin—but to suggest that it was her fault the coroner had thought of that monstrous suggestion—well, rather spiteful, wasn't it? If—if anything happened, Martin would feel that she was to blame!

Was anything going to happen? Could anything happen? Martin was innocent; his innocence was as plain as day to any reasonable being. And yet, and yet—what had the jury retired for? What was there for them to retire about?

Her heart sank still more.

"Something must have put it into the Coroner's head!" said Lillian, rubbing it in. Martin didn't answer. To her and Mavis's surprise he walked over to the sergeant.

"Well," he said—they could hear him quite plainly—"what's the verdict going to be? Betting on it?"

"I don't mind taking you five to one, sir, that it's against you—in shillings," said the sergeant.

"Nothing doing," Martin replied. "I was going to offer you ten to one, the same way."

Mavis looked at Lillian.

"Did you hear what he said?" she gasped.

"Yes, and he means us to," the red-haired girl answered. "That's his way of telling us that it's all up. He's preparing us for the sergeant."

Mavis threw her cigarette-end upon the ground and carefully put it out with her foot. "I don't believe it. I don't believe any twelve men can be such fools," she said with the fervor of one just as anxious to reassure herself as her listener.

LILLIAN did not answer Mavis.

"Lil, you don't really think that it's through me that the coroner . . . ?" Mavis began, and then was interrupted by a call from Martin.

"They're waiting to return into court. Come on."

The sergeant stood back to allow them to pass in first.

Once more they took their seats. The coroner, busy with some papers at his table, brisked himself up, and the jury filed in.

"Are you agreed upon your verdict, gentlemen?" he inquired.

"We are, sir," the foreman answered with a bow. "We find that the deceased met his death through being struck by a motor car driven by Martin Harrison."

A hand on either side of Martin touched him instinctively as his name was mentioned—Mavis's left and Lillian's right.

Dazed, Mavis felt. Her heart seemed to stop beating for a moment. "I knew it, I knew it, all the time," she thought. "I believe we all knew it . . . . Over and over again that thought repeated itself, while all sorts of things went on around her, only half taken in."

The coroner said something. The sergeant came up to Martin. . . . It was all like a ghastly dream. . . . And then Lillian was bending over her.

"Come on," said the red-haired girl. "No use staying here."

Mavis looked up, and moistened her lips with her tongue. Slowly she struggled to her feet.

"He's arrested, isn't he?" she gasped.

Lillian nodded. "Wake up," she said orosquely. "Didn't you just see the sergeant take him away?"

"Yes, yes, of course!" Mavis clutched at her arm. "Lil—what we've got to do now

is to find out quickly who did it, and then they'll let him go!"

"We're not detectives," said the red-haired girl. "My first job is going to be to see a solicitor."

THE solicitor was rather cheering.

"I shouldn't think there would be any difficulty about bail," he said. "We'll go along presently, and take his formal instructions to defend him."

"What I thought was, that if we could find out who really did it—" began Mavis, and then Mr. Wade, the solicitor, interrupted her.

"Hardly our business, that," he smiled. "Our job is to get him off in the lower court, if possible."

"That's what I told her," said the red-haired girl.

"If you could get into touch with somebody able to put up substantial bail, and have him on bail in the morning that might be useful," he said thoughtfully.

"I believe his father is very rich," said Mavis. "But I'm not sure he could get here in time, even if we wrote at once."

"Why not ring him up? You can use my phone, and the call will, of course, go down on Mr. Harrison's bill," smiled the cheerful solicitor.

Lillian wriggled in her chair. Out of it, she felt. "He thinks Mavis is Martin's sweetheart, like the sergeant did," she thought.

"We don't know General Harrison's number," she said shortly.

"The Supervisor will find it for you," Mr. Wade handed Mavis his telephone. "Ask for the Trunk Supervisor—she'll put you through. I expect it will take some time."

MAVIS lifted the receiver.

"You're through. Speak up," said Trunka.

"Is that General Harrison?"

"Speaking." Mavis could not see, Mavis did not know, the white-haired military figure at the other end of the wire, but she recognized the soldier in his voice.

"This is a friend of your son Martin's, speaking from a lawyer's office in Plymouth," she went on. "I am sorry to say that Martin has been arrested for—"

"What's that, what's that?" came booming over the wire. "Arrested, did you say?"

"Yes. For knocking down and killing an old man on Dartmoor, and driving on. He didn't do it, of course, but the jury—"

"Jury—what jury?" demanded the General.

"A coroner's jury. At the inquest. Lot of stupid fools and the Coroner was dead against him," Mavis shouted back.

"Lot of what, did you say?"

"Fools—stupid fools, to think Martin could do a thing like that!"

"She calls him Martin every time," thought the red-haired girl. "I wonder who his father thinks she is?"

"Martin will be brought up before the magistrates in the morning, and the solicitor

wants you to get here in time to stand bail for him," Mavis explained.

"Hold on. Wait a moment." The General wanted time to think, and to discuss the matter with his wife.

He put his hand over the mouthpiece and gave Martin's mother a hasty summary of the situation that had been sprung upon him.

"I suppose that's the hussy he threw up everything for?" commented Mrs. Harrison.

"Daresay. I forgot to ask her name. Quick, mother, what shall I tell her? She's waiting—and it's a trunk call."

"Say we will both come down at once by the very next train," said Martin's mother. "We can't leave the boy in prison. We must do what we can to get him out of this mess—and get him away from that girl as well if we can!" she added, with a curt little nod.

The General removed his hand from the mouthpiece, and strictly in accordance with military custom, announced the decision to his own.

Mavis gave him the address of the solicitor's office as a meeting place, thanked him, and rang off.

"They're coming both of them," she informed Lillian. "Be rather interesting for you to meet his father and mother, won't it?"

"Very," said the red-haired girl, dryly.

"Has Martin told you much about them?" Lillian shook her head.

"He's hardly mentioned them. All I know is that he had some sort of dust-up with them, and that's why he started to earn his own living."

"Poor Martin," commented Mavis. "He hasn't done much of that so far, has he? This really is the most rotten luck for him when he was so eager to begin."

"I'm going to take you to the pictures this evening to cheer you up," Mavis informed her companion. "I suppose everything will be all right with the caravan till we get back."

"We can't help it, if it isn't," said the red-haired girl.

They went to the pictures, as Mavis had planned. And morning found them at Mr. Wade's office, punctual to the minute. It also found General and Mrs. Harrison there, equally punctual, and Mr. Wade more cheerful than ever.

After the introduction, the General twisted his bushy white moustache.

"There is no need for anyone to assume that my son did not knock down a man and drive on," he said. "My son is a gentleman!"

The General was also a gentleman. Nobody could have been more distinctly polite and considerate towards Lillian, the girl who claimed to be engaged to Martin, than he. But Mrs. Harrison made no secret of her distress about that to Mavis, with whom she walked to the court. As one woman to another, she told Mavis the story of what had happened when the General put his foot down.

"What!" Mavis cried, utterly taken aback. "Do you mean to say that Martin disowned himself, gave up everything?" She stopped and started again. "This is the first I've ever heard of this, and I don't believe Lillian knows anything about it either!" she gasped.

THE news took Mavis' breath away. The more she thought about what Martin's mother had just told her, the more amazed she was.



## SEE-SAW

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

dence, but ask for a remand," said the inspector.

Mr. Wade objected. His client, he conceded, ought never to have been arrested at all—he had a perfect answer to the charge.

There the Clerk of the Court stopped him.

"You can't object to a remand if the police have not completed their inquiries," he said sharply.

"Remanded for a week," said the Senior Magistrate, without even troubling to consult his colleagues.

"I apply for bail!" cried Mr. Wade. "The prisoner's father is here, Major-Gen. Harrison, a most distinguished officer. He is prepared to stand bail for his son's appearance to any reasonable amount."

"Any objection?" inquired the senior magistrate of the police inspector who had charge of the case.

The police inspector shook his head.

"Five hundred pounds, or two sureties of two hundred and fifty," said the Clerk of the Court.

"The General is prepared to put up the whole amount," announced Mr. Wade—and Martin was free, but with the charge still hanging over his head.

The proceedings had occupied exactly four minutes.

Martin came to them, smiling and unconcerned, and they all tramped out of the court.

"Well, mother," he said. "So you and I have met? What do you think of her? Topping, isn't she?"

"My opinion of Miss West, Martin, is exactly what it was before I met her," was Mrs. Harrison's uncompromising answer.

Martin laughed. It seemed the most tactful thing to do.

"Anyway, it was jolly decent of you and the Governor to come down to stand by me," he remarked.

"That," said the General, "as I told you earlier in the day, is quite another matter."

Everyone looked considerably embarrassed; even the perpetually cheerful Mr. Wade seemed rather at a loss. Nobody quite knew what to do or say next, or how to get away.

"Are you coming back with your father and me, Martin?" his mother asked at last. "Wouldn't it be better if you stayed with us till the day of the trial?"

"Not the trial, not the trial; the next appearance before the magistrates, threw in Mr. Wade in a vain effort to lighten the strained atmosphere. "Next week, we hope to get the case dismissed."

"The house is still open to you, on one condition," remarked the General. "Put an end to this nonsense, and we shall be only too pleased to welcome you back."

Martin shook his head.

"Sorry," he said. "Can't be done." He forced a smile. "Of course, if you like to ask me and I to stay? No? Well, good-bye, and thanks awfully for standing bail for me."

The General and Mrs. Harrison departed, accompanied by the lawyer.

Suddenly Mavis made up her mind.

"Lil," she said, "would you mind if I didn't go back with you and Martin? Now I'm in Plymouth I want to run up to town for something. You'll be all right without me, wouldn't you?"

The red-haired girl laughed. "All right?" she said. "Of course I shall be all right. I've slept in the caravan alone hundreds of

times before we joined up, haven't I? And Martin will be at his pub, close by. But why this sudden desire to go to London?"

"I just want to. I'll tell you all about it when I get back," Mavis answered.

She waited for further objections and more detailed questioning. But it did not come, and it dawned upon her that they were both rather glad. Two's company, she thought. They would drive down alone—two lovers, with nobody else in the way. Together they would cook and eat their supper, stroll along the cliff, and then Martin would depart to the little inn close by, and be out again at the caravan "bright and early" in the morning. A fine time they would have without her. There's a crowd. Far from asking awkward questions or trying to stop her going, they were delighted at this sudden desire of hers to go to town . . .

Was it a fool's errand she was going on? It was a long, expensive journey. She would feel a frightful idiot if it turned out to be only a waste of time and money.

But someone must do something to put Martin out of the reach of the law, once and for all. She did not trust that sergeant. Determined to bring it home to Martin, he was. But if she were right, if her guess was true, if her instinct, for it was little more, could be trusted, then Martin would be safe . . . Safe for Lilian . . .

**M**AVIS entered the office where she had grown so weary of the life of a business girl. There was an odd, resolute look in her eyes and in the way she carried her golden head.

A girl looked up and uttered a cry of surprise. "Mavis!"

Another girl followed suit. In a moment she had all her old friends round her.

Where had she come from? How was she getting on? Was it a success or a failure? Was she sick of it already? Was that why she was there, come to ask to be taken on again? They rained questions upon her.

She answered them with cool, smiling composure.

No. All was well. She loved the life even more than she had thought she would, and it was turning out much more adventurous than she had expected.

"Haven't met a nice young man yet, and fallen in love with him?" asked Doris, the girl whose machine used to be next to hers.

Mavis did not answer that question. There was one thing that she had to find out before she saw Mr. Morris, and she decided that the time had come to ask a few questions on her own account.

"How's Mr. Morris?" she began.

"Oh, Morrisy!" Doris informed her. "He only got back yesterday from a holiday, and to look at him this morning you'd think he'd been to a funeral instead of a motor tour."

Mavis, doing the first bit of detective work of her life, almost smiled as she realised how easy they were making it for her.

"A motor tour?" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that little Franky has got a car?" Little Franky was his name among the girls.

"Oh, hasn't he? He jolly well has, and we're sick and tired of hearing about it," Doris laughed. "While he was learning to drive he was a scream. Kept asking us to go out for a ride with him, and you should have heard the fuss he made before he started off on this old tour of his!"

"Didn't he see you, by the way?" inquired another girl. "He went to Cornwall and knowing what a rave he always had on you we all thought he'd be sure to—

"What make is his car?" Mavis interrupted.

"It's a Sunstar," said Doris.

"A new one—this year's one?"

"Yes."

Mavis' heart skipped a beat. She had what she wanted. It was to this one point that all this had been leading up.

"I think I'll go in and see him now I'm here," she said. "One of you tell him I've called, and am asking for him."

"I will," said Doris, and entered the Chief Clerk's room.

She came back at once, very official.

"This way, please, Miss Rowland," she said playfully, and showed Mavis in.

Morris rose to receive her. He looked what he felt, frankly puzzled at the visit. Their last interview was not one that he cared to remember.

Mavis shut the door.

"This is a very pleasant surprise," Morris murmured. "Sit down, Miss Rowland."

Mavis looked at his sticking-out ears, a feature that always hypnotised her when in his presence.

"I suppose you're wondering why I've come?" she said in a cool, hard little voice.

Morris started. Her tone was distinctly not that of one come to apologise and to ask a favor.

"I don't know if you've seen it in the papers, Mr. Morris, but Mr. Harrison, that young man you met in our camp, has been arrested on a charge of killing an old man on Dartmoor and driving on."

There was a silence.

"Has he?" said Morris. "Now you mention it, I did see something about it. But, of course, he'll get off."

Mavis looked at him searchingly.

"Oh," she said, "is that the reason?" and then she changed it to: "You think that's the reason why the man who did it hasn't come forward to own up, do you?"

Morris glanced at her, and then hastily looked away.

"How do I know?" he fenced. He gripped the edge of his desk. "I don't understand you," he complained. "The last time you saw me you told me you never wanted to see me again. What is it you want, Miss Rowland?"

"Your car is a Sunstar," said Mavis.

"It is. What of it?" he asked on a sudden defiant note.

"It crossed Dartmoor just at the right time to kill that poor old man!"

Morris sprang to his feet.

"Miss Rowland, be careful!" he stormed.

"Are you daring to insinuate that I—"

"You were wearing a suit of brown plus fours and a brown cap when you arrived at our camp—"

"This is too much!" Morris broke in. "The only possible meaning I can attach to your words is that you are accusing me of—"

"I am!" Mavis dashed. "Well, do you deny it?" she demanded.

"Of course I deny it," he almost shouted.

"Very well. I won't waste any more time telling you my reasons for thinking, for knowing that it is you. I'll just ask you this. Where did you buy a hub-cap to replace the one that is missing from your car, and where did you get your mudguard straightened?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, his eyes narrowing and his cheeks going white.

"You see what I mean! That's where you are going to be bowled out. When I go to

the police and tell them of my suspicions, they won't have any great difficulty in finding that out, and then—you'll be trapped. You won't have a leg to stand on. Everything else fits—time, place, clothes, everything. Two men saw you zig-zagging along the road shortly afterwards. They thought it was Mr. Harrison because his clothes were like yours, but they won't have any doubt about you!"

Morris clutched at the lapels of his coat. "I'm not going to admit anything," he said sullenly.

"I don't care whether you admit it or not," Mavis retorted. "I'm going straight from here to Scotland Yard. They can deal with you. I don't want to. I've found out all I want to know."

She moved towards the door.

"Wait a minute," cried Morris, suddenly losing all his defiance. "Miss Rowland—wait. I always meant to own up if—if things went wrong for him."

Mavis leant against his desk, trembling in every limb.

"You realize what you're saying, don't you?" she faltered. "You're confessing that you did it."

"Yes. What's the good of denying it any longer?" He clutched at his head with his hands. "God, if you knew what I've been through—what a job it was down there to take it—the torture I've suffered since. I lost my head. He came right in front of me. I hadn't time to do a thing. I haven't been driving very long you know. I was on him before I could put on my brakes . . . and directly I looked at him I knew that he was dead—killed at once. I thought of all the fuss there would be—the inquest—my name in the papers. I was frightened I should lose my job, and frightened they wouldn't believe it wasn't my fault. And so, and so, I drove on . . . There—I've told you everything. It's no good trying to deceive you. I throw myself on your mercy. I ask you to keep my secret. Miss Rowland, you will, won't you—at any rate till after your friend has been brought up again? I've followed the case. Of course I've followed it! I read the account of the inquest. Harrison will get off. No jury could convict him. Won't it do, won't you be satisfied if I swear on my honor, if they find him guilty, to come forward?"

**M**AVIS looked at the crumpled, deflated figure of the man she had always disliked. All Morris' pomposness had gone, and there was not an ounce of fight left in him. White and trembling, with an expression in his eyes like that of a beaten dog, he sat huddled in the chair from which, as chief clerk, he was accustomed to lay down the office law.

She looked away from him. Coward, funk, how could he be such a spineless fool as to ask her such a thing? As if she could possibly agree—as if she cared two pence what happened to him! It was Martin Harrison she cared about, Martin, for whom she had been working, Martin whom she wanted to make safe.

"I lost my head," Morris repeated. He clasped his hands together as if he were praying to her. His small, regular features were contorted with fear.

"It means utter ruin to own up now," he gasped shakily. "Prison—disgrace—the sack! For Heaven's sake, Miss Rowland, give me this one chance!" His eyes filled with tears. "I've made it all fifty times worse!"

That was true, thought Mavis. By not being a man at the time, he had placed himself in a terrible position.

He peeped at her through his fingers. "Well?" he groaned.

"I'll do what you ask," said Mavis coldly.

"Miss Rowland—you will!—"

"On one condition. I can't run the risk of you playing any tricks or anything going wrong. You must write out a full confession and give it to me, signed and witnessed by two other people, so that I can produce it if necessary."

"I don't see—" he began, but was allowed to say no more.

"That's what you must do. The witnesses need not know what is in it. They will only have to witness your signature. If Mr. Harrison is discharged, I'll tear it up, and unless the police find out about you on their own account, you'll hear no more of it."

Morris nodded.

"It was suggested by the Coroner," said the sergeant, "that a certain person who is under arrest might have purchased a hub-cap immediately afterwards. Perhaps you remember, sir, if you've read the report, that he met with another accident further along the main road?"

Again Morris nodded, too frightened to speak, and Mavis, watching him, with his confession in her pocket, leant forward breathlessly, wondering what was coming next.

"It became my duty to inquire into that suggestion," said the sergeant in his most impartial professional voice. "And I have ascertained that a hub-cap was purchased that afternoon at a garage in Tavistock—and in accordance with their custom the people at the garage wrote on their invoice the number of the car to the owner of which it was supplied. I have the carbon copy of that invoice here."

He produced it.

### T

HE number, as you will see, sir, is the number of your car. I obtained your name and address from the records at Kingston, called at your private residence, and they sent me on here."

He wetted his pencil.

"I shall be glad to write down any explanation you may have to offer," he announced.

Seated in the train, on her way back to Cornwall, inevitably Mavis found herself living over again that painful scene in Mr. Morris' room.

The Law had done its own work. Its long arm had reached out, and, a little belatedly, but none the less surely, had fastened on its man.

She shuddered at the memory of the look on Morris' face when the sergeant had taken him away. He deserved all the punishment he would get, but, none the less, she was glad that it was not through her that it had come to him.

Suddenly remembering the confession, still in her pocket, she took it out and tore it into tiny pieces and scattered them out of the carriage window.

Martin was safe. With another man forced to admit his guilt and under arrest, the proceedings against Martin would automatically come to an end.

"And now, perhaps, Lil and I will be able to get on with our job again," Mavis thought, as the train sped on.

It being impossible to wire to Lilian at the caravan, she had wired to Martin at the village inn the time of her arrival.

"I do hope they don't mind my coming back," Mavis thought. "Aren't feeling that I shall spoil things, and wishing I'd stayed away a bit longer."

It was difficult being number three.

"I wish I hadn't had to admit to Lil that I cared for him, too," Mavis thought.

Altogether it was a rather sad little person who was speeding west, depressed by what had happened to Morris, and trying not to mind that Lilian loved Martin and Martin loved Lilian.

"What I must do is to give them as many opportunities as possible to be alone," Mavis thought. "And do nothing to start Lil being jealous again."

They were both waiting for her at the station, and Mavis brightened as she saw their welcoming smiles.

## SEE-SAW

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

The red-haired girl thrust her arm in hers as they marched out to Martin's car. Mavis noticed at once how spick and span it was looking.

"Why, you've got a new mudguard," she exclaimed.

"Yes. Had it sent down by passenger train and fixed it myself this afternoon," said Martin. "Jump in, you two. Lil's cooking a steak-and-kidney pudding for supper, and she's afraid the water will all boil away if we're too long," he explained to Mavis. "Your train was half an hour late."

They moved off.

"I've got some most exciting news for you," said Mavis. "The case is all over. You won't be sent to prison, Martin, or hanged or anything. The man who did it has confessed, and our old friend the sergeant has arrested him."

"Eh, what's that?" cried Martin, slowing down a little.

"It will be in all the papers to-morrow. Guess who it is, Lil."

The red-haired girl shook her head.

"Mr. Morris!"

"My hat!" cried Martin. "I always thought there was something odd about that chap, especially the way he wouldn't talk about his car. But I never dreamed . . . It was a Sunstar, eh?"

"Yes, and he bought another hub-cap at Tavistock—that was what really gave him away. The garage there made note of his number. The police were inquiring all over the moor in case you'd done what the coroner talked about, and—"

"Here, wait a bit. Steak pudding or no steak pudding, we must hear all about this."

Martin stopped the car at the side of the road.

"Now go ahead and tell us the whole story," he commanded.

"Is that what you want up to town in such a hurry about?" inquired the red-haired girl when Mavis had finished.

Mavis nodded.

"I don't mind telling you, now it's all over, and I've nothing to fear, that I was a good bit more windy about this show than I let on to be," Martin confessed. "And that, of course, only makes me all the more grateful to you for—"

"Martin, do get a move on!" the red-haired girl broke in.

"Right. Here goes."

He drove them back to the camp, and Lilian hurried at once to the store.

"Just in time," she announced. "Only a little water left at the bottom of the saucepan."

She filled it up, after having called to Martin to pass her one of the three cleaned-out petrol tins in which they carried their water.

"Here—put it back again under the caravan where nobody can fall over it," she instructed him, loving a tidy camp.

Martin obeyed.

"By Jove, Mavis, it's good to think it's all over," he burst out suddenly. "The weight you've lifted off my mind with this news! And I'll tell you another thing: Thanks to you it's a real genuine wash-out. What I mean is, if I'd just been discharged, lots of people would always think I'd done it and got away with it. But now the little character's absolutely cleared, what?"

He and Mavis were outside the caravan. Lilian was standing inside, just by the stove.

She came to the doorway.

"Martin, you are an ass," she cried. "Don't you see it's the sergeant you ought to be slopping over, not Mavis! Mavis hasn't done a darned thing. As a matter of fact, if she'd stayed here and saved her

money Morris would have been arrested all the same. So for goodness' sake shut up talking as if she has performed a miracle!"

Martin stared up at her, amazed, and Mavis flushed.

"It's true, Martin, you are overdoing it," she said quickly.

Martin's expression hardened.

"Lil, that's a perfectly filthy thing to say!" he protested.

The red-haired girl drew a sharp breath through her nostrils. Stand up for her, would be? Go on deluding himself that Mavis was a little heroine.

"I hate people taking a lot of credit they're not entitled to!" she flashed.

Martin looked up at her sternly.

"That's dashed unfair. I can't have you saying that," he cried. "I'm sure nobody could be more modest about what she's done than Mavis—"

"Wonderful, isn't she?" a mocking, angry voice took him up. "Why, she hadn't even got the pluck to give Morris in charge when she bowed him out! Did a lot for you, didn't she, when you think it over! Poor Mr. Morris, she was so sorry for him, she was ready to let you stand in the dock again—"

"Lil, chuck it! You're twisting it all wrong," Martin interrupted, now as angry as she. "Don't be so beastly unsporting. Mavis got a confession out of him, and was ready to use it if—"

"How do we know she got a confession out of him?" demanded the red-haired girl. "We haven't seen it—"

"She told you, she tore it up in the train—"

"Yes, she said so!"

"Good Heavens," stormed Martin. "Are you calling Mavis a liar, Lil?"

He was white with fury, red-hot at the injustice of it.

"What the dickens is the matter with you?" he cried. "Are you jealous—mad—or what?"

"Please, please," Mavis intervened, getting a word in at last. "Oh, stop, both of you, I can't bear you to be quarrelling about me!"

## O

H, no! Of course not," Lilian sneered. "Can't bear us to be quarrelling about you, can you, you sweet little thing? And you aren't hoping that in a minute or two Martin will break it off with me and take you on instead!"

"Don't be more spiteful and vulgar than you can help!" Mavis bit back.

"Hypocrite! You know perfectly well that your toes are curling up with joy to hear us slanging each other about you! Oh, I understand you all right—and what you're after!"

She drew a quick, impassioned breath.

"Want Martin to think how clever and devoted you are, and what a lot you've done for him, while I've stood back and done nothing!" she stormed. "And really you haven't done a thing—not a thing! The hub-cap business was a mess, and as for this last development—"

"Lil, you're going too far!" Mavis interposed. "If you say another word—"

"Oh, I've a lot more to say! I haven't half finished yet!" interrupted the red-haired girl.

"Then I shall not stay here to listen to it! I've had enough. I'm finished with you, and the caravan, and everything!"

Recklessly she plunged into the darkness. Lil was intolerable. Nobody should say

such things to her. There was a limit to what anyone could put up with.

"Mavis, wait a bit, old thing!"

It was Martin speaking. Martin had followed her, leaving the red-haired girl alone with her jealous fury.

"Go away," flashed Mavis.

He caught hold of her arm.

"Listen," he said. "I don't wonder you're wild, but—"

"Leave me alone. Go back to her! You love her, don't you? If you love her you ought to take her part, whether she's right or wrong—not mine!"

"I don't see that, Mavis. There's such a thing as justice." Both of them were speaking very quickly, and clipping their words. "Lilian has been most unfair to you. I can't think what has come over her. I'm entirely on your side."

"I don't want you on my side. You're nothing to do with me!" She stopped dead and faced him. "It's all your fault. You've spoilt everything, as I always knew you would. Lil and I got on all right till you—" Her voice died away in a choking gasp.

Martin removed his hand from her arm.

"Sorry, I oughtn't to have said that," she went on. "It slipped out. Go back to Lil. You've only made things worse by coming after me. I shall be all right."

"But where are you going?"

"I don't know . . . To the Inn, I suppose. Yes, to the Inn—they'll give me a bed. You—you can bring my bag along after supper, if you will."

He let her go. Frowningly he turned and made his way back to the caravan, determined to read the Riot Act to the red-haired girl. Lil had asked for it, and she was going to have it! He couldn't have a pal like Mavis treated like this!

Mavis strode on, still trembling with indignation.

Oh, if only this bone of contention had never . . . But it was too late to moan about that. He had. And now everything was ruined.

Out of the field and down the lane towards the inn she went—and quivered with a sudden desire to weep.

Her eyes filled, and she took out her handkerchief and dabbed at them furiously.

She shook her head and looked up at the sky. It was a lovely night, and somehow that seemed to make it all worse. Millions of bright stars were shining in the purple sky. The scent of wild flowers perfumed the evening air, and a gentle, soothing murmur came from the sea as the long Atlantic rollers broke upon the sand.

She perched herself upon a convenient Cornish dyke.

"I'll wait here till Martin comes with my things," she thought, disliking the idea of going to the inn hatless and without any luggage. What would the landlord think?

A sound of voices startled her.

She listened. Two voices, a man's and a woman's—footsteps coming towards her! Martin and Lilian!

She jumped off the dyke.

"Oh, there you are," cried Martin. "Good—"

"I thought I'd wait for you to come with my bag before I went on to the inn," explained Mavis, with a touch of hauteur. "It occurred to me that it would look too odd to turn up with no hat and no luggage."

"Get on with it, Lil," said Martin.

The red-haired girl held out her hand still smiling.

"Sorry I went off the deep-end like that, Mavis," she said. "The worst of me when I get going is that I always say too much

hang it on to my hair, old dear, and cake!"  
Mavis hesitated. When another girl has gained you of deliberately scheming to get her young man away from her, when you've been sneered at and insulted and your secret betrayed . . . Oh, well, what's the use of bearing malice? Lillian was like that. She couldn't help it.

She took her hand.

Martin, the peacemaker, nodded to himself in the background.

"That's the stuff," he cried.

"I was a pig," said Lillian. "A perfect pig. Martin's made me see reason."

It wasn't of her own accord that she had apologised. Mavis thought, but because Martin had made her. Probably he had intended to give her up unless she did as he ordered. Still, it didn't matter. Nobody could say that Lillian wasn't handsomely admitting herself in the wrong.

"I take it all back," the red-haired girl ended off her apology. "Every blessed day, Mavis. And now let's all go back and have supper. That poor old steak and gravy pudding is boiling its heart out. Martin refused to eat a mouthful till we had made it up."

Mavis shook her head.

"I'm not coming back to the caravan," she said. "I can't. I'm glad to be friends with you again, Lillian, and honestly I'm not carrying malice or anything like that. We're pals but we can't be partners any more."

Lillian turned her head and looked at Martin. Then she frowned and looked at Mavis again.

Martin thrust his hands into his pockets. "It wouldn't be any good," said Mavis again. "You know it wouldn't, Lillian. The same thing would only happen again."

"No," said the red-haired girl. "I swear it won't. Never. Come on, Mavis. Go the other way. You may be friends again, and I've admitted I lost my wool and said a lot I shouldn't have said. Make a job of it, Mavis, and let's go on as if nothing had happened. I can't bear the thought of you leaving me. Take it back, old dear, take it back!"

"But it's all spoilt," said Mavis, wistfully.

"She means by me," thought Martin, remembering her outburst of half an hour ago.

"Lillian and I were so bucked, thinking everything was going to be merry and bright each," he said. "Do change your mind, Mavis. What's one row? You know what a spurned Lillian is, and she's done her best to make up for it. I can't bear you two girls' indiscreet partnership on my account. Don't do it, Mavis—stick to the old hat and frock 'ide and the dear old caravan for me, Mavis." His manner was infinitely more anxious than his words. "Won't you, old dear?" he pleaded.

**M**AVIS drew a deep breath.

"All right," she said slowly, with a little pause between each word.

When Martin put it like that, what could she do but give in? She could not go against them both, and Heaven knew she did not really desire to make an end of an existence that appealed to her so strongly. Never had she been so happy, never had she felt before that she was really living.

"Very well," she added, and for the life of her could say no more. She knew it was inadequate, and tried hard to find something

with which to back it up. But nothing came, so she had to leave it at that, with an uneasy feeling that she was not being very wise, and it would have been better to stick to her decision and part from Lillian now that they had made friends again.

However, it was done, and Martin was delighted.

"That's the ticket," he cried joyously. "And now, for pity's sake, let's get back to the steak-and-kidney pudding. I'm starv-ing."

The pudding was excellent. Its quality had undoubtedly been improved by its extra long boiling. But the conversation that accompanied the meal was forced, in spite of the way the sea air had sharpened their appetites. There was that strange air of spurious gaiety about the proceedings that always follows a row.

"Oh, by the way," said Martin, when the coffee was being prepared, "I'm off in the morning for a day or two."

Lillian looked at him searchingly.

"That's the first I've heard of it." Obviously she suspected him of running away from unpleasants. "Wouldn't it be better to stand by and be ready to make the peace again if Mavis and I have another dust-up?" she asked, with a laugh that did not quite ring true.

"There's nothing sudden about it. I've been entered for a race at Brooklands for a long time. Didn't I tell you so the other day after the police court?"

"Did you?" Lillian sounded very indignant.

"Yes, he did," struck in Mavis.

"Ah. You would remember every blessed word he said," thought the red-haired girl, and very nearly fired up again. But she just managed to keep smiling and say to Martin more indifferently than ever:

"I don't mind, old dear. Go by all means, but don't break your neck."

**C**LAD in her pyjamas the red-haired girl was vigorously brushing her hair. Mavis was already in bed. Hardly a word had been exchanged between them since Martin had departed. The kettle had been filled in readiness for the morning tea and stood on the oil stove. Everything likely to be injured by the dew had been placed under cover. And it had all been done in silence.

Because they were women they had had to talk and pretend while Martin was there. But because they were women they made no attempt to pretend to each other when they were alone.

Suddenly Lillian turned round and pointed her hair-brush at Mavis.

"On, if you want to," she said in the old half-shy, half-defiant voice Mavis had not heard for so long. "Take back your promise to stay. I won't hold you to it. You can slip off while he's away."

Mavis looked at her for a second or two without answering. "Does that mean that you want me to go?" she asked.

"You know it doesn't," Lillian brushed hard again. "Of course I don't," she added, put down the brush, and came and sat on Mavis' bed.

"I've been a beast to you to-night," she said. " Didn't know I could be such a beast. I don't mean about the row—I mean since. Everything you've said has got on my nerves."

"I know," said Mavis. "I suppose I've been tactless—but it's going to be pretty rotten if you're going to misunderstand everything I say, Lillian."

"Oh, curse him, curse him!" the red-haired girl burst out. "I didn't want to

fall in love with him. I didn't want to fall in love with any man. I was most frightfully bucked when I found you. I thought you and I . . . She stopped abruptly.

Mavis blinked rather rapidly and swallowed rather hard.

"Don't you remember what I said to you—what I promised?" she faltered. "You got it out of me that—that I cared for him. But I swore he should never know from me and that I would never knowingly do or say anything to hurt you or make you jealous. And—and now you've told him, Lillian—you've given my secret away to him! That's why I feel I simply must go!"

**B**UT directly he asked you to stay and make it up with me . . . Lillian began, and then bit it off. "Jealous, that's what I am, and I don't seem able to help it," she went on. "I wonder why?" Her eyes darkened.

"Is it because in my heart of hearts I don't feel sure of him?" she murmured, more to herself than to Mavis. "If you were really sure of a man, why should you be jealous?"

"Get into bed, Lillian. You'll catch cold, and it's no use talking," said Mavis.

"Don't it?" Her partner looked at her with sudden excitement. "Tell you I don't want to be in love. I don't like it. I don't want to feel that my soul is his and not mine, and I don't want always to be on edge. It's not worth it. It's not, it's not!"

"You can't help yourself, Lillian," said Mavis wistfully. "When you are in love you are, and that's that, as he's so fond of saying."

"Is it? Listen. I'd rather be pals with you, just you and me, as we always meant it to be. Mavis. I don't care whether I'm behaving like a see-saw or not. I'm fed up with love, and him, and myself, and everything. Mavis, I'll give him up—I swear I'll drop him like a red-hot cinder—if you'll also promise to have no more to do with him and let it be just you and me again. There, what do you say to that?"

Mavis shook her head. What a startling, unexpected person her partner was! Who but Lillian would have made such an astonishing and utterly impossible proposal?

"It's too late. You couldn't give him up now, Lillian," she said.

"I could." The red-haired girl's tone was almost fierce. "I'll make a clean sweep of him—exchange him for you, that's what it comes to!"

"And yet," thought Mavis, "all the evening you've been hating me like poison."

"What about him?" she asked aloud.

"That's his funeral. If I can get over it, he can, too!"

Again Mavis shook her head.

"You don't really mean it, Lillian. It's only because you're feeling angry. Don't be angry. Even if I agreed, in a day or two you'd be wanting to go back on yourself."

Who was it who had had to write to him when they had tried to blot him out of their lives once before?

"And there's another thing," Mavis went on. "I can't give you the promise you want." Her color rose, but she kept her eyes steadily on her partner's face. "I shall never take any steps to—go to him. But if you gave him up, and he came to me—I'm only saying it, Lillian—but if—if he came to me, I couldn't say no to him. And I may as well be honest about it."

A silence followed during which Lillian glowered at the slippers dangling on her toes.

"I see," she said—and there was another silence.

"Well, it's no use my giving him up if that

## SEE-SAW

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

only means he's going to swing over to you," she went on. "That wouldn't help in any way. He'd still be between us."

She got off Mavis' bed.

"You're right. It was balmy of me even to think of it. Of course I couldn't give him up—not really."

She wriggled into bed. One had to wriggle in so as not to disturb the bedclothes too much.

"Good-night, old thing."

"Good-night, Lill."

They did not speak again, but it was some time before either of them slept.

Morning brought a note, by the agency of the postman from the inn.

Lillian opened it.

"Dear Red-knob," Martin had written. "Sorry I shan't be able to see you to say good-bye before I dash off to Brooklands, but I found a wire from my father waiting for me when I got here last night, and I absolutely must call and see what he wants before I go on to the course and start tuning-up. Wish me luck. I'll be buzzing back to you in a few days, and then I hope to get down to the job of really selling cars. I'll bring back a few kisses for you in the tool-booth. Much love—Martin."

Very slowly Lillian folded up the note and put it in her pocket, and very strongly she suspected that it was only an excuse to avoid seeing her.

"He's still wild with me about last night. Lord, why did I make such a fool of myself?" she thought. "Of course, he could have come along and said good-bye—if he had wanted to!"

But she hid her hurt from her partner.

Leaving Mavis to finish tidying up the caravan, she went over to the van, and busied herself first with putting oil into the sump of the engine, and then with re-arranging the stock at the back.

Half an hour later they were on the road. From one isolated farmhouse to another, and from group to group of lonely little cottages they drove, offering their wares.

And all the time while they were at work so happily and were subconsciously finding themselves so much more peaceful and friendly without him, Martin was tearing home to see his father to find out what the old boy wanted—and trying to forget last night.

"Glad to see by evening paper real culprit arrested call here earliest possible moment important Harrison," the General had wired.

Martin's reception was quite normal. His mother kissed him, and the general welcomed him with a twist of his bristly white moustache.

For a little while they talked about the case and how delighted they were that it was all over so far as Martin was concerned, and Martin thanked them again for having been so ready to help him by standing bail. Then the General looked at his Chief of Staff.

She nodded, and he cleared his throat.

"Your mother and I have decided that the time has come to find out where we all stand," he began. "We've seen the girl—this charge is no longer hanging over your head—and now the question arises—er—er—what about it? I mean to say, so far, I've been holding back—taking no action—waiting for you to have a bit of sense—"

"What your father means, dear," interposed Mrs. Harrison, in case the point was not quite clear, "is, are you willing to give up that girl and return home, or must he really alter his will?"

"Exactly, exactly," the General boomed.

"I thought you'd have done that long ago!" exclaimed Martin.

"No, dear. We waited," said his mother.

"We hoped, you see, that it wouldn't be necessary and that you would see for yourself—"

"Don't argue with him," the General interrupted. "Don't plead. The less said the better. He understands the situation perfectly."

He twirled his moustache again and looked at his son.

"You haven't answered my question. Am I or am I not to alter my will?" He repeated it.

"That's up to you, father," said Martin. "You're not prepared to give that girl up?"

"Of course not!"

"Very well."

"Martin, dear, for our sakes—" began Mrs. Harrison, but the General cut her short.

"He's answered. He's decided," he boomed. "Directly he has departed I shall go straight to my solicitor. Don't let me detain you, sir," he added significantly to his son.

The interview was over. The attempt to put pressure on Martin had failed.

**I**N the morning the two girls went on their rounds again, and had another good day, a real good day this time.

The day was not quite so good so far as their trading was concerned, but was as delightful as ever in other respects.

"I do like Lill. She's one of the very best—when there's no man about," thought Mavis, as they sat down to their evening meal.

An idea came to her, a friendly, kindly little idea. To make-up, to show Lill that she had really meant to do her best for her and Martin, she would arrange for them to have a nice long time all by themselves.

"He's hardly likely to get here to-morrow," she said. "Most probably he'll arrive some time the day after. Lill, how would it be, if he doesn't come to-morrow night, if you stayed in the day after to wait for him? You could fill in the time by turning-out the caravan till he arrived, and I could go out alone with the van."

The red-haired girl looked at her oddly. She wanted to see Martin alone and have it out with him about that note and how he had cleared off and never written while he was away. But at the same time she didn't want Mavis doing her any favors!

"This is what you call tact, eh?" she asked in a chilling tone. "Good Lord, Mavis, if you're going to start going in for this sort of thing—"

"I thought you'd like it," Mavis interrupted, burst—and in that disconcerting way she had taken to lately, the red-haired girl turned mentally right round and laughed.

"So I shall. Very much. Jolly good of you," she cried warmly.

What was one to make of that, Mavis wondered?

They went out together the following morning, and returned about half-past five. There was no sign of Martin, and his name was not mentioned! Sausages and mashed potatoes was the chief dish for supper that evening, and Mavis noticed that Lillian was trying rather a lot, all she had bought.

"If we don't eat them all they'll warm up for breakfast," the cook remarked.

"Why can't she say she's cooking them in case Martin blows in?" thought Mavis, frowning. She felt annoyed with her partner. This was what they were coming to, this sort of petty concealment, the sooner she cleared out the better, Mavis told herself spiritfully.

A desperate desire to burn her boats swept

over her. The situation was getting tolerable. Something had to be done—and suddenly Mavis decided to do it.

"Lill," she said, almost harshly. "I think why you and Martin don't decide to get married. Hasn't it struck you how easy it would be?"

The red-haired girl turned round from her trying-part and stared at her.

"You could live in the caravan. And you could go out selling hats and frocks when he went round selling cars. It wouldn't be hard to make the little you would want should clear out, of course—"

"Mavis, for heaven's sake, don't be such a self-sacrificing little idiot!" burst out her partner, and returned to the sausages.

"Think it over, Lill. And put it to Martin—"

"I wish to goodness you'd leave me to manage my own affairs," cried the red-haired girl fiercely.

She impaled a sausage on a fork and flopped it on to the dish with quite unnecessary violence.

"Look here, Mavis," she said, "I'm ready to talk to you about anything on earth except him. See? We're pals, and I want to keep pals, so that subject's barred between us. We've said all there is to say about it, and we shall only quarrel if we say any more."

"Very well," said Mavis.

What was one to make of that, she wondered?

Was Lillian going to adopt her suggestion or had she, for some reason, turned it down?

She would have to wait and see, she told herself, when she returned to-morrow from her day out alone.

**W**HERE was he? Martin wondered as he drove along.

He knew well enough where he was as far as the road was concerned. It was in another and more important respect that he felt rather lost.

He was returning to the girl he loved, and he was not returning to her quite as eagerly and happily as a lover should return to his beloved.

Things weren't the same. There had been a row, a very unpleasant row, and though it had been made up, a certain amount of bitterness had been left behind. Try as he would he could not forget the things that Lillian had said to Mavis about Mavis. They were the sort of things that nobody ought ever to say, the sort of things that stuck in one's memory.

That was the crux of the trouble. He didn't really mind that Lill had made rather a fool of herself. Lill was fiery. What he minded was that her temper had spoilt their friendship which meant a great deal to him.

See what a brick Mavis had been about that motor-case and everything. A real pal. One of the very, very best. And now Lill had torn it with her stupid jealousy—made out that Mavis was in love with him . . . And Mavis was part of the show—he would be there when he arrived. They would have to talk to each other, eat with each other, and all the time he would be thinking of what Lill had said, looking it signs, wondering if it were true. An impossible situation, not fair to him or to Mavis . . . Confound Lill's reckless, spiteful tongue!

It wouldn't have mattered so much wouldn't perhaps have been so worrying and embarrassing if there hadn't been the difficulty at the start, that doubt as to which it was of the two of them that



## SEE-SAW

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S W

His eyes strayed to the note again. Once more he read it through.

"Good-bye. You don't love me, and I don't love you. We've both made fools of ourselves, that's all. No use crying over spilt milk. Marry Mavis, and forget me. She's worth fifty of me—and you know it as well as I do—Lil."

He put her note in his pocket.

"Remember what I was saying to you just before we got to the Trebovis—" he began.

"Don't," said Mavis, with a gulp.

"I only want to tell you that I'd made up my mind to tell Lil to-night that I'd made a mistake, and ask her to let me off."

"Don't," said Mavis. "Not now."

"I wanted you to know that at once, Mavis."

He thrust his hands into his pockets and looked at her bewilderingly, obviously at a loss what to say or to do next.

General Harrison looked at his Chief of Staff. The parlormaid had just informed him that a Miss Rowland was asking for him.

"That's the other one!" said Mrs. Harrison, though he had recognised the name at once. "I wonder what she wants. Need we see her, my dear?"

"Of course we must see her. Something may have happened to Martin! Bring her here, Flannie," she instructed the maid.

Mavis was shown in, looking very sweet and very shy, and at the same time very determined.

"Good afternoon," said the General.

"Good afternoon," said Martin's mother.

"Good afternoon," said Mavis.

In the silence that followed the General gave his moustache a twirl.

"Won't you sit down?" said Mrs. Harrison.

"My son," Mrs. Harrison gave the caller a lead. "I hope he is all right?"

"Yes. Quite." She had come there to do battle for the man she loved, and with a little catch in her breath she fired the opening shot.

"You're wondering why I've come? Well, first I must tell you that Martin and Miss West are no longer engaged."

"Good!" boomed the General. "Excellent. I'm delighted the boy has seen sense at last."

"That affair was a mistake, on both sides. They never really loved each other," said Mavis. "It's—it's very difficult to tell you about it—but—but all the time it is really your son and I who have been in love. It's—it's on that account that he and Lilian have parted."

Her color had risen, but her voice was quite steady.

"Martin wants to marry me, and I refused to give him a definite answer till I had seen you first. I understand that he has been turned out and is to be deprived of all that he is entitled to as your son? Is that right?"

"It is," said the General tersely.

"I didn't know that sort of thing was done nowadays," commented Mavis, and paused.

Neither of the others spoke, so she went on: "Will that still be the case if he marries me?"

"Why not, Miss Rowland?" said Mrs. Harrison.

"I've come here in the hope of making you change your minds."

"I am afraid that is impossible."

"Why?"

Mrs. Harrison flushed.

"Since you ask, because our son must marry a lady," she flushed.

"Does that matter? Am I so very impossible? Do I drop my sashes? Why am I not good enough for your son if he is good enough for me, and we both love each other?"

The General coughed.

"Come, come," said his wife. "A girl who sells hats and lives in a caravan? First it was your friend, now it is you. One after the other, turn and turn about! Really, I wonder you have the impudence!"

"Need we say things like that to each other?" Mavis broke in. "I have been most careful not to call you snobbish and out of date. . . . Sorry, I ought not to have said that," she apologised for the flash of temper. "Forgive me."

There was another silence, which again it was Mavis who broke.

"Your son is the point," she said. "It was a mistake about Lilian, but this is not a mistake. He really loves me, and I really love him. And the question is, do you care for him so little that you intend to break his heart?"

Her voice shook.

"I LOVE him," she went on. "I do love him, and that's what makes it so dreadful. I can't let him sacrifice himself for me. I just can't. If you won't take him back, if you won't accept me as his wife, then I must give him up. I mean that, Mrs. Harrison. I must break his heart and mine. And that's what I have come for—to ask you whether that is to be the end of it."

Mrs. Harrison's eye brightened.

"I don't think it will take Martin very long to get over it," she said. "Or you, either, Miss Rowland. Let us be frank with each other. What it comes to is that you say you won't marry him unless his father puts him back in his will, and so on. Very sensible of you. I admire a girl who can look after herself, and see which side her bread is buttered. But his father will never do it. The General has put his foot down."

"Wait, mother, wait," said the General, speaking for himself. "I withdraw. I've changed my mind."

He put his hand on Mavis' shoulder, and threw over his Chief of Staff.

"I'm all in favor of you marrying Martin, my dear," he said.

"I believe you when you say you can't let him sacrifice himself for you," the General went on. "I admire you for the way you have come here—for his sake."

He looked at his Chief of Staff.

"Confound it, mother, she's just the woman that boy needs to make a man of him!" he boomed.

The General was a whale-hogger. Once he got going he went.

"Send him a wire telling him to come home at once, and I hope you'll honor us by staying here, so that we can get to know you better, my dear," he boomed.

"Don't worry about the wife. She'll come round—always does," he whispered in her ear. "Leave her to me."

Mavis thought him rather a dear. She laid a trembling hand on his arm, still very astonished at her victory.

"Couldn't you leave us just for a few minutes?" she whispered back.

"Certainly, certainly!" The General strode out of the room.

Mavis looked at Martin's mother. "You're angry with me," she said. "I don't be. Please do believe that I Martin more than anything else in world. Can't we—can't we talk about and make friends?"

She paused for the fraction of a second and then added softly:

"There's such a lot I should like to tell you, if I may—and I do so want to hear what he was like as a little boy. Oh, I hate me—do, do believe that I want to love me and like me, and for all of us to be happy about it."

When the General returned, half an hour later, both of them were weeping, smiling at each other.

A young man stared at what he considered the most amazing and interesting telegram ever despatched under the aegis of the Postmaster-General.

"Please come home at once and say to marry you. Am staying with people—Mavis."

The same young man got into a car and got out of it for petrol and food and reached home.

"Mavis, what does it mean? What you been up to?" he demanded when met in the drawing-room from which General and his wife had tactfully moved when the car came tearing up the drive. "Ask me to marry you first, and then tell you," said Mavis. "I'm not sure you did ask me properly. Did you?"

He took her in his arms. He kissed her lips met his, and she thought of a far island; and then nothing, nothing but love and love. The drawing-room faded away. She was aware of only him—a world which only Martin and she dwelt, a scent garden.

There was a wedding—rather a small affair. It was no different from any of the mildly fashionable wedding—bride white and orange blossom, groom in smart trousers, morning coat and buttons awning over the pavement—two policemen on duty to regulate the traffic, at a rate of nine shillings per policeman to the bride's father; a reception afterwards where the champagne was more fizzy than the speeches. Mavis let Mrs. Harrison have her own way about the wedding. So long as there was a wedding, neither she nor Martin really cared what sort of wedding it was. All they wanted was to get it over.

The only thing that Mavis put her head down about was the honeymoon. That insisted must be in a caravan. She and Martin were always going to have a train caravan, so that whenever they grew up or of people and towns, they could slip in for a few days to the life she loved, a be care-free and untidy and thoroughly happy, and, as she put it, feel as if the sunrise and the sunset really belonged to them.

And it was so. It was in a caravan in their honeymoon that it was. The red-haired man had sent them a wedding present, and he wondered if they would meet her somewhere on the road. None of the three of them bore each other any malice. Lilian was still selling hats and frocks, and she had not yet taken another partner, nor had she taken another young man.

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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